

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

DECEMBER, 1917

TALES OF A POLYGAMOUS CITY

I. TAFFETA TROUSERS

BY AN ELDERLY SPINSTER

I

FORTY-EIGHT hours north of Calcutta, as the train passed between walls of swamp-grass and willows, I stood expectantly at the car window. My friends had said repeatedly, 'Be sure you look out at the city when you get to the river.' And as I waited—suddenly no more wall, but a great distance of gray sand stretching away to the purple foothills of the Himalayas, whose eternal snows glimmered shell-pink in the sunset. Far away, this stream of soft sand was bounded on either side by olive-green groves, and above it shone the highest, bluest sky I had ever seen.

The train hurried over a mile and a half of river-bed, and drew near to the river, flowing deep and green against a brick wall. Beyond the wall, flat-roofed palaces rose through the haze of blue smoke which came from the evening cooking. And near me I saw, screened from the street beyond, brick stairs which led down into the water, and on the stairs, under branches of great overhanging trees, naked women were bathing, and some, wetly draped, were lifting filled water-pots of brass to their

heads. I saw this, and the train drew into the city. And I saw wide crowded streets, above which, very high in the air, great gnarled branches of the *she-she-m* trees on both sides met in cathedral arches. And the streets of that city were pure gold.

The doctor says that she met me at the station that afternoon, and drove me home. But of that I remember nothing. Because of course there are no streets of gold, yet I was riding down one of them. Through those lofty branches, shafts of rosy gold were slanting down over us, making the little leaves above us shine like copper, and lighting into glory clouds of dust kicked up by laden donkeys and flocks of goats. From a thousand such afternoon experiences I know now that through that goldenness black-bearded Sikh soldiers, clad in khaki, crowned with ephod-shaped scarlet turbans two feet high, were loitering along, swinging canes; gaunt farmers were stalking homeward, their rags of dark blue skirts flapping round their brown legs; vociferous schoolboys were quarreling over the cricket game from which they were returning; grass-cuts, nearly naked, were tottering along under the great

bundles of grass which they threw from their heads at the cart-stands; young men of the town, clad in full and immaculate white garments, were tossing coins magnificently at praying leprous beggars; common men arrayed in rainbow-colored cotton, loaded down with tin boxes and babies, were hurrying toward the station, furtively watching the veiled and bewildered wives who shuffled along behind them; Englishmen were riding past on high strange horses; voluminously trousered, hairy Pathans shrieked outlandish-sounding threats to men whose sauntering line of camels refused to turn out of their way. I heard men cry out, stung suddenly into wailing song; lambs bleating for their mothers; peddlers hawking ice-cream wrapped in banyan leaves.

All at once, where one tree of the rows was missing, I saw shafts of sunset light rush up against the high wall of a house, and bound back in waves of impossibly purple gold. Then I came to a place where, at one side of the road, beyond the trees, instead of contiguous houses, were cabin-like piles of pine logs, whose journey down the flooded river from mountain forests to the railroad had intensified their familiar fragrance.

After this I passed a hedged garden of roses grown for attar, protected on the far side by banana trees whose leaves flapped raggedly against the mauve twilight. Then, at the city side, beneath the largest tree of all, I saw a lemon-hedge trimmed high above a brick wall, and a gate. That gate I remember, because, when we turned in through it, beyond the gravel drive outlined with pots of freesias and heliotrope, beyond a clay tennis-court, on a brick wall, a peacock with spread tail was dancing in a misty amethyst light. We drove into the porte-cochère of a two-storied brick bungalow and had tea on the veranda. But of my im-

pression of the tea and of the house, I remember only the jeweled peacock. I knew as I looked at it that my eyes were drunk with color. I had no way of knowing that I should never again be long content with sobriety.

That hour after I saw the river-front is the reason, I suppose, why I have lived in the city most of twenty years. Had I arrived on a day when the wind was stirring the trees into tempest and the driving rain carried only the odor of filthy soaked garments, doubtless I should have gone home again soon, as I had intended. But whenever I had a reason for going home, I had a better reason for staying.

That first evening the doctor took me up to my room. It was larger than some of the wheat-fields I had seen that day from the train. It was kalsomined in gaudy blue, and chastely furnished with six pairs of crude pine doors, a rush matting, a struggling fire in the grate, in one far corner a pine dressing-table with a mirror a foot square, and in the other a rope cot.

I had, of course, no experience of rooms which must be kept closely shut against heat from sunrise till sunset, for four months of the year. I took the kerosene lamp from the doctor; I looked around; I shivered. I guessed that I was five thousand miles from a steam-heated house. But when I remembered the peacock, I was content. The doctor and I slept on the veranda in front of her room that night, or rather we renewed our acquaintance there. But we must have slept, for I awoke—and beyond the great trees I saw the dawn come up like thunder, as it does in Mandalay. Exactly like thunder it came up, in rolling, rising, crashing clouds of copper and dull gold, reddening, breaking, mounting, out-topping one another. I needed a dawn like that to sustain me through my first Punjabi lesson, from which, a little later,

I limply emerged, as I have emerged five thousand times since, sadly convinced that I shall never know that language, unwritten and living.

After three or four hours, I stood staring out at the mid-morning light in the garden. I had supposed that I had lived in sunshine all my life, and I suddenly realized that I had never seen it before. Beyond the garden was the hedge, with its mighty trees. And between it and myself there seemed to be, not air, not space, but sheer light, flowing, shining, glowing into sheerer light, very thin, always clearer, intolerably sweet and green. I learned that day what a treacherous light that was: such a light that, if one turns one's back to it too long, one presently feels one's spine, from one's neck downward, being pulled out slowly, steadily, nerve by nerve; a light which, shining upon one's unprotected head a few hours, can relieve one of whatever intelligence one may have.

Our city is like that sunshine, marvelous to look at and powerful enough, if one comes to it unprotected, steadily to tear one's soul out, shred by shred, until presently one has no convictions left, no standards, no hope. Here we live exalted into heaven or cast down into hell — and so often the latter that I know every path and by-path of that place, whose existence to some seems problematic. Therefore have I seen compensating visions. That was a great initiation, when the significance of life around me broke over me in shocks and counter-shocks. As I came to realize that I was in all points exactly like the Indian women around me, whom I had supposed to be a cruder sort of oriental humanity, life became too sore for further bruises. But always, when I had begun to loathe every sort of consciousness, when I was too sickened for anything else, unless some little bit of that beautiful kindness

which the women invariably show us made the world right again, we would tie our boat to the farther bank of the river and lie listening to the flow of the water till the starlight healed our souls and rested our bodies. At such times we agreed fervently with the admirable sailor who says that the heart of darkness is no place for women. It certainly is not. Why must it be so full of them?

Considering all this, we sometimes envied the exquisite English women who come from cantonments to call on us. Knowing nothing of Punjabi, because their husbands very rightly consider it a vulgar language, they glance at Indian women from a sanitary distance, and give their attention to paper-bound novels in the Club library, or to lesser drivel. When we talked to them, we enjoyed their beauty exactly as we enjoyed our tea-rose buds.

'How do you amuse yourself all day long?' one asked pityingly the other day. Then, feeling sympathetic, she added, 'I'll give you a receipt for chutney that you can get through a lot of time with.'

However, we are seldom driven to chutney-making, because the doctor manages a hospital of fifty beds, holds clinics every morning but Sunday, operates nearly every afternoon, trains her own flighty young Indian nurses, who marry as soon as they are at all efficient (or sooner), supervises three outlying dispensaries, looks after a girls' school, attempts to regulate the practice of native midwives, and visits patients in the city.

And whatever she has no time for, I do if I can. I manage the hospital housekeeping, looking after food and clothing and bedding for the staff and patients. I try to keep the very modern young nurses happy with much badminton inside our walled garden, with books and songs, and discreet

outings up the river. When any dispensary is left without a head, I chaperone some charming and susceptible young student back and forth to it twice a week until the place is filled. I manage the girls' school entirely, although the doctor is responsible for it to the mission because I am not a missionary. I spend hours there, watching the gay little black-eyed girls sitting cross-legged on the floor as they scratch their letters on clay-covered slates; listening to them as they sing their multiplication-tables monotonously in the sunshine. I follow up cases in the city which no longer demand the doctor's attention. I supervise three Christian Indian women, who go from zenana to zenana teaching those whom a young college Indian charmingly calls 'air-tight ladies.' But mostly I prowl about the city, wasting hours and years in listening to tales, and loving the women who tell them.

Visiting is something that the doctor, of course, has no time for, and so I am humbly glad that I am not the doctor. Since the first day she saw the hospital, what time she has had to study Punjabi she has spent like a good doctor, studying medicine. As a result her vocabulary is limited to medical terms, and the originality of her idiom is equal only to the reverence with which it is heard. 'Is the pain before or after?' is a question impressive enough if the sufferer is sure that the doctor's magic has only to be set going to give relief. Her skill, indeed, is too great to be considered anything but miraculous. 'A merciful incarnation,' Hindu women call her. And a genial, fat, low-caste dancing woman, who once enlivened one of our wards for a week, after pondering deeply the phenomenon of the doctor, remarked devoutly, seeing her hurry past, —

'Will you consider now the blessing which the prophet Jesus has bestowed

upon that woman! She walks so fast that no man in this town can keep up with her. And as she walks she heals.'

II

Part of the halo which surrounds her the doctor has achieved, part she inherited from her remarkable predecessor who built the hospital. Every family in the city has its own edition of tales about the first doctor, and each tale grows with the telling. But this much I have reason to believe is true. She was a Eurasian, the result of a union which very likely amused some one for a while, and which certainly involved for the child a lifetime of the contempt of both races. She appeared abruptly years ago, at the home of a missionary in another part of the province, and asked to be given lodging. There was no other place in the town where she might put up, and so, although the family and servants were wretchedly trying to ease one another's malaria, — it was the season of the summer rains, — she was taken in. She began nursing them with a skill and energy that seemed heaven-sent. 'She was Scotch right through, if she was dark,' the son of that house told me once admiringly. After she had made herself invaluable in the household for weeks without offering any explanation of her presence, one morning her husband appeared.

'Send him away. Tell him I'll never see or speak to him again,' she instructed the missionary. And she never did, though the missionary, who liked the appearance of the man, urged her as much as he dared. 'The day I came here, before the train got into this station, I found out from the stranger in the compartment that he had another wife,' was all she ever said about it.

She decided, in spite of the family's attempts to discourage her, to go to

America with them to study medicine. She had only the passage-money. 'My father says she never argued or listened to advice. She decided things with a great and sudden determination,' the son told me. In America she worked and starved for years, till she had the best medical education then possible for a woman. Then suddenly, alone, sent by the mission, she, the half-caste, appeared in our Moslem city.

According to the women, this is what happened.

'She went to the deputy commissioner. "I will build a hospital for all sick women and children. Therefore let the government give me thousands of rupees," she commanded. So then that official, trembling, opened bags and bags of money, and what she wanted, she took. "I'll have that land," she said, pointing to what was then a truck-garden. So that land she had. "Build me a wall here," she said to one contractor, and "build me a wall there," to one. And they built. And she said to a man, "Bring me beams," and he brought poor beams. And he died. Yes. I did n't *say* she killed him. I said he brought poor beams, and he died. The whole town knows it. Yes. And all workmen feared and built hastily, not even stopping to smoke.

'Men feared her, but not children. What they did in front of her she saw, and what they did behind her. And she was as big as ten men—this big'—'this' is invariably measured by arms stretched out as far as possible sideways. 'And when the walls were half done, she saw a coolie peeking through a temporary screen, to where her first veiled patient sat. And she seized him by the arm and beat him with a riding-whip, so that they heard him howling from Ali Shah mosque to the railway station. And after that no

man dared to joke about a woman's hospital. And whoever was sick, no matter what their disease, she healed them. No one died in her day. It was n't so much the medicine she gave as it was the way she patted you on the back and called you daughter.

'And when the walls were up, she began planting the garden. She put all young plants in the ground with her own fingers, as if she had no servant. And she said to them, "Grow for the babies who have to take sour doses." So they grew. Yes. And when the hospital was opened, no one came at first. So she went visiting through the streets, toward evening, when men are at home. Into every house she went, and when she saw a sick baby she said, "Send the mother with it to me tomorrow." And the men would say, "It is not our custom to let women go to public places." And if they refused, she just put her hand on their arm, and said, "Don't be silly." She always carried that whip, and she was as big as ten men. So the hospital filled up.'

We envy her way of proceeding to get a government grant as much as we admire the skill with which she arranged the plant and laid the gardens out. The hospital house compound is a right-angled triangle, formed by two shaded wide streets. She hedged this beautifully, planted the point of the angle in orange trees and grapefruit, and inside of the hedge and in front of the gardens and along the drive she set rows of hardy tea-roses and hybrids. Along the little ditches which take water to the oranges she planted white narcissus for Christmas, English violets, heliotrope, and irises for spring, amaryllis for summer, and clusters of hardy chrysanthemums for fall. The two-storied veranda she draped with Maréchal Neil roses and trumpet vines. And the high wall behind the house, which screens the hospital compound,

she covered at one side with sturdy honeysuckle, and at the other side, to hide our servants' houses, she set out low-growing fig trees. There is a gate in this wall which leads into the hospital compound.

The gate in the wall on the other side of that compound, which is the base of the triangle, opens, not into a busy street, but into a prudent narrow alley built up on the other side with the walls of respectable houses, leading into a network of little streets used only by those who live in them, and by the women who scrape their sandal heels comfortably along through them as they come unobserved toward the hospital. The gate they enter is shaded by an old bougainvillea vine, which covers the walk leading to the bungalow where the morning clinics are held. The spaces between this and the other buildings are shaded with trees that Indians especially like, and bordered with their favorite flowers — fragrant pink roses and jasmine, whose white blossoms our patients string into their earrings on hot mornings, and belovéd marigolds, and less familiar ones: blooming calla lilies in pots, and tuber-roses, and white petunias, which blossom after the heat has dried up every other flower; and for the fall, everywhere, chrysanthemums. All around this are walls so high that no man can see over — an airy fragrant garden of rest and unveiling, an enchanted world, to some.

'What sort of cabbages are those?' a poor old tired thing from a village asked me once, pointing to big pink chrysanthemums. That woman said when she left, relieved of the agony of gall-stones, 'I have seen heaven.' I wished that the first doctor could have heard that.

'When she planted those orange trees,' our old cook has told me often, 'she said, "I plant them. But others

will eat the fruit that you carry from them to the tables."

And suddenly in the fullness of her passionate service she died sleeping.

'In this city there has been no mourning like that,' they say. 'Her body lay in state in the room which is now the doctor's bedroom. And all day veiled and weeping women filed up and down the stairs, rajahs' wives, and pariahs.'

Two or three years ago a woman answered me, when I asked her if she never went out of her house, 'Yes, I was out once. They let me go to the doctor's mourning.' That day the road in front of the house was full of men, sitting bareheaded in the dust, who rose and followed the body to the English cemetery. I have seen her grave there. On the stone beneath her name is written, 'She hath done what she could.'

III

The hospital was deserted for a while then, until the morning when the city of women crowded out through the gate to see the new doctor. A bitter disappointment she was to them, they tell me, laughing over their misunderstanding. They had imagined, apparently, that she would be an exact duplicate of the first, and behold, although she was clearly all white, she was not nearly as large as ten men — scarcely as large as one. Her lovely brown hair, instead of being shiny and pulled back tight, curled about her face with a most untidy lack of dignity. She was young, and wore glasses over her eyes, and was unmarried, and was depressingly businesslike.

'The first doctor was a flowing river of pity for women. She'd had a husband herself,' they say.

The only thing that impressed the women about the newcomer was her professional air. 'She looked as if she

knew everything," they tell me; and I understand that, for I have seen a certain concentration of interest with which the doctor examines a case bringing to her face its utmost charm. She says now that she had great luck that first year. I know that, when I arrived, three years later, she had crowded clinics, full wards, and the exaggerated approval of the city.

That was a long time ago, and the doctor and I are no longer young. I take little pleasure now in the peacocks our neighbor the rajah keeps. In fact, I could gladly wring the necks of the lot of them, who screech like jackals through these summer dawns when one more hour's sleep seems the only good. The streets are pure gold still, but at times I loathe the dust that makes them so, and long for sprinkled and swept asphalt. Sometimes I would exchange a year of those dawns that come up like thunder for one of the well-bred sunrises at home, which know the value of restraint. Sometimes I have shut my eyes to our great trees, which stretch their branches upward yearningly and send them down caressingly, achieving beauty, in spite of heat and drought, and have recalled rows of northern elms, standing stiff and upright like the men who walk beneath them. Sometimes, driven by this longing for sights that my eyes were born for, I have gone home, and for a while have loved my native land as only exiles can, consciously loving for months the sweet pressure of home air against my face, of which American skins are unconscious, worshiping the greenness of grass that American eyes never see. But always, doubtless because my judgment is warped by the force and passion of our city, even as my palate has been dulled by curries, I grow tired, much to my disappointment, of the keen-minded, charming women of my own country. This is, perhaps, because

their easy, liberty-filled way of living is too easy, the pattern of life too monotonous; from the base to the rim only laughing loves, monotonous unsatisfactory laughing little loves. I miss the skull things, in order grim — skull things in order, grim. I got the habit, when I was young, of living where

Endurance is the crowning quality,
And patience all the passion of great souls.

Many women get at life at home. I unfortunately never did. So I hurry back to where I found it.

Not that I imagine I accomplish anything here, unless, indeed, one is not altogether useless while one has a friend. I have thousands of friends, — I don't know how many thousands, — and I have loved them with a love which has devoured years, while they, I understand, like me because I amuse them. After all, to have made a woman laugh through an hour which otherwise would have bored her, is perhaps justification enough of one life.

There are homes in villages near our city where families receive me as a daughter. 'She has come back to her father's house,' they say, hugging me in their stately way. And when I leave, they bring me gifts of eggs, which they cannot afford to eat, and of pop-corn. 'Can a daughter leave empty-handed?' they argue, when I protest. And I come away at such times mightily pleased with myself. Not every one in the world is worth half a dozen hoarded eggs. And sometimes a woman who used shyly to answer my questions in school, puts her baby into my arms. 'You name it,' she says. 'She is going to know as much as you. And she is n't to be married till she's fifteen, even.'

The other day in the Lahore station a stunning young man, black-bearded and red-fezzed, bowed his head for my caress and called me the dearest

name that the children have for their nearest aunts, their mother's sisters. He warded off my most annihilating glance by explaining that he was one of a family of small boys whom I used to play with in a zenana where every year I ate the season's first spaghetti. He told me about his wife as readily as if I had been his mother.

'My father saw to it that she was one who can read,' he told me. 'She knows very much. She loves me very much.' He meant that he loved her. 'I'll bring her to see you some day. No, I have n't any children *yet*,' he answered me with a sudden enlightening smile.

He brought a basket of fruit to my compartment. 'You gave me a rupee once for learning the Beatitudes,' he explained.

I called him son when I thanked him. He was a dear lad, and remembering his mother, I felt as if I had brought him up with my own hands.

But the city is the same old unspeakably brutal and black-hearted place. One sees no sign of peace, or trust, or understanding, or truce between men and women, between victors and vanquished. The war was old when our women fled from the soldiers of the army which Alexander the Great halted on our river-bank. When Buddha, beneath our banyan trees, sighed over the sorrows of the world, our women flocked out to worship him, because, from their point of view, his doctrine was adorable. They stripped off their jewels, later, to enable their kings to defend them from the conquering Mahmud. But he scattered their defenders, and possessed himself of them all. Generations afterward, remembering Timur's horsemen, whose hungry arms hauled them out of their hiding-places, they never ventured down to the river to wash their clothes without stationing a watchman

on the high banks to warn them. Then Akhbar conquered the city, and saved the women alive. During the reign of the Sikhs, bandits once stole a wedding party,—bride, bridegroom, merrymakers, and horses,—at the place where the High School for Boys now stands. No one ever knew what became of the men.

And now the English rule, and the city has a hospital. But what of that? Can sudden institutions end centuries of experience of lust? Not that I would be unjust to the men of our city. They have, heaven knows, enough trouble with the women they have evolved, without my adding a grain to it. I have for them the sympathy that one has for men who are fools to the uttermost. They know no more of what they might make of those potentially magnificent women of theirs than they know of the design on the inner side of the seventh gate of paradise.

I know, too, just what they will say if they ever see this hopeful criticism of themselves. They will sigh patiently, and say again with that touching resignation, 'Ah, the materialism, the grossness of the misconstruing West!' and then they will smile at one another, knowing the gullibility of the silenced Occident. But I, fortunately or unfortunately, am neither of the West nor of the East. I understand perfectly what a temptation confronts them in the over-credulous, awe-smitten mediæval attitude of the West toward the East. I do not wonder that they evade questions which might arise. I only wonder that they evade them so tritely. I rather despise them for it. Because I myself, a woman, have had to explain at least three times a day for the last twenty years, why I am not married, and I have made it a point of honor never to give the same explanation twice. Doubtless I have often failed in this, and have often unconsciously

repeated myself. And often, since I was twenty-three, in the bodily exhaustion and mental weariness of the prostrating heat, I have backsidden into this explanation, so trite but oh, so effective! 'When I was young my father did not make me marry. And now that I want to, I am too old!' And when I have heard the answer, — sometimes a sympathetic, 'Too bad,' but very much more often a decisive 'Thank God!' — I realize the security with which the East of unfathomable subtlety begins again, 'Ah, the materialistic' — and so forth and so forth.

Of course, the men of our city, being Moslems, are far less influenced by the Indian systems of philosophy, which are more revered than understood, than the Americans who read this; and they know as well as I do that no people we have ever seen is more material, more grossly, sensuously materialistic, than they themselves are. 'A jug of wine, a book of verse, and thou,' — the ubiquitous temporary 'thou,' not even 'you,' — the intoxication of wine unnecessary, the book of verse forgotten, the wilderness unsubdued a paradise, — that is our city.

IV

Our city, I say — not India. Any one generalizes about India from what I have written, at his own risk. I venture to remark that it is no wonder that Indian poets, knowing the flagrant materialism of certain phases of Indian life, sigh over that of the new world, so apologetic, so tentative. And I believe — at times — that when the East is as spiritually minded as the West, she will be as industrial.

Far be it from me, however, to attempt to deceive the public. I acknowledge frankly that no one at all who knows me pays the least attention to anything that I believe or disbelieve. Only the other day, when I was up-

braiding the doctor for having deliberately saved the lives of children who would so much better be dead, she sighed, 'You have n't a grain of common sense in your make-up!'

When I retorted, 'I don't want any; if there is one thing in the world I pray to be delivered from, it's common sense,' she answered, 'Well, I must say this is the most remarkable example of answered prayer I ever heard of.'

I insist that I am not an authority on India at large. I know nothing about it, and I am not a tourist, that I should imagine I do. I cannot even say that the stories I tell of my city are true. I only say I saw them happening, and it seemed to me they happened as I have related. I don't know that they could be true of any other Indian city; certainly they are no more closely connected with Calcutta or Madras than with Seattle or Paris.

For the benefit of tourists, I must say that the city is south of Lahore and north of Pindi, west of Multan and east of Jullander. It can be easily reached by the road that Kim and the Llama took through it. We are always glad to see visitors, and I believe that we are interesting to the medically inclined. We showed a lucky visitor one day recently a case of ophthalmia, one of leprosy, one of confluent smallpox, a baby born with malaria, — which is really a rare sight, — a woman in the last stages of syphilis, and, from a distance, a pest-house full of pneumonic plague. Of course we cannot always be so entertaining, but we usually have some of the aforesaid attractions.

Since the war began, we have had few tourists visit us. Our city is perhaps as little disturbed by war, and as quiet outwardly, as any city of its size in the British Empire — and possibly as broken-hearted as any. We can remember a long time ago when we were happy. Our sons were drawing good

pay in the peaceful army. Suddenly they said that they were going to fight in a war. The sun has never risen one morning since they went away. They went as far away as Delhi, as far as Bombay, which is the limit of distance; they went across something that is called the sea; for months and months they traveled away from us—for years and years—forever. And all we have now in their places,—in place of our big, strong sons,—are the cards that we keep sacredly folded away in boys' bright silk handkerchiefs, in the boxes with our jewelry—the cards that our Emperor sent when he heard that our sons were killed in his battles.

'God's will be done!' we say, though they were our life and our salvation. But some of us have gone blind, weeping. 'The Lord establish forever our

Emperor in peace,' we repeat. There are no seditionists among us; we are pacifists all, and peace, we know, reigns through the English.

We know no history but the stories the old women tell us. 'When I was little there was war,' one says. 'My mother sat cooking our rice at this fireplace. Three soldiers climbed over the wall. We were just little girls. She cried to them to spare us. But they were soldiers. But now the King insures us peace. Our sons die for that. Long live the Emperor!'

'Long live the Emperor!' we repeat. And some of us, as we say it, have blinded eyes, that no longer see the faces near us. But the faces of the lads,—of those who died alone in what is called a foreign country,—those faces shine before us forever.

THE ROAD OF SILENCE

BY MARGARET BALDWIN

I

I HAVE just finished reading of two men, to both of whom had come the great disaster of deafness. By one it seemed to have been taken with a calm philosophy and ready courage, due, perhaps, to a more imperturbable mind and serener disposition, or possibly to a less vivid power of feeling. But to the other it was a blow from which he reeled, and his philosophy was brought to bear as against fire and sword. To him it was a curse, and he openly called it so, as he appealed to the more fortunate man for light on the problem

of 'how to go on living.' The fine spirit and patience of the latter excites my deep admiration, but my heart goes out to the man with the curse. I know the road which he traveled, for I, too, am deaf. In the end, without doubt, he will win back a poise which is sufficient, but he will achieve it against fearful odds.

Deafness may easily be a curse to any one until he has learned how to manage it. It is like a sudden foe which has entrenched itself, not for a swift and terrible battle in which you may win or go down, but rather, for a battle which must be fought every day to the

end of life,—a foe which has made itself a part of your country forever. Victories do not vanquish it, nor triumphs bring the end. What this can mean unless one is able in some degree to get the upper hand, it is not hard to understand.

I do not know whether some special impression is always produced as the result of deafness or not. In the instance above, it was a curse. In my own case, my conception of its effect was literally that of a lost world. The palpable reality of life was suddenly void — its elemental phenomena suspended. Silence fell upon the world like a hush of death, and I alone seemed alive in the midst of it.

All my life I had found that world a beautiful and satisfying place. Always I had felt attuned to its manifestations — the subtle appeal of its hidden things. There were a thousand by-paths into its mystery and beauty, wherein I walked and found companionship and pleasure, — pleasures profoundly simple, but profoundly real and enduring. Whatever else failed, the music of the world was always there. For instance, I was born within sound of the sea and had always known and loved it. Its moods and voices were as familiar as those of the woods and fields. Its faintest call I heard and understood, for the sea has many tongues. When its storms were making up and the wind was 'outside,' one of my lifelong pleasures had been to listen in the dark to the heavy roar on a windward shore a mile away, — the long rake of the surf taking the worn rocks of the beach down with it, — a pause, and then the muffled rumble when it rolled them in again. The rise and fall of the deep far-off sound lulled me to sleep on many a night of childhood and womanhood.

When the sea itself was still there were the bells of the shipping in the

harbor. The soft hollow notes of the 'ship's bells' in the night, the brief music, clear and high, of the bugle's call on the battleships, were always floating across the water, weirdly sweet; and still more beautiful than all the rest, came the mellow warning of the seaward buoy-bell. Sometimes it seems as if I still can hear the tolling of that bell.

Again, many days I have stood in the tower of an off-shore light in a winter gale. Two people standing side by side could not make themselves heard above the roar of the storm. The wind played a thunderous rhythm on the vibrant iron roof. The iron floor shook with sound beneath the feet. The shock of seas against the cliffs below was like the boom of heavy guns. It was as though one stood at the heart of the elements and listened secretly to their fury and power. But now, whether it is the wildest storm or a day when the water is still and blue, both alike are but moving pictures. There is no realness there. The winds never blow. The sea is silenced, and I have but a dream for the sound of its bells. Oftentimes I answer the call in my heart to go to it, always to find that an old friend has forsaken me — its familiar hail withheld.

Wholly unlike and yet akin to the life of the sea was the life of the fields and woods. As far back as I can remember, it was an intimate and daily part of my own. I think I had grown to youth before I realized that it was not of almost hourly interest to everybody about me. Thirty years ago the present popular habit of outdoor study did not prevail in the country, but our house was an exception. It was my father, during his infrequent stays at home, who went with me into the woods to trail the rolling drum of the partridge in the spring, my mother who sat with me beside a rock in the field,

to discover how a cricket sang. She taught me much of nature's lore, but she taught me a deeper and finer knowledge — the beauty of the world.

In those days the land was full of birds. There were woods all about us, and from May till August we were waked at dawn by such a splendid chorus of bird-song as would amaze and thrill the heart of a modern bird lover. No memory stands out with more vividness than this music. It was interwoven with the plastic influences of my youth. For years I never heard a whitethroat that it did not take me back to the nights when I sat on the porch with my father, whose cast of mind dispensed with much that was common to his generation, speculating on 'the many worlds or few' of the starry skies, but always consciously lingering, till a certain whitethroat woke on the edge of the woods and sent an eerie whistle across the dark to us.

When I remember the voice of the hermit thrush, I realize that only poets may speak of it. But the privilege of long knowing it leaves an echo of its mystery and beauty within the soul. Years later, when I heard it ascending from the old familiar woods in the springtime, it seemed a living link between me and those two who no longer heard.

But all these voices with their peculiar significance for me, went with my lost world. Callimachus wrote of Heraclitus two thousand and two hundred years ago, —

And now that thou art lying, my dear old
Carian guest,
A handful of gray ashes, long, long ago at rest,
Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales,
awake,
For Death he taketh all away, but these he can-
not take.

But deafness can take that which death itself would leave, and to us are

lost even the voices that would sing to us from the dead. The loss of such things goes far beyond what is meant by a handicap or a serious inconvenience. They are the things which minister to the spirit, and there is no in-born composure, nor faith nor religion, nor wealth nor power, that can take their place.

There is obtained a certain easement of heart and mind against the changes which enter life — the shadows which darken it — by following along the mere commonplace external condition of things. The doing of this helps to unify a past and present which may have suddenly become dissimilar, and ignores disturbing events with a gentle insistence that is benign and restoring. It holds the personality unconsciously to a community of interest with life. But let the elemental possibility of this be destroyed — as deafness destroys — and the personality is stripped of its readjusting power both from within and from without. It cannot get bearings. The world beats in upon the deaf man with all the old insistence, but the reflexes within himself are baffled and shut off. Tormenting vacuity occupies the place of his comprehending and responding self.

This is one of the most disastrous results of deafness — its sense of incapacitating. It works a psychological hardship, not alone in daily intercourse, but in the personal feeling of the potential difference between the former and present self. A writer on this subject who spoke from experience has said that a deaf person is partly dead. I have heard every deaf person I know make identically the same remark. It is the voicing of a terrible revelation which comes to him, and the only reason he is silent under it, is because he remembers that deafness is entirely different from what he supposed it was, when he himself could hear — that

he could not then have accepted this idea and that others cannot now. The hearing person invariably regards this statement as having an imaginative coloring. He cannot grasp it. He has no test of experience by which he can arrive at the inner meaning, which is neither moral nor figurative, but is even more direful than the words themselves convey, for a dead person has the advantage of not knowing that he is dead. But the deaf person is not only partly dead — he *lives* his deadness. He is *buried alive*.

II

There were, of course, many other features which made up my lost world, but the two I have spoken of are typical of its reality and significance. The impairment of those things most intimately connected with the utilitarian and social relations of life, did not, to me, belong there. Their mechanical and material phases separated them into a group of results by themselves, and, while an intense source of trouble, they were never so destructive to the spirit, so subversive of my individuality, as the loss of the beauty and inspiration that went out with certain sounds.

The depression which invariably comes with the beginning of deafness is strangely and intensely overpowering. It exists sometimes indefinitely. The word depression, as commonly used, admits of varied shades of meaning. It all but carries with it a vague impression of lack of will-power, a more or less voluntary indifference to moral effort. But let no one suppose that its use here indicates any mere dull, dispirited outlook on life, or any other voluntary mental view of one's self or one's future. There is nothing voluntary about it. It is a feeling deeply physical as well as mental — a mingled condi-

tion of woeful sickness and sadness that beggars description. The distress and shock over what has happened to one, and the first experience of what it is like, is the initial factor. But considering what it ought to be as compared with the shock of blindness, which, it seems to me, must be sufficient to produce permanent blackest despair, the depression of deafness is out of all proportion — a matter which I shall refer to later.

A second factor is the knowledge of one's isolation, in that no one knows or can be made to know his true state, since deafness is so entirely different from what people suppose. This knowledge is the height of loneliness — a solitariness of mind that is devastating to the most heroic temperament. And yet neither of these two things is the fundamental explanation of the proverbial depression of the deaf as compared with the cheerfulness of the blind.

Just at this point, I was more fortunate than many, for I discovered certain things concerning depression, about this time, that proved of untold value to me. I have marked this point with a milestone, as the place of the first step where I began to retrieve — for, of course, nobody supposes that any one who becomes deaf, however flat he is morally thrown down, is not going to get on to his feet again.

Fully recognizing the immeasurable difference between being deaf and being blind, — that the interests and possibilities of life seem always largely open to any person who can still see, — my perplexed question was, why does not the realization of this remove one's trouble of heart? why does it not produce its logical result, a normal zest and pleasure of being — the age-old anticipation that mere living is good? In spite of all comparisons, why did I still feel indescribably depressed and hopeless?

In pursuance of this, one wiser than I suggested that there must be something more elemental in the background of these things than was generally understood, and that, according to certain principles of modern science, if identified, it might prove of help to me. Here was the inkling of an idea which I grasped, metaphorically, with both hands.

Now it developed after a little re-reading and thought, that the whole matter fell under the head of facts that were perfectly familiar to me. Scientists have shown that sound not only informs the intellect, as does sight, but that, much in excess of that sense, it excites feelings — that is, sound pure and simple has a specific relation to feelings widely different from that of sight. Its primary effect was the *creating of moods*. It has been specialized into all kinds of forms which convey facts to the intelligence, but its earliest business was something else, and that business still exists. This being so, the simple fact is, that sound has far more to do fundamentally with originating our emotions, or how we *feel* from day to day, than has what we see.

It should be said, in passing, that there is very little recognition of this fact by the person with normal hearing. Sight and sound are so interwoven for him that he does not discriminate as to what belongs intrinsically to each in the province of feelings. It is only when the two are clearly separated, as in deafness or blindness, that experience takes note of what belongs to the one and the other. Of course, however, this is not the source of the scientific knowledge referred to. That has come from the long investigations of men of science.

This special function of sound may be easily illustrated. For instance, quick lively music produces so great an inward change — an exhilaration — that

the body frequently expresses some outward manifestation of it. The foot begins to tap, the hand to mark the time, till, feeling more and more the inner urge of gayety, people spring to their feet and begin the dance. There is no combination of things coming by way of sight alone that could produce the same response and pleasure of feelings. The deaf person seeing the dancing and gayety would experience no change. He might enter into it as best he could, but his feelings would be but little different from those that he would have if he sat at his desk casting up accounts. His dancing could not produce the pleasure, the enjoyment of dancing, any more than merely seeing it could do. Only *sound* can do that. But unseal his ears and in a flash you have unsealed his feelings. From the consciousness of none in particular, he passes to the ripple and thrill of emotion — animation — life, and its urge to bodily expression. Sound has created a mood.

It cannot be claimed that because it is a highly specialized sound it appeals to some finer sense and inspires response only on that ground, for the function extends in the opposite direction — sound produces feelings of distress and irritation. A scientific writer points out that we can see with indifference the writhings of a suffering animal that is still, but that, if there are cries of pain, it produces emotion at once. We are distressed. In reports of terrible marine disasters, it is almost never said by people that they can never forget the sights they saw, but always that they can never forget the cries of the drowning. Likewise there are certain sounds which distinctly irritate. The hum of a mosquito excites feelings of irritation altogether in excess of seeing it or feeling it.

But the salient point between the two extremes is that sound, in its sim-

ple common forms, possesses its own degree of power to produce a measure of response which corresponds to the ordinary cheerfulness of normal life.

Although one would hardly hesitate to say that the excess of the blind man's calamity over that of the deaf man is sufficient to over-balance this elemental function of sound to produce moods, yet the universal fact remains that the blind are more cheerful than the deaf. If this be really true, then it must be because the blind are the involuntary subjects of a cause and effect so deeply fixed in the process of man's mental evolution that it cannot be entirely overpowered even by blindness.

Now it follows that the absence of sound is the very large withdrawal of the natural arouser of feelings, leaving in their stead an unbroken dullness or lack of cheerfulness, — for there is no possibility of auto-excitation in place of the external stimulus, — as was illustrated in the instance of dancing. Nor is there any general level or original capital of feelings which exist if just let alone, for dullness or depression does not mean (barring a sense of sadness) various feelings of a poor quality, so much as no feelings — negativeness. Hence the deaf man's depression.

Now then, it proved to be that this specific relation of sound to feeling was the 'elemental something' in the background, the understanding of which did produce surprisingly helpful results. Just why learning something of a cause should mitigate an effect is not easy to explain, even if this were the place to attempt a 'psycho-analysis.' But it has been discovered and accepted as the underlying principle in certain modern methods of treatment of deeply disturbed psychological conditions. Its discoverer and upbuilder 'showed that when patients were made conversant with the cause of their

symptoms, and the reason explained to them, they got well.'

In my own case, it seemed as though the power to set out one element or cause of depression made it appear less hopeless than when everything was concealed in the blind whole. Here was definiteness, and there is nothing more paralyzing to the human mind and heart than the idea of the unalterably, inherently mysterious — the thing without a cause.

Though not always recognizing the fact, my footsteps from here on were forward rather than backward. I had gained an impersonal view of the situation — the vision of a law rather than a fate. I did not know what might lie before me, but, added to what familiarity I may have had with matters psychological, my experience in finding out what depression was, or rather why it was, had given me a glimpse into possibilities — into new heights and depths. If I had lost a world I had discovered that new ones might be created. It came to me that after all mind is master — experience the absolute teacher.

Having come thus far, the first effort of the deaf person must be to find and establish for himself a new philosophy or system of life. Under ordinary circumstances one does not think very much about a philosophy of life. Life flows in from full channels and brings all unconsciously its own code of living. But when one is cut off from mental association with his fellows, when he is denied all that comes from lectures, concerts, plays, church, music, conversation, — the subconsciousness even of the murmurous world about him, — the rain on the window, the fire on the hearth, — it is apparent to the most dull that there is a far-reaching change in his world. Life has been folded back upon itself and a new living-basis must be set up.

III

My own philosophy speedily resolved itself into three parts — work, study, and play; three familiar things, which yet served well the deeper mission to which they had been called.

But before even this, stands the pertinent question of reestablishing in some degree the lost means of communication. No matter what you may think the impossibility of this to be, it must be done, because, with the best intentions of people in making things easy, the exigencies of life will require of you much the same that they always have required. Therefore, you should not hesitate to adopt any reasonable devices which have been invented to assist in this object. They serve their purpose better than nothing, and even if they do not prove indispensable to you, you will often find people who seem so to regard them when they are talking to you. This inclination you should be prompt to humor. Anything that makes for agreeableness or saves embarrassment must be favored, for one of the small surprises of deafness is to discover that there are people who are really embarrassed to know how to 'manage' a deaf person. Strange as it may seem, it is often you, the handicapped, who must come to the rescue, and your capacity for doing it will be one of your assets.

But speaking from experience, the best of all methods is to begin from the start to learn to understand the lips. I know many people are dismayed at mention of the idea, but I think it is because they regard it as among the most difficult of all things to accomplish. This is not so. Any person with a reasonably quick mind can do more for himself by persistent effort in lip-reading than by any other possible means. I do not mean learning it by going to a school where it is taught, or

by professional instruction, although both appeal to me. I mean, rather, by keen observation, careful effort, and persistent practice. Everything is in favor of lip-reading. Facility increases with time; it is quiet, unawkward, and dignified. If it can be attained, it is an accomplishment *par excellence*. Of course, you will find those whose talking is hopelessly blind. Their lips are immobile and their articulation behind half-shut teeth. Give them up, together with that other class who are averse to making the slightest effort, and will make no difference between you and any one else. There are times, however, if one is thrown among these people, when it is impossible to follow this advice — when one must know what is said. For these the tiny ivory pad of four or five leaves with little pencil attached is an expedient solution. It can be tucked into the belt or vest-pocket out of sight. I have seen tense situations smoothed out by its timely appearance.

The question of work and business in the case of the deaf person is complex. It may be the most essential thing confronting him — a necessity. The work one has been accustomed to may seem to be greatly interfered with, if not impossible to continue in. This feeling should not be yielded to so long as there is a reasonable possibility of continuing in it. You need its familiarity, its friendliness. Certain workers, it would seem, must change their occupation, but I have known a teacher to hold his position as active principal of a boys' school for years after he had become very deaf. Little by little he worked others into the gaps he could not fill, and he played a certain rôle with force and dignity until his accidental death. I know a business man who successfully carries on a large and important business, involving many deals in properties and money, who has

been deaf for twenty-five years — the deafest person I have ever seen. Standing in a railway station with him one day, I asked if he could hear the tremendous ringing and clanging of the engines around us. He smilingly shook his head. Then, being an old friend, I asked how deeply it troubled him to be so deaf. To my astonishment he wrote, 'I never think of it. I have to be so busy in my business, looking out for the other fellow and the rights of the deal, that I don't have a minute for anything else.' This man had a world of his own.

Whatever you are doing, don't give it up unless forced to. The public forgets things after a while — if it gets its money's worth. And, above all, count yourself among the blest if you can work, and work hard. Work has specific healing for your trouble, although on other grounds I am its disciple — a pilgrim to its shrine. I had always liked my two hands inordinately for what they could do, but when, long ago, I learned how intimately and fundamentally the hands had had to do in primal ages with the evolution of the brain of earliest *homo*, when he yet struggled with his eoliths and his unperfected thumbs, I reverenced them anew. The power of the hand visibly to re-create the mental conception of a Raphael and a Praxiteles is indefinable and exquisite. The hands hold the sublimity of the spirit to the power of the flesh.

Furthermore, I would advise any deaf person to earn money whether there is real need of it or not. It is the practical measure of capability, — a quality in which the deaf need reassuring, — and it replaces old aims and interests which may have been lost. It tends to rehabilitate ambition and self-confidence — its largest good, perhaps, lying in its moral tonic force.

If you are at liberty to divide your

VOL. 120-NO. 6

time so that study may play an equal part with work, then you hold passports to all kinds of pleasure and profit. It is undeniable that people go through the world so careless and unseeing that some of the best of it escapes on every hand. The knowledge and truth which lies nearest to us we do not know is there, and we do not know how to lay hold upon it. It is under our feet, in the air above our heads, not to mention within ourselves. But study and observation open the doors of the mind through which all things come trooping in.

These studies may be grave or gay, simple or profound. I well remember my first experience with one of the wasps — *Pompilus* and her paralyzed spider. About all the knowledge I then had of the subject was a little I had read in one of Darwin's books long before. It was just enough so that I recognized what I had run across. The subject had greatly interested me at the time of reading, but it had seemed a far-off science-lore past attaining, so that when I realized that this was the same wonderful thing, I was breathless with excitement.

The strange little worlds in your back yard and along the country road are as absorbingly exciting, if you but see them understandingly, as those which have been sought out on the other side of the earth. And they are waiting only for two eyes and a mind to explore their secrets. Ears are an utter superfluity. It does not matter that others have found out long ago all that you may discover, — although there is a whole apocalypse of things that the wise ones do not yet know, — they are a discovery to you.

Therefore, in work and study alike, so-called hobbies serve an admirable purpose for us. I own to having pursued half a dozen of them, long and ardently — from working on the wood

of old mahogany pieces, which now stand burnished and glowing among my earthly possessions, to digging in ancient shell-pits for chipped flints and bone fish-hooks. And the beauty of all these doings is that they are as profitable as they are fascinating. Their pursuit is a constant source of new understanding which lures thought far from one's self. They teach the impersonal habit, — and some day you will find that you have learned, among many other things, how to forget yourself.

Last, but far from least, is the question of recreation and play. It is one of the perplexing problems, for while there are unnumbered resources for work and occupation, deafness paralyzes the sources of pleasure. Objectively, they all exist, but subjectively, you have no way of experiencing them. And yet, pleasure cannot be dispensed with — that way danger lies. Its persistent lack grows into definite distress, and the deaf person, like others, must have, to use the words of a writer already quoted, 'some little fun every day, and some human society.' The small pleasures which all people seek are a natural necessity, and very distinct from any deaf person's 'many resources,' which people are often fond of referring to as though they were a sufficient substitute. His play must mean change, anticipation, something outside himself — in short, just what it means to other people.

There is one field, however, which almost universally is left unaffected by deafness — the matter of games of competition and chance. Tennis, cards, golf, and similar things, give the chance of pleasure in the explicit sense of the word. In the competition lies the essence of association, and their further result is even doubled. They are not only keenly enjoyable in themselves, being sources which hearing

people constantly seek for that purpose, but being the one activity which is not affected for one by deafness, the relief and change in its exercise is intense. One can be sufficiently skillful so that he need not feel that his deafness mars the pleasure of others, — although it would be indeed a striking selfishness in others who would have their fun perfect always at the expense of your having none — who intentionally would not share themselves and their pleasure reasonably to your need.

Nevertheless, it is probably better to recognize the fact now and then, like any sensible person, that the world is not wholly lovely — that a selfish and designing individual is an indisputable reality sometimes. This does not impeach the general kindness; but to be cognizant of such a person and of his real aim when it comes to you, makes for surer self-confidence and better judgment in playing your own rôle in regard to him. It can be done with entire equanimity, if not with a degree of interest, for the reading of character in its exceeding diversity of composition has long been not the least interesting of studies. Idealism is no abstraction, but the world as it is must not be forgotten.

The central thought which comes from my experience with deafness is, that remedy — recompense — here as elsewhere, is the natural law — that nature seeks always to balance itself. The only irreparable disaster in deafness is that one which would despoil the spirit — the will; and here again, as was shown in depression, it is within the personality, within the bounds and terms of our own understanding, that exist the laws which reharmonize the discordant condition and reinvest the mind with its conscious power to dominate the forces and events of life.

A FAMILY LETTER

BY RUDOLF HEINRICHS

DEAR FELIX,—

I am sorry you are angry with me. You know that. You and I are the only members of the family left in this country, and we should stand together. I don't want to quarrel with you. I want to avoid a break with you if it is possible to avoid it. At the moment, I do not see how a break can be avoided. You insist that my open and active espousal of the cause, formerly of the Allies and now of the United States, exhibits a disloyalty to father, to Carl, and to the girls, which makes you ashamed of our good name. You are yourself absolutely loyal to the United States. I know that. You want me to be loyal. But you insist that my loyalty should be more or less passive. You think that I should buy Liberty Bonds, and if I were drafted (which is impossible since I am considerably above the age-limit), that I should serve in the army; but you declare that voluntary aggressive action on my part, to help defeat Germany, is disloyal to father and the rest of the family now living in Germany and in one way or another fighting for Germany.

I need not repeat what I think of your point of view. I completely disagree with it. I believe that family ties must not, in such a crisis, be allowed to impede the individual's freedom of action. No ties of blood or birth should in any way be allowed to fetter his hands, his brain, or his spirit — least of all, in this nation, which is a conglomeration of many races and depends for its safety and strength, as no other na-

tion in the world, on the speedy amalgamation of these races and the effacement of racial lines. An American may go to Italy, England, or Germany and live there all his days, remaining an American citizen, without especial loss to any one or anything except his own self-respect. Those countries, having each its own definite race, will suffer him as a self-indulgent expatriate, satisfied to live his days accepting protection without giving any service in return, even the small service of casting his vote once a year.

In the United States, however, the situation is different. With a wonderful generosity and a hospitality which has frequently threatened danger to the institutions on which this country is founded, the United States has opened its doors to every man, woman, and child in Europe, not a defective or a criminal, who cared to enter. It has done so, not from a sense of self-interest, but on principle. The United States has from the beginning been the refuge of the oppressed of all nations, the economically oppressed and the politically oppressed. Comprehending fully the problems which the coming of these hordes presented, she has nevertheless allowed them to enter with only slight restrictions, trusting that something that we like to call the American spirit would transfuse the different elements into a new metal more precious than any yet known. This American spirit was the spirit of individualism, the ardent and unhypocritical passion for freedom of thought and action, for

religious and racial tolerance, for largeness of view, derived in part from the early colonists, in part from the Revolutionary patriots, in part from the pioneers and frontiersmen, in part from Lincoln and the men who defended the Union with him, in part from men like Carl Schurz, who knew what it meant to live under a government which feared freedom of thought and speech and crushed them down with gunbutts. The American people have trusted in the working of this leaven of the American spirit in the lump of alien population. On the whole they have been right in trusting to it. In an incredibly short period, foreign children have been turned into American citizens with a distinctly American outlook. The American spirit has wonderfully done its work in transforming the Russian, the Italian, the Pole, the Irishman, the German, the Jew, into that curious new being, not yet fully formed, the American. It has succeeded so well because it worked unimpeded. There were no forces in operation to retard its working.

The Great War has brought home to us with a startling shock the realization that, unknown to the great majority of the American people, a foreign government has for the past fifteen or twenty years been slowly constructing machinery to counteract the assimilative potencies of this American spirit. Through the schools, through the churches, through the colleges and universities, through associations of school-teachers, through athletic, social, and literary clubs, organized and closely bound together into a highly centralized alliance; and lastly, and most effectively, through the daily and weekly papers, religious as well as secular, this government has been endeavoring to consolidate the largest and on the whole the most respected and most trusted portion of our population, of

foreign birth or immediate foreign origin, into a solid mass organized, not only to prevent its own assimilation, but also to work actively toward its own political predominance, first in the State and later in the nation. I refer, I need not say, to Germany.

Whenever, in my more or less heated conversations with you during the past three years, I have made any statements concerning the German conduct of the war, you have answered that I was a victim of the anti-German propaganda which England had been conducting in this country in the interest of Wall Street, for years, even before the war. If there has been such a propaganda, it has been a monumentally stupid one, for, so far as I know, it has never called public attention to the most subtle and insidious case in history of one nation's interference in the internal affairs of another. You know as much as I of Germany's attitude toward her expatriated nationals. You therefore know about her 'centres of influence' idea, her resolution, expressed in a national policy, to keep loyal and serviceable to the German Empire the millions of her citizens who, for one reason or another, have emigrated to different parts of the world, principally to North and South America. Under pretense of keeping alive in the hearts of her 'exiled' sons and daughters the cultural ideals of the Fatherland, the German government has organized in different countries, notably in Argentina, Brazil, Canada, and the United States, elaborate 'systems' designed, on the one hand, to prevent these nationals from amalgamating with the peoples among whom they have chosen to live, and, on the other, to create and spread doctrines favorable to the German government.

In the United States, the influential social, athletic, and other clubs have

been firmly knit together into the National German-American Alliance. The even more influential teachers of German in the schools have been organized into an Alliance of Teachers. This alliance is subsidized by the German government. I need not suggest that this subsidy is not granted merely for sentimental reasons or for the benefit which the German government expects the American people to derive from the spread of Teutonic culture. It is granted because Germany realizes that these teachers of the German language can exercise an enormous influence in spreading the gospel of German cultural superiority and general infallibility, and will exercise it if given a start under pro-German auspices. In many schools in Wisconsin, Nebraska, and other mid-Western States, the study of German in the public schools has, through the influence of German voters, been made practically compulsory. Children of strictly American parents may not want to study German, and the parents may protest, but in towns or cities where the school commissioner happens to be German, their protests are likely to be swept aside, or skillfully argued out of court. The teacher of German naturally begins his work by telling his pupils the advantages of learning German rather than French, Italian, or Spanish. He preaches the glories of Germany's past and present, the splendors of its literature and art. He teaches German, but through it, constantly, he teaches Germanism. To the best of his ability, he does what his colleagues in the German *Volksschule* and *Gymnasium* are doing, under the strict supervision of the Imperial Minister of Education. He moulds, out of the pliable clay of youth, docile and unquestioning admirers of Germany and all its works.

He is, of course, ably abetted in this work by confederates on every side.

The pastor in the German church is one; the editor of the German language newspaper is another; the father of the family, who, influenced by the pastor and the editor, emphasizes the sacred duty of keeping up the German language and the German traditions and fails to emphasize the higher duty of becoming, first of all, a loyal American citizen is a third.

All aliens tend to be clannish, and the Germans in this country have kept more to themselves, possibly, than the nationals of any other European country. You know how it was in our own family. All father's and mother's friends were German except the M—s, and our intimacy with the M—s was due primarily to the accident that they happened to be our next-door neighbors. You remember that, after we moved away, we saw little of them, except on that annual occasion, Christmas Eve, when they always came, loaded to the gunwales with presents, to celebrate with us, German-fashion. Your friends were largely in the German set, though you, like the rest of us children, had been born in this country; and all the men who called on the girls were German. You remember, we spoke of it at the time, fifteen years or more ago. The girls did not seem to care for American men, and American men did not seem to be drawn to them, though they were unquestionably attractive, and Pauline was, I think, one of the cleverest hands at repartee that I ever heard. Counts and barons besieged her, but Americans somehow kept away or were gently pushed away—I never could quite decide which. And the girls were both born in America and had both attended American schools.

The trouble, I suppose, was that the atmosphere of our household was absolutely German, and American boys felt shy in it, out of their element, embar-

rassed to know exactly how to act. Father, in insisting on keeping our home as German as possible, was, we know, acting from the highest sense of loyalty to his German origin. I cannot help feeling, however, that he made a great mistake. He became an American citizen and a most conscientious supporter of good government in his city as well as his nation. At the time of the Spanish War, you remember, he was ardently pro-America and indignant at the assumption of his relatives in Germany (who were pro-Spain) that he should be anything else.

We had a wonderful home, and there are a thousand memories of things distinctively German which I cling to, gratefully. I need not tell you that. The memory of those Christmas Eves is something always to treasure, and there were countless Sunday parties, including always the whole family and troops of friends, parties lasting from one to ten (when father wound up the clocks), with *Volkslieder* and games and good, lively talk, that neither you nor I will ever forget or ever want to forget. Our home was the best sort of home a boy could have, but the insistence morning, noon, and night, that it be above all, a German home, has, so far as our family life is concerned, had tragic results. Father and mother and the girls returned to Germany to live. Mother died almost immediately; the girls married German officers; Carl, of course, was altogether German anyway. His schooldays in Germany definitely settled that. You, having had a part of the same training, were half German. I, coming at the tail end of the family and going to American schools, and particularly to an American boarding-school, became somehow Americanized. I don't know exactly how it happened, but the fact remains. I went to Germany as often as the rest of the family, but I never made any

friends there. German boys and American boys, I found, looked at almost everything under the sun from different angles, and my angle happened to be the American angle.

I said a minute ago that the results of the insistence on Germanism in our home had been tragic. Look at our family to-day. Father has a son and two sons-in-law active in the German service, and two sons who are American citizens. The girls, born in America and living in America until they were twenty-five or over, are married to Germans. You know as well as I how ardently American they were at heart. Imagine what they must be suffering to-day; for love for the country where they were born and bred *will* come through! Carl, of course, always has been German. You and I are the only ones left in America, and even we seem to be hopelessly divided. If this is not a tragedy, in a family that cherished unity and get-together festivals as ours did, I don't know what tragedy is!

It was not the German government that was responsible for this particular wreck. It was mainly clannishness and sentimentality — clannishness, which prevented us as a family from striking our roots out into true American soil, having Americans as our daily companions and the guests of our Sunday parties, instead of always German bankers and merchants and reserve officers and traveling noblemen; sentimentality, which loved to insist that we were good Germans after all, and which prevented father from ever buying an inch of American land, because he wanted at any and every time to feel foot-free to return to Germany. Clannishness and sentimentality — the futile looking backward to a happy state which never was — are prominent vices of the German. They existed before the German government began,

some twenty or more years ago, to take a lively interest in her future in America. Germany recognized the existence of these vices and used them for her own purposes.

The propaganda of the German government began in this country, as I said, some twenty years ago. Prince Henry and the German exchange professors were factors in it, the German-American Alliance and the German language press have been its active and vigorous supporters, and unquestionably the German Embassy and its confidential agents have done their share. The aim of this persistent and effective propaganda has been to counteract the forces that make for the assimilation of aliens in the body of American citizens — principally, of course, to counteract the forces that were making loyal Americans out of Germans who were willing to forego the privileges of life in Germany for the sake of the greater freedom of action and opportunity which the United States offered.

From the point of view of the German government there is perhaps nothing reprehensible in her attempt to do this. For many years Germany lost thousands of industrious citizens annually by emigration to countries whence she could derive no benefit from the bodies and minds she had reared. Germans practically refused for one reason or another to emigrate to German colonies. In the United States, on the other hand, were millions of men and women of German birth or blood, whose integrity and efficiency were benefiting, not Germany, but the United States. They could be made to benefit Germany only in case they could be consolidated into a more or less compact political body endeavoring assiduously to spread German influence, both cultural and political, to control schools, churches, newspapers, and legislatures, and gradually to supplant the Anglo-

Saxon influence in American life with the Teutonic.

It was, as I said, natural that the German government should want to do this. It is natural also that the American people should rise in wrath, as I hope they will, when they finally discover the impudent attempt that has been made to pervert the natural current of American political life.

For Germany's attempt to solidify her nationals in the United States into a definite political body, with interests apart from the interests of the rest of the American people, is a blow straight at the heart of the American democracy. America's promise lies largely in the fusion of many races in the hot fire of a common dream. Russian and Jew, Austrian and Pole, Britisher and Irishman, Frenchman and Prussian, have in America forgotten national feuds and prejudices, seeing a vision of liberty and fellowship and equal opportunity, against which the merely national aspirations of the past seem puerile and pompous and empty. Allow the Germans to solidify themselves into a political group, jealously guarding and insidiously extending their influence, and you must allow the Poles, the Italians, the Hungarians, the Irish, the Russians, to do the same. We should become a second Austria, where, in Parliament, the Magyars throw inkwells at the Czechs. The vision we hold and cherish would go off into thin air. Liberty and fellowship and equality of opportunity would be forgotten in futile squabbles about language or subtle racial prejudices.

Our language is English, our institutions are modifications of English and Teutonic institutions, touched up with French philosophy. They are not perfect, by any means, but they are a good foundation on which to build. Our culture, what there is of it, is largely a reflection of England's. We do not brag

about it, but we do not want to supplant it with German culture; we emphatically do not want to have it surreptitiously thus supplanted. We want to learn much from Germany; but we want to learn possibly even more from France and Russia. We want culture rammed down our throats, however, by no one.

You and I are both of the same German blood. There is not a drop of any other blood in us, so far as I know. You feel the tug of this blood drawing your sympathies toward Germany. Perhaps I am hard-hearted. I often wonder whether that is it. I think, however, that I feel as deep affection for father and the others in Germany as you do. And yet there does not seem to me to be the smallest corner of me that is not for America, first and last, and against Germany. I do not hate Germany, but I want to see her defeated, and I deeply hope that America will have a part in defeating her and that I may have a small part in helping to defeat her.

You believe that I should be passive, that, in deference to father and the family, I should at least have the grace to keep silent and to do no more than loyalty to the United States absolutely demands to help defeat Germany. You wanted me to keep silent, to be passive, after our first violent disagreement after the sinking of the Lusitania. You pleaded with me again and again during the twenty months or more that intervened before the final break, to take no active part against Germany. I tell you, Felix, too many Americans of German blood have been passive. Bound to Germany by ties of sentiment and bound to America by ties of self-interest, they have stood aside, afraid fearlessly to choose one side or another, to stand and fight for America or to stand and be interned for Germany. This is not a good war for neutrals. The issues are too clear.

In times like these we cannot afford to let the lesser loyalty of the family or the tribe interfere with the larger loyalty due the country that has protected us and given us happiness and the opportunity to achieve success; or the loyalty, even wider yet, which is due to the principles of justice and liberty on which this country rests. The German propagandists have tried to persuade us that we, American citizens of German blood, can serve two masters. You and I should know better. Our own family is a perfect symbol of what this America of ours would be if Germany should be allowed to continue her insidious propaganda. This country would be split into fragments as our family is now split, the members torn from each other and each member torn within himself. Germany must be beaten, her government must be thoroughly discredited, not only in order that the democracies of the world may be made safe from attack by her armed forces, but in order also that they may be made safe from attack by the sappers and miners of her destructive propaganda. That propaganda is, in the long reckoning, more dangerous than all Germany's armies. There is a room in Strand House, London, filled with nothing but examples of German propaganda written in every language and almost every dialect, and working through practically every sect of every religion in the world. Such a poisonous tree cannot be pruned or sprayed. It must be dug up by the roots and burned.

You think that I am disloyal. There seem to be times when a man must renounce father and mother, brother and sister, in order to be loyal to something higher than blood relatives. Fifty years ago Lincoln said that this country could not exist half slave and half free. To-day we can say with equal emphasis that this country can-

not exist half alien and half American. It must be all American, with one language, one literature, one culture growing naturally from the original root. You say that you are loyal if you are merely passive, and some fool in Washington, some official or other, said the other day that the government demanded no more than passive loyalty from its citizens of German birth or origin. I tell you, that passive loyalty to-day is disloyalty. You are needed, and I am needed, and every American of German blood, who considers himself an American and nothing else, is needed, to symbolize to the rest of Americans of alien origin, the working of the American crucible. We have boasted in the past that the American people was not merely a hodge-podge of fifty or a hundred races, but a new race, looking not to the past but to the future. Here is our chance to prove it, to prove that no temptation, however great, no lure, however insistent, can turn us who have received the benefits of American citizenship, who have lived and grown and prospered and been happy under American institutions, back to the land that our fathers left, back to the kings they renounced. We dare not be passive.

The basic principle by which the American people has grown great has been brought in question by the German-Americans. Are we merely an agglomeration of European expatriates, or are we a new people, richer in promise, as we believe, than any race which has yet existed? On men like you and me depends in this crisis the answer to that question. We are of German blood and only of German blood. We have brothers fighting for Germany. The temptation is great to say, 'I have a right to sit back and take no part in this conflict against my own blood.' But the greater the temptation, the greater the necessity to

stand unflinchingly by the principle which other Americans of German blood have put in jeopardy. If you and I — who have brothers fighting in the armies of Germany — make clear unmistakably that we stand ready, with every thought in our minds and every spark of energy in our bodies, to fight for America against Germany, will not the hundreds of thousands of other Americans of German blood, who are held to Germany only by ties of faint sentiment, be ashamed to hold back? The very tragedy of our position enforces a deeper loyalty upon us, because it makes so much greater our opportunity to serve.

Instead of being passive, instead of sitting in armchairs at home, grumbly nursing our resentment as you would have us do, you and I should be out on the housetops, declaring to the German-Americans our faith in the American democracy and the American people. Seeing how much we are willing to sacrifice for the privilege of claiming full American citizenship, other German-Americans, who have less to sacrifice, may value American citizenship higher than they now do.

Felix, you and I and men who are situated like us — there are not many — have a great responsibility. We can sit back passively, priding ourselves on our petty family loyalty which, in the greatest crisis in the world's history, keeps us smug and neutral within our own four walls; or we can claim the higher allegiance and, because of all that we leave behind, work as few are privileged to work, for the unity and strength of our country.

You know what I have chosen, and in a rash moment you told me that in so choosing I was dishonoring my father's name. Think again, Felix! What are you going to choose?

Your affectionate brother,
R.

THE FORMULA FOR PEACE

BY COURTEMAY DE KALB

I

THE American people are beginning to pay for the costliest mistake that they have ever made. They did not prepare for peace, therefore they now are facing war. They listened to the dreamers who had never analyzed peace and they scorned those who taught wisdom, and now the wise and the unwise are paying the cost together. They never have realized that peace and war are parts of the same economic problem. George Washington was a practical pacifist; he admonished us to keep ourselves ready at all times to compel peace. That kind of peace is one that lies within the reach of any practical peace-loving people. It is a taurine peace, such as a well-horned bull commands in his pasture; the effective and reliable kind that was comprehensible to the great patriot who had led our Colonial armies to the victorious creation of a free republic. Moreover, it is the only kind of pacifism that will work in a world of nations that has never yet solved or even tried to solve the economic problems that make war unnecessary.

It may strike some minds as paradoxical to affirm that war is an economic phenomenon, yet the great majority of all the wars of history and particularly of modern history have been nothing less than attempts to adjust a continuously unfavorable trade-balance by resort to arms. Surely the great gathering of the nations in battle-array, that now astounds and awes the human race, can by no possibility be

regarded in any other light than that of a transference of the war of trade from the counting-house to the field of Mars. Our minds are likely to be tricked into false reasoning by the boasts of democracy and the thunders of autocracy, for the solution of the great problem of civilization does not lie in mere forms of government — neither in democracies nor in empires. It is far deeper than these; it might be said that, considered as a means of supplying human needs, it is not definitely related to either. It is not the way in which we are governed that determines whether or not we will get on with our neighbors peaceably; it is what we use our government to accomplish for us as nations that determines the matter.

It was just a year ago that a notable meeting of representatives of the Allies was held in Paris to draw up plans for the days after the war. The delegates meant well; they were preparing, as they thought, to cement a union between the Allies that would be effective in restraining Germany from future domination; but the world, even in the stress of a great conflict, holds to its saving sense of humor, and it characterized this plan as a preparation for 'the war after the war.' Such felicitous flashes of world-humor often have in them more sound philosophy than gets written into learned state papers. Is there any peace, is there any relief from poverty, any lessening of the hardships that grow out of national aggrandizement, in a commercial war? Is it conceivable that trade-war can maintain

a happy balance of industry, that it can fill the world with cheerful contentment, or encourage the spirit of brotherly love among nations? There is a vast difference between simple commerce and a trade-war, and that difference has not become the basis of reasoning for reform. We saw what happened during the last experience of a trade-war, when the legend 'made in Germany' was a challenge to the whole industrial world. It did not bring joy and gladness to Manchester and Sheffield to see the cottons and steels of Germany conquering the markets of the world. Instead of reposing in joy England was struggling with the blazing protests of the unemployed.

What happened in England was the menacing growth of a starvation-socialism; it was no mild philosophical socialism, no fanciful scheme for social reorganization, but a stern and fearsome demand, like the cry of a hungry panther that can be met only with guns or with food. It has been said that if Germany had but waited a little longer she might have conquered England by commercial displacement—but Germany could not wait. The weapons of national aggrandizement are like rapiers that finally bend backward and wound the nation that wields them while striking at their victims. The peculiarity of our modern system of commercial struggle, using such aggressive mechanisms as bounties, subsidies, tariffs, and the like, is that the effort to control foreign markets becomes a national movement. That is the same thing as to say that it is collectivistic, which allies it at once with what is called Socialism.

We are familiar with the game as played in a crude unscientific manner in our own country. The politicians of one party explain to the man in the street how he will benefit by the trade stimulus that is certain to follow pro-

tected industry. One party shouts itself hoarse for a tariff on iron, on steel, on shoes, on wool and woolens, while the other—but that is part of the threadbare humor of presidential campaigning. It is all so unscientific, so distorted by special pleading, as to teach little to the serious inquirer after the economic bases of those balanced equities which we instinctively feel should operate in a rational world-commerce. The arguments of the free traders and the protectionists in America have been merely political ammunition to be used in the contests between the 'ins' and the 'outs.' If the leaders were more patriotic than partisan they would find real issues in which there might be room for dispute. It requires little knowledge of political science to see that free trade, containing as it does the germ-principle of the charter for Utopia, would be suicidal to any mature nation attempting to apply it before it had been accepted by all the great commercial powers of the world. What has actually occurred in America has been that, under a high tariff, the manufacturers have profited, and to a degree the laboring classes have also benefited, but they have presently exclaimed at the correspondingly higher cost of living which resulted from complex causes initiated by the disturbance of the economic balance brought about by the altered tariff schedules. When the political pendulum swung back to a lowered tariff, the masses have again suffered by the invasion of foreign goods, which cut off industry at home and reduced the wages for labor.

The topsy-turvy schemes of a country with little international trade experience, a country that is still nearly half pioneer, and that has sustained its shop-workers by manufacturing chiefly for home consumption, while its strength in the world-markets has come mainly from the exportation of foods

and cotton, are not to be taken too seriously in a search for the errors in the principle of the trade-war. It is in Germany that the most brilliant national success has been attained by it. Most interesting is it to see how a state committed to this doctrine inevitably accumulates a top-heavy burden of population, with mouths to feed increasing faster than the resources with which to feed them. The only arguments for aggrandizement are race-pride, which is expressed in a desire for dominance, and race-prejudice, which shrinks from expatriation and the consequent loss of racial identity in fusion with foreign peoples. Aggrandizement through a fostering political system offers a tempting solution of the problem. It contemplates the acquisition of lines of trade that will develop manufacturing at home to an abnormal degree; that will provide work for the growing population; but the profit must be elastic enough, which means big enough, to absorb the strains of competition or of reduced foreign purchasing power, due to droughts or other causes. Necessarily, then, the wage-rate will not advance proportionally to the double increase of business and population, so that a shortage of available supplies presently is felt by the working classes, producing social discontent. At the same time the necessity for safe-guarding foreign commerce, and the food-supply coming from less densely populated countries, as well as the fear of reprisals by competitive nations, compels the intensive culture of militarism, in which is experienced moreover a measure of physical development, that is recognized as valuable in saving the nation from loss of vital energy.

To visualize clearly the forces at work in a nation under the modern system of nationally fomented industry, which is but a more polite phrase for the trade-war, it is necessary to ex-

amine some of the elements that enter into this great game of national aggrandizement. A country that contents itself with administering police discipline would, of course, be devoting itself to the simplest and most fundamentally necessary functions that a government is supposed to perform. The next discovery that a nation makes regarding its range of possibilities occurs in the realm of commerce. It appears in the form of special charters granted for monopolies in manufacturing or trade. This extremely crude system has been set aside in England scarcely more than a century. Through the chartered East India Company she once governed her jeweled possessions of the East, until the trial of Warren Hastings brought the evils of political control for commercial purposes forcibly to the understanding of the British people. Their rising sense of justice then opposed extending such arbitrary powers in conjunction with special trade privileges.

Nevertheless, the idea of monopoly based on governmental grant has lingered to our own time. The Rhodesian concession obtained by Cecil Rhodes was an example of yesterday, in which the barbaric method of securing the unfolding of virgin resources through chartered privilege was deemed good enough for a vast, undeveloped, but by no means unpopulated, African wilderness. In a milder form large concessions for exclusive mineral exploration have been granted in Canada in quite recent years. The system of concessions, as every American should know, is also rampant in all the smaller Spanish-American countries, and constitutes the basis on which is founded a large part of the political graft which proves so enticing a bait to envious revolutionaries who possess the physical courage of their predatory ambitions. At the same time American owners of such undemocratic charters soon find

themselves hated by the people, because the very nature of these protected enterprises converts the foreigner in their eyes into the embodiment of a grasping, blood-sucking monopoly.

II

In the progress of social evolution a nation presently outgrows these elementary monopolistic forms. Although the apologists may find plausible excuses in the attraction offered to capital and in the development of enterprises that would not have been undertaken without such a shield from competition, the method belongs, nevertheless, by its very essence, to the period of industrial incubation in a nation's history. It will be seen on further analysis, however, that it is of the same genus as the more familiar tariff, differing in this important respect, that it openly singles out a specific concessionaire on whom its benefits are to be conferred, instead of throwing open a protected trade-opportunity to any citizen who may be in a position to take advantage of it, which is the special characteristic of a fostering tariff. The barbaric crudeness of a protective tariff is glossed over, as also is much of the saving vitality of barbarism in human nature, by association with legal refinements that mask its grossness.

It must not be assumed that a tariff is either morally or ethically wrong because it is crude, nor yet forever right because it is tolerated as a step in the growth of nations toward finer adjustments of the economic problems of existence. We should treasure eternally in our hearts the fact that the State is for the individuals composing it, not the individuals for the State; but the State is, or should become, the practical expression of the idealized system for personal good that is to be attained only through corresponding personal sacri-

fices in civic coöperation. We shall find at last that these supreme ends of peace and general prosperity are not attainable in nations that attempt a commercial interlocking while they bristle with bayonets of tariff-opposition. Because it is associated with the system of indirect taxation, put into effect partly through customs duties, the nature of a protective tariff is concealed under the folds of this attractive revenue cloak. Its true character is better understood when we go back to what, with some irony, have been called 'the expansive days of Queen Elizabeth.' We there confront industrial protective laws which, for example, made it punishable by death to bring a foreign-made brass or copper article of manufacture into the kingdom. The result of such drastic laws was the development, among other things, of the Cornish and Welsh copper-smelting centres with their dependent train of industries, enduring, though with lessened relative importance, to this very day and hour. That was protection, brutally, cheerfully, frankly barbaric and—effective! Not mincing matters, it did what all protective tariffs are meant to do: it built up business at home. Evidently there is a time for concessions and a time for tariff walls in a country's development.

While retaining some traces of both of these primitive systems, England passed through its fever of Cobdenism to a new and more highly refined type of the same old genus. She proclaimed herself a free-trade country, and, in a restricted sense of that term, a free-trade country she is; but in the sense of a country with unprotected, unfomented trade, she just as certainly is not. In order to follow understandingly the higher post-graduate methods of Germany in this sphere of economics, one must get the primary college system of the British clearly in mind. Great Britain has discovered the reflex influ-

ence of sea-power on domestic trade. A great naval establishment and a great maritime shipping grew as complements to each other. The carrying trade of the world, confined preponderatingly to British bottoms, accomplished many things at once; it gave the British manufacturer a first opportunity to supply foreign markets; it yielded a corresponding advantage for obtaining raw materials and foreign foods cheaply; it brought the British trade propagandist into closer personal touch with other nations, affording a more intimate acquaintance with their peculiar needs, their legal regulations, and their methods of conducting business, so that the British merchant became possessed of a knowledge of practical details which rendered the course of trade easy, while other nations, lacking this information, must of necessity run counter to foreign prejudices and administrative methods, putting them at a great competitive disadvantage.

The history of Britain's more important foreign wars and diplomatic struggles is almost wholly a history of aggression directed against other nations that were undertaking to develop maritime power. Thus were witnessed the overthrow of the foreign-trade pretensions of Spain, Portugal, the Netherlands, and France. In later years, when Britain was the most deeply interested of all nations in universal means of communication, it was easily possible for her statesmen to demonstrate that the granting of mail subsidies was in the interest of national economy. The manufacturer at Manchester and Sheffield and Birmingham, the importer at London and Liverpool, upon whom the manufacturers depended for raw materials, and also the working classes who found abundant and remunerative work for their ever-increasing numbers, were all protected by the granting of subsidies which helped to maintain the

supremacy of British shipping. In this way the world was brought to pay tribute to England, and for a long period there was no surplus of workers, who, in order to live, must seek opportunity by expatriation in foreign lands. Furthermore, money was provided by the government for building merchant ships under a system whereby these vessels were to be available for service as armed cruisers in time of war, and were accordingly designed, in coöperation with the Admiralty, to serve advantageously this double purpose.

These methods perform identically the same function as restrictive tariffs, being designed to protect home industry by giving preferential advantages in foreign trade against competitive nations. Accordingly, though England is a free-trade country, she found other means of putting into effect the self-same principle of protectionism. Without this, or some equivalent, she would have been reduced to a minor position among the nations decades ago.

III

The principle of free trade in its broader sense of unrestricted commercial intercourse has had but a single trial in the world on a large scale. That was in the United States, where the most impressive example of its beneficent influence that the world has ever seen has been presented. In a continent of self-governing commonwealths trade has been allowed to follow natural laws, unhindered by discriminating advantages except as imposed in some degree by private transportation systems, until finally regulated by the Interstate Commerce laws. Here have been operative the nice adjustments of production and manufacturing that result automatically where trade is regulated in conformity with the economic balance. The iron and steel industry grew at the

logical points, near the coal mines of Pennsylvania, Ohio, and Alabama, these happening to coincide with favorable points for distribution of the finished commodities. Cotton-spinning developed at the waterfalls of New England within easy reach of the sea, because, primarily, the raw cotton could be brought cheaply by ocean carriers from the sparsely populated South to water-powers in the North close to the centres of largest consumption. Thence, with the increase of population in the West and South, a corresponding development of cotton manufacturing occurred where a similar advantage of cheap power was available in the Carolinas, in Georgia, and in Alabama. The aluminum industry moved from its first illogical centre at Pittsburgh to the water-power of Niagara, and is now beginning to take advantage of southern water-powers nearer to the bauxite mines that supply the ore.

Under this rational and natural system harmonious growth of industry has reached mighty proportions without arousing interstate jealousies, and without artificial coddling by the several states. No one has ever thought of measuring prosperity by the trade-balances between the states; the only concern has been to assure a suitable provision of bank credits to facilitate trade movement to meet the self-adjusting economic balance. It has been the peculiar distinction of the United States to present this impressive object-lesson to the world, proving the essential equities of industrial opportunity over a vast area when the laws of natural trade are permitted to assert themselves. Commerce has thus grown to mammoth proportions despite the evils of misguided legislation, of blundering tariff and shipping laws, of experimental state constitutions, of political corruption, and widespread indifference to individual civic responsibility. It is

free trade over an enormous area, including all the essential elements of a complex and well-balanced industrial life, which has made America great.

Germany adds another startling example of the benefits of free trade. The Napoleonic wars left a multitude of petty kingdoms, duchies, and principalities, completely independent, but not individually self-sustaining. Between them raged a frantic tariff-war, supplemented by trade-agreements having in view commercial advantages which at the same time were offset by their mutual jealousies and restrictive policies. These obstructions existed even between the minor political subdivisions of the separate kingdoms. Prussia led in the direction of reform. Unrestricted trade intercourse within her own dominions was established, and Prussian prosperity followed. The example was a strong argument in favor of extending the principle to associations of the Germanic states. Out of the original Prussian *Zollverein* of 1818, arose the commercial union which extended until, by 1842, it included the whole of Germany with the exception of the Hanseatic towns, Mecklenberg, Hanover, and Austria. This led logically to the diet of Frankfort in 1848, which proposed a basis of political consolidation.

It is interesting to note that the force which drew Germany into effective national union was the demonstrated advantage of free commercial intercourse. It was free trade that made Germany, not the deliberate political aggressiveness of one of its constituent kingdoms. Indeed, the North German Bund of 1867, which signalized the birth of modern Germany, was consummated only after Frederick William IV of Prussia had conditionally refused the imperial crown offered him by the Frankfort diet. It required another nineteen years to give further proof that the full

benefit of unrestricted trade was not attainable without political confederation. Thus was formed the North German Bund, after the elimination of the Hapsburg pretensions to Germanic leadership which had never included a firmly conceived economic policy, and the Bund then promptly cemented to itself the sympathies of the southern States by the customs union of 1867 that paved the way for the larger plans of imperial unity consummated under the enthusiasm of military successes in 1871.

It was the constructive economic policy of Stein, appealing to the sense of order and system in the people, that laid the foundation of German nationalism, just as it was the political genius of Bismarck that kindled in the national mind the aggressive imperial spirit which seemed able to offer a realization of the dream of pan-Germanism that had so long been cherished in the Teutonic heart. Germany, drawn into union by free trade at home, adopted all the devices of protectionism in her exterior relations. The tariff played its part in keeping for the people of Germany the domestic trade in such goods as she could manufacture. This, however, soon reached its economic limit in a country of restricted natural resources. The principle of charging high prices in the home market in order to produce a surplus to be sold at smaller profits abroad cannot long be tolerated in a country so circumstanced. Just as England found that other methods of protection must be devised, so Germany confronted the need of more refined and permanently helpful stimulants to industry. She followed the essential features of the well-tried shipping policies of England, just as Japan is now so successfully doing; but she went much further.

As all national trade propagandism is necessarily based upon collectivist

ideals, Germany eliminated the risk of trade restriction through the whims and favoritisms of individually owned and operated transportation systems. The internal movement of commerce was brought under the dominance of the central authority which planned the utmost economy in distribution, and gave special advantages to raw materials coming into the country destined to be reshipped in manufactured form to foreign markets. This is Socialism in one of its aspects, and Germany has not hesitated to apply Socialistic principles broadly, because at bottom Socialism is in perfect harmony with an autocratic administration, whether personified in an expert commission or in an individual autocrat voicing the conclusions of his expert economic advisers. Germany even ventured to invade the sacred prerogatives of capital by cleverly organizing all capital into a great complex unit for the general good in trade expansion. She did not nationalize capital, which is what the Socialists mean by the extinction of capitalism, nor did she take away from the individual the capitalistic resources that he might call his own, but she created a system of cartels, which consisted in a coalition of individual enterprises similar in kind. These groups were then further coördinated so that each cartel should contribute its quota to the completion of any undertaking that depended upon contributions from a number of different manufacturers.

Through such a highly centralized system it was possible to insure delivery of any article on time from whatever works were found to be best situated to take the contract. The costs of solicitation under a competitive system were largely eliminated; business was equally distributed, and time and money were saved. The banking system also was coördinated for purposes of financing industry, and this took

care of all needs for additional capital in operating and development. Every part of this vast system was interdependent in important particulars, and all were mutually supporting through interlocking credits, balanced finally through the central reserve bank, which was in effect an arm of the Imperial government. Thus was industrial Germany financed, directed, provided with materials and with contracts, protected, and fostered as a gigantic unit, working like a well-drilled and well-officered army in its onslaught upon the world for commercial conquest.

The strength of the Teutonic system is impressive; the weakness that lay in it is less apparent. We become aware of differences by comparison, and as Germany was the first modern nation to attempt collectivism on a great scale, the contrast between her fundamental characteristics and those of other nations lacks an extensive historic background, yet it is plain that in the rapidity of her development she affords an example of the operation of biologic law. Nations are founded on living organisms, and therefore they are subject to biologic laws. A creature that is simple in its structure reaches the climax of its development swiftly. The German system is a simple national structure built up of large and simple units. The individual was specialized, giving him much the effect of a single cell in the civic organization; his power of adaptation through development of new characters was thereby reduced; he was assigned simple and relatively unvarying functions under centralized control. The power of individual initiative was crippled, and the national initiative was thereby intensified for the time by concentrating that function in authority that could control and direct the activities of the unit masses behind it. Through utilizing the principles of protectionism, carried to their logical

extreme, it was accordingly possible to make rapid strides toward world-dominance; but the defect of the system is that it is based upon things as they are; it lacks creative power. Instead of having a whole nation expanding in the direction of wide and varied activity, building from generation to generation by transmitted powers of increasing complexity and energy, it was necessarily tending toward fixedness of the special capabilities of the units of which it was composed.

The effect of such a system is seen in the stagnation of the Chinese, which made them as a nation the inflexible conservators of what the individuals had accumulated during an earlier epoch of freer growth. The German collectivist ideal was heading in that direction. The cardinal instinct of the Teutonic mind is to seek authority for guidance. The creative powers of the free lance are feebly operative in his nature. He is at bottom socialistic in his thinking and his habit. Even the great philosopher Hegel, long before there was such a thing as a united German people, recognized and commended what he called their power of 'reconciliation of the objective and subjective.' That puts the bar to individual progress, for in the advancement of man into the unexplored realms of intellectual attainment through learning and applying the forces of the universe, it is his subjective self that projects him forward beyond the apparent limitations of his objective appreciations. He must create for himself new objective relations beyond his experience, in a spirit of prophecy, and go forward to their concrete discovery. Furthermore, Hegel, as a representative Teutonic intellect, so felt the need of finality, which involves stagnation, that he idealized the autocratic State in which, as he said, "the personal decision of the monarch constitutes

the apex, since an ultimate decision is absolutely necessary.' From these considerations he predicted the pan-Germanism which has recently been attempted. He realized that in it lay a strength which peoples less unified in purpose seem not to possess. There is indeed a power in it; the might of concentrated mass, like the water impounded behind the dam, that can perform prodigies while it lasts but will presently exhaust itself unless perpetually replenished; and the collectivist system is deficient in this, that it omits the vital requisite of renewing and developing power in the individual.

In this also we perceive the value of many nations of men. By multiplying the units, the power of variation and growth is also multiplied, and the progress of the world assured. The wills and ambitions of divers peoples oppose the weak surrender of initiative that would impede the cultural development of the human race were the world reduced to a single civic organism. The natural stimuli of effort and friction and distinctive visions would disappear. If the Teutonic ideal of specialization and intense centralization of these compound, but not complex, units were to prevail, mankind would have reached its biologic zenith from which the rest of its history would be one of decline.

The plan of a league to enforce peace, stripped of its details, is in the

direction of unification and denationalization. To carry it out requires the sinking of national aspirations in the will of a controlling central authority, which, to become effective, must progressively enlarge its scope of world-dominance, and that inevitably means the ultimate supremacy of the most aggressive of the represented groups. It is contrary to the fundamental laws of broadly developing life. There is something better than this; something that will preserve the natural tendencies to intellectual growth in the race, without requiring military aggressiveness as a national prerogative. That is to introduce the principle of natural trade by taking steps to eliminate the fostering devices on which national aggrandizement depends. It might not be possible to reach every scheme for artificial trade-development which will lift its head, but the tariff can be stripped off, and the granting of ship-subsidies and bounties, and all the cruder forms of industrial parentalism. This would at least go far toward the organization of the sisterhood of nations on the true competitive basis of relative inherent skill, knowledge, and ability. In that direction lies the open road to peace and progress. The world may not delude itself; it must take that highway, or accept the principle of the trade-war which goes hand in hand with Mars.

MORE SONGS OF AFRICA

BY JEAN KENYON MACKENZIE

THE FAREWELL

ALIEN earth and alien river-brink;
Alien stars that stand before the door;
Small sad house that sheltered all my sleep —
I am gone and shall return no more.

Small sad house that shook beneath the rain;
Leaf-thatched roof that rustled in the sun —
You are left all brown among the trees,
Like a nest when nesting time is done.

Here I dreamed, and here I woke to weep;
Hence I go, to dream and weep no more.
Leaf-thatched house, I leave you to your sleep;
Wistful dream — behold, I bar the door!

THE HOME-GOER

The jewels of the Southern Cross
Are fallen every one;
I would not turn the ship about
For loss of star or sun;
I would not turn the ship about
For all the stars, to hunt them out.

About the ship's sides in the dark
How bright the fires shine!
The little fires of my delight
That kindle in the brine,

The primrose fires of my delight,
How quick about the ship at night!

The figure at the keen prow leaps
And runs upon the sea;
The ship's heart like a man's heart yearns
To northward and to thee;
And, like my heart, the ship's heart yearns,
And sobs and hurries and returns.

THE REPROACH

The apple tree but knocketh light,
And straight you rise to see;
You open to the quiet night
In answer to the tree;
You lean to where it blossoms white —
Who never leaned to me.

You lean to where the net of Spring
Shines in the moonlit air;
Your maiden fancy droops a wing
Above that silver snare —
A heart in blossom was a thing
Too common for your care.

PROFESSOR'S PROGRESS. IV

A NOVEL OF CONTEMPORANEOUS ADVENTURE¹

I

LATIMER rose the next morning some time after dim sounds in the kitchen and the outhouses intimated that the girl and her father were astir. But when he was dressed and downstairs, it was still early enough to fall in with Manning's suggestion of a sheltered cove in the river just below the house, where one might bathe with comfort if one overlooked the sharp-edged stones on the bottom. Latimer acquiesced all the more readily because his sleep had not been of the best. Part of the night he had been reviewing, wide-eyed, a painful number of flaws in his discourse with Manning. By changing his pillow to the foot of the bed and back again, he succeeded in going to sleep; but it was ill resting on the platform of the Auditorium and trying to make your voice carry its message of an Ultimate Purpose over the blare of a full-sized union orchestra under Mrs. Jamieson's direction. It was the sight of his heavy-eyed guest that caused Manning to suggest the swimming-hole.

The sky was overcast, with a threat of rain. As Latimer made his way to the river, he was more than ever conscious of several points in Manning's argument that called for a more explicit reply. But with the first shiver of his body to the chill of the mountain stream the world began to adjust itself, and as he splashed out vigorously the sun broke through the clouds. At the

swing of that familiar baton, the non-union orchestra in the tree-tops struck up in full strength, the surface of the stream fell into a shimmering Oriental dance, and Manning's objections were revealed in all their flimsy nakedness.

'Why are not all of us sun-worshippers?' said Latimer, as he threw the tingling cool of the water into his face from the hollowed cup of his upturned palms. 'The reason may be — Oh!' He had stepped with his full weight on a sharp flint and he jerked his foot out of the water prepared for the necessity of cotton and peroxide. With relief he found that the skin was not broken. Still, that might be a reason why people did not universally pray to the sun from a pebbly bottom. His clear eye at breakfast delighted his host.

The sky was gloomy once more when he shouldered his knapsack. Manning's caution that it would surely rain before noon he dismissed as unworthy of a man and a tried pedestrian. Would he come again, soon, by Sunday, perhaps? They might then go up to the Big House, inhabited, as Margaret had told him, by so many queer people. It would be worth Latimer's while, insisted Manning; but he was thinking really of himself. He had not exhausted his visitor.

'I will come back,' said Latimer, and shook hands with Manning. He took Margaret's hands between his own and held them for some time. 'Thank you very much, Margaret,' he said.

'For what, Dr. Latimer?' she asked.

He blushed, stammered slightly, and saved himself.

¹ A synopsis of the preceding chapters will be found in the Contributors' Column.

'For the color of your eyes, my dear.' At the gate he turned back.

'What would it cost to put a self-starter into that automobile of yours?' he asked.

Manning looked at him in surprise.

'Why, there's one coming down next week,' he said. 'You see, I've sold a piece to the *Poultry Grower's Journal* on "Mobilizing the Incubator."

II

It was Latimer's intention to head back for Williamsport and Harriet. This might be done, without retracing one's route, by striking out across the hills and turning north along the eastern slope. It was a much easier climb than the road out of Williamsport. Less than an hour brought him to the summit, and then it was a steady drop through cornfields and meadows criss-crossed with trickling water, by which the cattle were feeding—the beautiful eugenic herds that ministered to the high butter-fat standards of the great city. The clouds were low; it would rain before nightfall, but not long before that. Surely there was time for the snatch of sleep under the trees, which his growing drowsiness demanded; it was habit reinforced by the reaction from his morning bath. He stretched out on the edge of a broad shallow of granite-paved water and pulled out *Quentin Durward*. From the other side a contemplative Jersey watched and gave approval. Between the pages of Walter Scott and that gentle, sympathetic gaze across the stream, it was only a matter of minutes before his eyes closed.

A wet puff of wind roused him and brought him to his feet. There was thunder in the near distance, and the clouds were sweeping up from the west at a rate that made it a problem of minutes for Latimer to find shelter. It

would not be a difficult matter in this thick-studded farmland. Only it was not a farmhouse that offered itself first, but an ancient barn now converted to the uses of a public garage.

'May I turn in until the storm is over?' asked Latimer of one in besmeared overalls who sat tilting back against the wall just inside the double doors of the barn and dozed, apparently.

The proprietor looked up at Latimer out of a pair of very light blue eyes that were not at all heavy with sleep, massaged his chin, with thumb and index finger, looked out over his shoulder at the mad drive of the clouds, spit judicially, and said, 'I reckon you better.'

He indicated a chair on the other side of the doorway.

'It will keep up some time when it comes,' said Latimer, turning his chair so as to command through the doorway the massed darkness piling in from the west, the hill-tops already lost in the mist, and the sudden little tremor of the leaves in the anxious hush before the downpour.

'You can't always tell,' said the other, with complete lack of conviction.

Latimer stared.

'I hope you won't take it as a personal animadversion,' he said, 'but the non-committal nature of your reply makes me wonder once more at the seeming inability of country folk to make a definite assertion. Why, for instance, is it that no farmer will ever tell you how many miles it is to anywhere? Unlike us of the city, you who travel in buggy or haywagon are not occupied with your newspaper or conversation when in transit. When your eyes are not fixed on a spot somewhere between the horse's ears, you must be looking at the road. You know its every turn and stretch. Why, then?'

The garage-master's cigar went from one corner of the mouth to the other by

a single den-to-labial manœuvre that would have delighted a philologist.

'It don't make the least difference to people out here,' he said, 'if it's five miles or ten. Out here we hitch up in time so as to get back in time; that's all. Miles is an artificial thing.'

'You're a philosopher?'

'Wagons and general repair work was my line. Now it's mostly automobiles. The only people who are interested in miles are those who can afford to go anywhere at any time. They pull up here and ask how far to Kingston. You tell 'em and they say, "That's a hundred and fifty miles since breakfast." Now those hundred and fifty miles might be anywhere, I reckon.'

'True,' said Latimer.

From beyond the hills the growl of thunder came rolling up and broke in a great crash overhead. The face of the earth was rigid with suspense.

"Gas, 28 cents," ruminated Latimer, studying the signs before the door. 'Gas, I presume is gasoline. But what do you mean by Free Air?'

The garage-master looked at him in wonder.

'For the tires,' he said.

'But that is the same air we breathe.'

The other grinned.

'Ever try to fill a 36-inch tube by hand?'

'The cost of inflation, to be sure!' cried Latimer. 'I am a tyro in motor-science. Strange, though! One may now say as free as the air on condition only that one buys something with the air, like gas at 28 cents. It is one disadvantage under which the rich labor as compared with the poor. These do have their air free.' The first drops fell cool on his face. 'It looks as if you might be compelled to shut up shop for the afternoon.'

The proprietor got up and stood in the doorway, his cigar drooping heavy with thought.

'Well, I don't know. They come by in all weather. Some of them like the splash of the mud.'

'And seeing them come and go raises no desire to be up with them and out into the world?'

The other grinned.

'Seein' the world costs, even if the air be free.' He searched his pockets for a match and, finding none, was just as content. 'I guess you see just as much by staying here and havin' the world come to you. There'll be sometimes a dozen cars stopping in the course of a day. That's fifty people you see, face to face. You ain't likely to see that many if you climbed into a car yourself and went out inspectin' the world.'

'Only here you see them under the same limited aspect,' Latimer insisted. 'Either they want gas or oil or free air.'

'Yep,' said the owner. 'And when you've done a thousand miles in your machine, you've met about a dozen men who sell gas or air or chicken dinners.' Once more he searched for matches and fell back into baffled resignation. 'Don't you think you'd get tired going through the same game on their holidays they do all the rest of the year at home?'

'What game?' said Latimer.

'The man in front drives like mad all day, and the ladies sit still and look at the scenery. Man at the wheel has no time for that. When they stop for the night, he's too tired for conversation.'

(Now by this time it must be obvious to the discerning reader that for some pages back he has been in the presence of a philosophic tinker. As for the bacon, that is to come immediately.)

Without warning the show began. A zigzag of violet flame shot down into the grove across the road, signaling the last desperate bombardment before the

charge. While their ear-drums were still aching with the fury of the thunder salvos, the rain came down in a sweeping barrage, the yellow dust in the road had turned to steaming chocolate, and the wagon-ruts were overflowing gulleys.

The men rose to draw their chairs out of the swirl of the storm, but the owner did not resume his seat. He stood in the doorway and listened.

'Had dinner?' he said.

It was a loosening of the flood-gates. Latimer was instantly assailed by the swirling tides of famine. He dived into his knapsack.

'I have with me an ample provision of hard-boiled eggs,' he said. 'Also fruit, chocolate cake, soda crackers, salt and pepper.' It was Margaret who had thought of the salt and pepper at the last moment. 'I should be happy to have you share with me.'

From a cupboard the other man brought forth bread, a sizeable tin pail, and a basin containing eggs. At sight of the pail Latimer straightened on his chair.

'Not bacon?' he said.

His host nodded. 'You'd better save your provisions for supper, if you prefer this.'

'Oh!' said Latimer.

On an empty packing-case in one corner the proprietor placed a small kerosene stove, and on that a skillet. Latimer laid out his share of the feast, bustling about in the divine aroma from the frying-pan. He brought up the two chairs from the doorway, while his host began breaking eggs into the pan. Suddenly the latter stopped, listened, and moved to the door.

'Car coming,' he said. 'Big machine.' And he cleared a pathway from the door to the rear of the barn.

'You expect them to turn in?'

'They better,' said the proprietor.

The heavy, mustard-colored car ran

past the garage, slackened, slipped, stopped, and began churning its way back. The driver had caught sight of shelter too late. He now manoeuvred his retreat so deftly as to evoke a glance of expert approval from the judicial garage-master. In spite of the protection of top, side-curtains, and wind-shield, the three men who emerged from the car were, two of them, in damp discomfort, and the driver wet to the skin.

Thomas Carlyle thought that, if you were to strip a roomful of people of their clothes, the essential democracy of man would be demonstrated. But an easier way, more in harmony with the requirements of modern decorum, would be to put a number of men into motor-dusters; and if such coats should be sodden with rain, the semblance of human equality would be complete. At first Latimer saw only three men in soggy apparel and uniform ill-temper. That the driver was likewise the owner of the magnificent car was plain from the easy manner in which he turned over the machine to the garage-master, with a few quiet words of direction.

'One of our rulers,' thought Latimer, embracing in one swift glance of appraisal the tall, trim-shouldered figure, the iron-gray hair, the clean-modeled nose and chin, the close-clipped moustache, which, set above a thin-carved mouth, is the distinguishing mark of our best American physiognomy. He looked ownership; not offensively so, but immediately, unquestionably authentic.

Of his companions Latimer decided that the short, pudgy, bald-headed gentleman with a professional beard was of Teuton origin. The third stranger was native again; a man under forty, of the fairly ordinary type which the magazines usually describe as keen and aggressive.

The owner of the car and the keen-

faced young man gave one glance at Latimer, and one at the frying-pan, and then turned away to perform their share of a tourist's duty in a garage, which consists in looking on as intensely as may be while the mechanic is at work. But the third member of the party threw his coat and hat into the tonneau and revealed himself to Latimer in a flash as a lovable human creature.

'Pacon!' he shouted, thrusting his nose much closer to the delectable dish than good manners, not to say safety, permitted. 'And we have breakfasted at seven o'clock. What a breakfast! Half-cooked ham gulped down to the detriment of the indigestinal secretions! And the coffee — my Gott!'

'You are heartily welcome to what you see,' said Latimer.

'You are not a guest here?'

'I am, but likewise half-owner of what is on the table.'

'Yes, but for five strong men, of whom three have breakfasted at seven o'clock; and such a breakfast!'

'There is more in our host's tin pail, and I can vouch for his kindness,' said Latimer.

The bald-headed famine victim sank into a chair with a vast sigh of felicity. 'The mechanism of an automobile is something that has never interested me,' he said; and with two slices of bread he dredged a sliver of bacon from the pan. One slice of bread with the bacon went to its destiny, the other came back and scooped up a magnificent portion of egg and gravy.

'Life has its atventures,' he said, as soon as the facilities offered; 'but also it has its compensations.' He searched the barn for Latimer's car. 'You are embarked upon a pedestrian tour?'

'Rather late in life,' said Latimer, 'I have succumbed to the lure of the out-of-doors. My name is Latimer. I'm from the city.'

'I too; Hartmann is the name. And you find it not disappointing?'

'The contrary — delightful; only not altogether in consonance with the classic model.'

'Not quite Cheorche Porrow, hey? The wind on the heath, the tends of the Romany Rye? Gasolene fumes, rather?'

'Quite so. But, on the other hand, some of the essentials persist. For instance —' and Latimer indicated the frying-pan. 'If you will allow a kerosene stove for a fire of dry twigs, we are by the road, virtually in the open, on the edge of a wood, the storm in our ears — now what else does it need to fill up the picture?'

Hartmann paused with two slabs of bread suspended over the skillet like one of the witches in *Macbeth*, I, 1. He stared a moment, then shouted, —

'A dinker! Don't say you have found a dinker, with a little din stove, and bellows — and a tonkey?'

'A tinker precisely, though without the accessories you specify. Our friend there.' And Latimer pointed to the garage smith, at that moment peering under the lifted hood of the car. 'Modernized, to be sure, but genuine enough in the possession of the one quality which makes tinkers what they are?'

'Bacon, you mean?'

'Well, then, I should have said, two faculties: bacon, of which you have already tasted; and homely wisdom, of which I had a goodly portion before you came, and to the quality of which I can testify.'

Hartmann clutched at his unanointed bread slices with the joy of a great illumination.

'But, my Gott, I am stupid! For two weeks I have been traveling with the greatest of them all, the greatest in America, and I have not known it.'

Latimer was puzzled. 'We were speaking of tinkers.'

'Brecisely. You have heard of him.' He nodded toward the owner of the car. 'Foreman — Cornelius J. Foreman of the International Can and Car Company. He began, you will remember, by soldering tin cans for the preserved vechetable trade. Since then he has picked up side lines — tin-plate, steel rails, beams, automobile parts, ships, munitions.'

'When a man of business reaches that stage,' said Latimer, 'it is my impression that his interest is no longer in producing real things but in financing them. Strictly speaking, Mr. Foreman is not a tinker but a capitalist.'

'Even so,' replied Hartmann. 'In other words, the highest development of the dinker's trade. He patches up leaky corporations. He polishes up darnished credit. He organizes, reorganizes, gonsolidates, absorbs — as I said, a dinker.'

'And the young man?' said Latimer.

'That's my good friend Hamlin Filbert, efficiency expert.'

The automobile had now received all the supervisory attention it needed. Foreman and the young man with the executive eye walked to the door, took just one sufficient glance to show them that they were weatherbound for some time, and turned to the packing-case, where room was somehow found for them. The garage-owner put down his oil-can and turned cook. Hartmann pondered the moral problem whether he was entitled to a share in the new supply of eggs which the host brought forth from the cupboard and was now assimilating with fresh bacon into a heavenly mess. From this reverie he tore himself to make the required introductions, with special emphasis on his own happy conceit of Cornelius J. Foreman, Tinker.

'Fine,' said Foreman. 'Now tell Mr. Latimer something about yourself.'

But Hartmann suddenly became

tongue-tied with shyness, and Foreman expounded.

'Dr. Hartmann has kindly consented to collaborate with me in a project I have now under way.'

'It's dis way,' cried Hartmann, in a desperate attempt to shift the focus of interest from himself. 'Fifty miles from here, in the Bennsylvania hills, Mr. Foreman has a big plant which before the war used to produce more salmon dins and fruit-jar covers than the compined outbut of — what shall I say? — Tenmark and Sweden?'

'You might throw in Spain and Guatemala,' said Foreman.

'To-day it produces munitions,' said Hartmann. 'And we are rebuilding Fairview into a model town. Mr. Foreman was always inderested in his workers. But undil recently the project involved very serious financial considerations. Fortunately, the war —

He stopped short, fearing that his narrative was verging on satire, but Foreman calmly went on with his meal.

'Fire ahead; you're doing fine,' he said.

'The asdounding brosperity the country is now enjoying,' said Hartmann, 'has brought the great plan to fruition. We are building. Our present mission is a final survey of the water-subbly.'

For Latimer the first pleasing vision of a comfortably housed and safe-guarded factory population was spoiled by the presence of the keen-faced efficiency expert. He saw the new Fairview, with its sanitary homes, — no doubt in the sixteenth-century English village architecture, — its community hall, its open-air swimming-pool probably, and about the heart he felt the cramp of formula from which he was fleeing.

'Tell me this,' he said: 'does your plan provide freedom for your workers as well as health and recreation?'

For the first time Filbert spoke up.

'A healthy man is a free man. Seventy-eight per cent of dependency among the poor is directly due to illness.'

'I read only the other day of an efficiency specialist,' said Latimer quite inconsequentially. 'He found out that the middle-aged women stenographers were being paid according to their years of service, although they averaged twelve words to the minute less than the girls a year out from business school. He therefore readjusted the salary schedule on a words-to-the-minute basis. For that may a patient God take pity on his soul!'

The next moment he was racked with shame.

'Every profession has its muckers,' said Filbert quietly. 'We shall ultimately live down ours.'

'Mr. Filbert has not been taking the bread out of the mouths of my employees,' said Foreman. 'He has helped me increase wages twenty-five per cent in the last two years.'

'And output?' said Latimer.

'Thirty-five per cent,' replied Foreman. 'And when Dr. Hartmann gets through with Fairview, wages and output will be still higher.'

'Dr. Hartmann?' said Latimer; and Foreman showed his surprise.

'I imagined you had identified him before this,' he said. 'Hartmann is the T.B. specialist at the New Medical College, and head of the East Side Hospital for Industrial Disease.'

'In other words,' said Hartmann, who squirmed and blushed under the scrutiny directed toward him, 'another dinker. That makes three.'

'How three?' said Foreman.

'There is our friend the blacksmith over there,' said Hartmann, 'and you, and myself, whose specialty is patching up human bots and kettles. That makes three. No, by Gott, four, four!'

My friend Filbert will not object to choining the class as a dinkerer of nerve-energy and muscular fatigue. What?'

Filbert accepted the badge with a grin.

'Hartmann's tinkering being the hardest of all,' said Foreman, with obvious affection for the man.

'No; not at all the hardest,' cried Hartmann. 'The simblest. Yes. I work with the simblest tools. You have a thousand machines in your blants, Foreman. You have a most impressive collection of hammers, saws, files, wrenches, bits, chacks, pumps, oilers, what not. But you need them all. I, too, make a great show of machinery. My office is cluttered up with X-ray machines and arterial gauges. But that is pluff. My real tools are three.'

'Yes?' said Latimer.

'Eggs, milk, and air,' said Hartmann.

'Fortunately the latter comes free, save for the well-to-do,' said Latimer, pointing to the sign outside.

Hartmann's face darkened.

'Dat is the devil of it all,' he cried. 'My friend Foreman, when he buys his gasoline and oil, gets his air free; but my batients on the East Side, when they buy milk and eggs, have yet to buy their air, and it is the most expensive of the three. In fact' — and here Hartmann was full charge on his hobby — 'give me enough free air and I want liddle else. I want windows in every room, so that I can build sleeping dents. It's a simble matter. You arrange the awning so that the patient's body is all inside the room and only the head brotrudes. But I must have windows — hundreds, thousands, dens of tousands of them.'

'You'll have them in Fairview,' said Foreman.

Hartmann's face glowed.

'Fairview will be all windows, with shust enough building material to frame them.' Then, suddenly and in the happiness of his heart, 'Mr. Latimer,' he cried, 'why don't you choin this merry dinker's party? Come with us to Fairview!'

'We'd be delighted,' said Foreman.

'Perhaps I might qualify,' said Latimer wistfully. 'I, too, in my time, when I was in active service on the campus, did some tinkering with the minds and souls of young men.'

'Bravo!' shouted Hartmann. 'It beats Cheorche Porrow! Five jolly dinkers!'

III

'I will come gladly,' said Latimer. 'Only tell me this, Hartmann. The common man upon whom we have been practicing our trade — after this war, will he consent to being tinkered with as before? Or will he insist on a larger share in mending his own pots and kettles?'

'You mean —' said Hartmann.

'Just this,' said Latimer. 'Here is a great mass of raw and half-shaped material which we may call the common life, and here are the four of us whose business it has been to tinker with this raw material in our several lines; to whom you might add many others — the military tinker, the ecclesiastical tinker, the aesthetic tinker, and the rest, and every one of us pretty well convinced that we were the people, and that the common man could not possibly get on without us — without my educational formula, or your milk-and-egg formula, or Mr. Foreman's buying and selling formula, or Mr. Filbert's fatigue curves. How does the war affect our pretensions? What chance do we stand after peace is signed? Something, but not very much,' said Foreman cheerfully. 'The war has shown us all up.'

'There will always be need for leadership,' objected Filbert.

'Leadership,' laughed Foreman. 'A joke, and after the war we will admit it. You don't agree, Mr. Latimer?'

'I don't disagree, but I am surprised. Surely, if any one is entitled to believe in exceptional gifts and exceptional services, it is you — a hackneyed phrase, but after all, a Captain of Industry.'

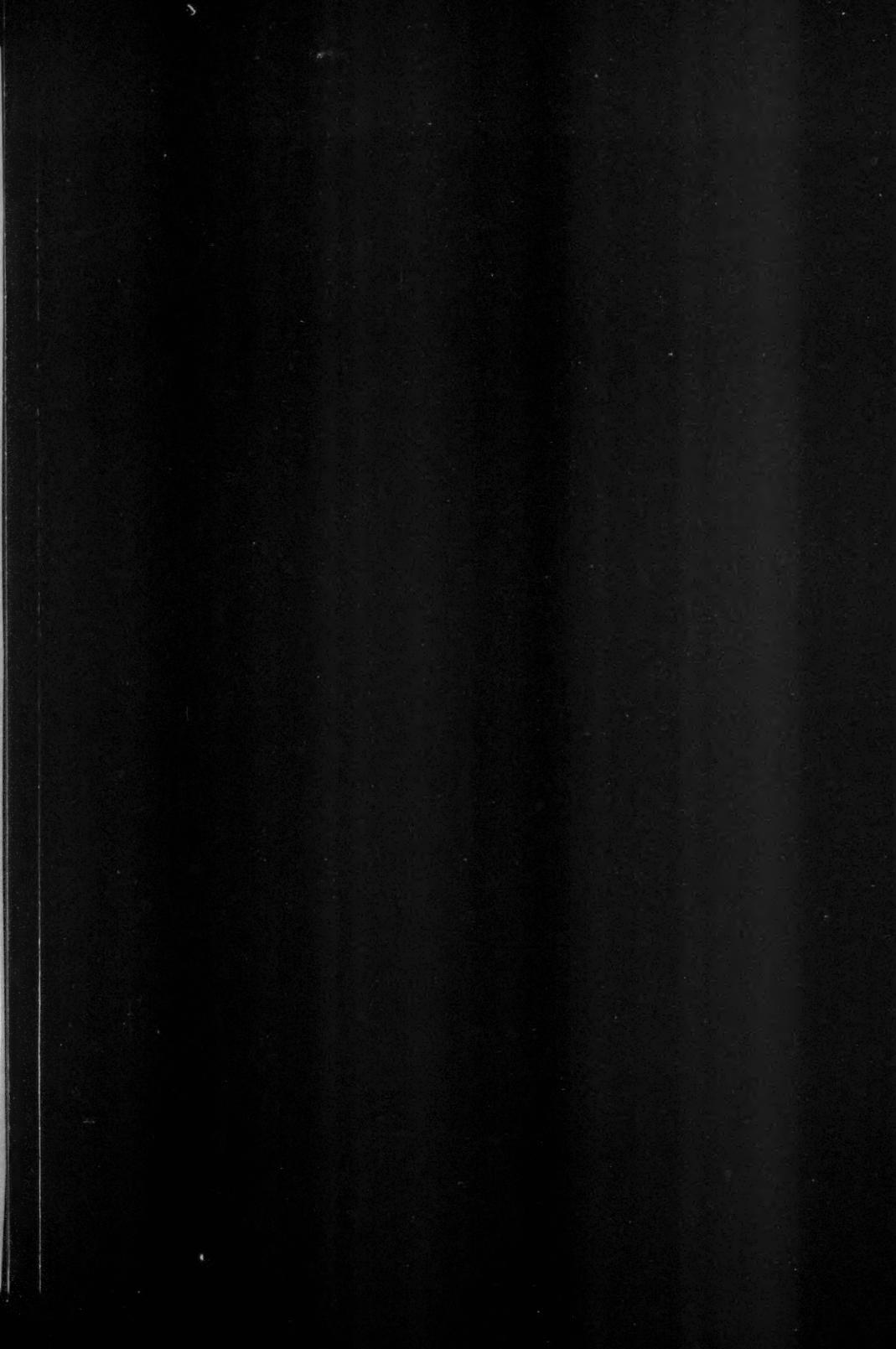
Foreman grinned.

'Call it accident, Mr. Latimer, and you will about hit it. I'm not a leader. I am a lucky bit of driftwood bobbing along on the crest of a great wave which you have called the common life; the common life of a people of one hundred millions. It's luck. Just as good men as I am have failed. If Foreman had n't organized the International Can and Car, a fellow named Jones would have done it. After all, the people must have their canned salmon and barbed wire. The war has found us out, I tell you. Leadership! Organization! Bunk! The war would have petered out long ago if half a billion people had n't revealed unsuspected capacities for going without food. That's what our leadership has amounted to.'

'Without leadership Germany would have collapsed two years ago,' said Filbert.

'Without leadership Chermahy might now be in a position to look a decent man in the eye!' cried Hartmann. 'Even if it is my father's country which he left two chumps ahead of the drill-sergeant. Chermahy! The most thoroughly dinkered nation in history, and its soul has gone to the devil.'

'No, there I refuse to follow you,' said Latimer, leaning forward to pat a hand on Hartmann's shoulder. 'It is precisely my point that, in spite of its tinkerers, the soul of the German people has not been sold to the ancient enemy: it beats somewhere; blinded,



wounded, but with the current of life in it. Just as my boys at college managed to grow into life in spite of us on the faculty. Just as Hartmann's patients frequently get well—I beg your pardon.'

'But it is quite right,' shouted Hartmann. 'Eggs, milk, air, and let dem alone!'

'Even before the war, it seems to me that we were turning away from the magic of formula to the simplicities of the common life,' said Latimer. 'It has been away from pills and drugs to eggs, milk, and air. Away from gerund-grinding and trigonometrical gymnastics to—free air. Away from ecclesiasticism toward—well, let us say, free air. And so in the factories and the mines—though a little.'

'We'll get there yet,' said Foreman.

'Will you run your factories after the war under orders from the I.W.W.?' said Filbert.

'I've fought them and I imagine I can get on with them,' said Foreman.

Latimer's face glowed.

'So that, in spite of the war, in spite of the pain and the loss, you think the common life will run on after the war? And freer, richer, perhaps?'

'I think so,' said Foreman gravely.

'It is a happy thought,' said Latimer almost to himself. He walked to the door and looked at the sky. 'There is no sign of letting up.'

'Do you play auction?' shouted Hartmann.

'Occasionally and badly,' said Latimer; and in the course of the next hour and a half he proved the absolute truth of the second part of his statement. Then the sun came out.

They made Fairview after dark, partly because of a blow-out which spoiled for them the glory of the setting sun behind hills of hemlock and birch, and partly because the roads would not dry fast enough to let Fore-

man exploit his twelve cylinders to the limit. After two attempts at letting her out, one resulting in the aforesaid blow-out and the other in a swerve toward the ditch, which caused Latimer to turn pale and brace himself in his seat, Foreman turned the wheel over to Filbert with a shake of disgust, and sulked in contemplation over the speedometer the rest of the way.

Politely disregarding that gloomy protest by his side, Filbert held the car down to a safe twenty-five miles an hour, and took the curves without timidity but without bluster.

They crossed a wooden bridge and ran swiftly over the railway tracks, through the reedy flats out of which the massed chimneys of the International Can and Car shot up into the dark, mercifully softened from their indescribable noon-day ugliness. It was another ten minutes up grade to their destination, the home of one of the International's resident managers, as Hartmann explained, who was also the boyhood friend of the president of the company when Fairview was a small mill town and Foreman delivered grocer's parcels after school hours. The party was to dine with the Bauers, and Latimer made little difficulty in acquiescing with Hartmann's argument that one more guest would not matter.

Ten minutes were enough to reveal Fairview as a community living in the state of double transition which is so common in our older industrial towns. It was like the strata of civilization which Latimer's favorite Babylonian excavators are so fond of digging up, only that the epochs were twenty years instead of twenty centuries apart. Latimer caught traces of primitive Fairview in the decayed sheds and homes along the creek over which they entered the town, the shingled post-office, the open doors of a smithy which gave a glimpse of wagon-litter, of men

with hands in their pockets conversing to the rhythm of plug cut, and children, overflowing from the smithy to the sidewalk and into the roadway. Most authentic survival of all was the row of elms and locusts which arched the road and rose to the crest of the hill, with a promise of mystery.

That was old Fairview. Along the side streets Latimer saw flashes of a newer and infinitely depressing Fairview, born out of the smoke and ashes belching from the chimneys on the flats. An alien people had inundated these former lanes of Pennsylvania-German cleanliness and turned them into alleys of congestion. The old houses were now tenements. The old gardens, outlined by bleak survivals of white wooden palings, were now a framework for hideous lines of intimate family garb, for discarded household goods, for the elementary domestic functions which the old American reticence had kept primly behind low-drawn shades and closed shutters. It reminded Latimer of an overgrown boy breaking out of his clothes — this blur of heads protruding from windows in neighborly and resonant conversation, of open doors giving vistas into the interior of kitchens, of mothers nursing their young on the porch-steps, and of children swarming everywhere.

Between these old homes of an aboriginal population and the hundreds of ugly frame barracks that flanked them and outnumbered them, there may have been a difference of thirty years in age, but new and old were in the same stage of grime. This was the industrial town, which had sprung up around the factory chimneys without order and without care on the part of the International stockholders and managers.

"There," said Hartmann, slapping Latimer on the shoulder and waving promiscuously in the dark.

They were now half a mile, perhaps,

above the meadows. Latimer peered into the night and saw the vague forms of strange creatures which were derricks, stone-crushers, road-rollers. The pale geometrical lines and curves were the avenues and crescents and terraces of the newest Fairview. He caught the glint of timber scaffoldings, and here and there the ghostly white face of a mortar-bed; metal forms which were brick piles; and shadowy rows of angles, gables, curves, which he judged to be the completed homes of the Fairview in the making.

"We have thirty houses ready," said Hartmann. "The nearest of them is well up above the fog from the meadows. To-morrow you will see."

To the left, through the side streets, Latimer had a glimpse of electric globes which dimmed the quiet illumination of their own tree-shaded road and plainly outlined the principal commercial street of Fairview, running parallel with them. At every intersection streams of light ran down the side streets toward them from Fairview's Great White Way. He heard the clang of a trolley-car, the noise of motors, the hum of a community's conversation *en promenade*. Under the arc lights he caught glimpses of the gigantic colored posters which are the mural art of the 'movie' age.

IV

Dinner at the Bauers' was not a prolonged affair, inasmuch as Foreman had much business to cram into his two days' stay in Fairview. Seven persons sat down to table — our own party of four, their hosts, and a young lieutenant son in khaki, on a short furlough from the cantonment, where he was imparting to the recruits of the national army the very fresh stock of military technique that he had acquired in three months at Plattsburg.

In the talk between Foreman and his boyhood friend, now one of perhaps a half hundred subordinates of the same rank in the employ of the International Car and Can, Latimer was pleased to find a happy absence either of condescension or of that forced amenity which would have amounted to exactly the same thing. Foreman was plainly living up to his creed of luck as the foundation of his own prosperity. A turn of the wheel the other way, and Bauer might have been president of the International and Foreman one of his useful assistants. Of Bauer's attitude one had to judge by manner rather than by words, since it was obvious from the first that the conversation would be entirely dominated by the future field-marshall. Mrs. Bauer was a simple and silent house-mother.

It was inevitable that Latimer should inquire after the progress made in the training of America's new armies.

"We'll hand the Kaiser his, all right," said the Second Lieutenant, O.R.C., "but it won't be the fault of the people who planned and built the camps."

"What's the matter with the gamps? Health arrangements all right, ain't they?" sputtered Hartmann, partly with indignation, and partly because of a heavy spoonful of rice pudding.

"You could n't kill our fellows if you tried," said the second lieutenant. "But what our specialists don't know about ventilation and drainage is quite a little bit. You should hear Major Corbin tell about the way they do things in France. I'll have some more of the pudding, dad."

"Do you always get three helpings in camp?" asked Mr. Bauer.

"The boy has had very little, William," said Mrs. Bauer.

"And the spirit of our young men?" said Latimer.

"Nothing like it in history," said the lieutenant. "At least, not since Napo-

leon's first campaigns, says Major Corbin. When we once start, good night!"

"But that is splendid!" cried Latimer. Rather curtly he waved aside the girl at his elbow who was offering him coffee, and almost immediately, "I'm sorry," he said and looked up at her and wondered. He judged her normally a hearty, fresh-colored young woman obviously of Slav origin; but now she went about her work as if in a daze, he thought, and there were blue rings around her eyes. Then to the young officer, "And how long will the war last?" he said.

"Till June, 1919," said young Bauer. "Germany's reserves will hold out until then."

"You don't think financial pressure might force her to make peace before then?" said Foreman.

"Not in the least. It's all a matter of paper money. Major Corbin says it's all rot about bankruptcy and war."

Such other doubts concerning the issues and contingencies involved in the war as may have troubled any one at the table, were speedily allayed by young Bauer with the help of Major Corbin, before he excused himself on the plea that he must return to camp next morning, and with his mother retired for a final review of problems of the wardrobe.

The other men remained with their cigars, while the maid, after the simple standards of the Bauer household, busied herself with clearing the table. Once more Latimer caught the unhappy look in her eyes, and his gaze in turn did not escape the attention of Bauer.

"The poor girl has been crying," he said when she had left the room. "She heard from home this afternoon."

"Home?" queried Latimer.

"Somewhere in Galician Poland," said Bauer. "There were three brothers and a mother. Two have been killed; the youngest is in hospital.

And the mother is a refugee. I wonder — to Foreman — if the people at Washington might help us trace her.

'Wire to Golding,' said Foreman.

Business matters carried off Foreman and Hartmann for the rest of the evening, and Latimer gratefully accepted Filbert's offer of his company for a stroll through town. At his own request they made their way down-hill toward the grim alleys of which he had caught just an impression. It was some time after the supper-hour in Fairview. The doorsteps and porches showed groups of bare-armed and collarless men gossiping from between lips tightly wrapped round the stem of corncobs. Among the elder people the segregation of the sexes was strictly observed, and there were separate groups of women, in the front yards and on the kitchen-steps, each the centre of bands of infant skirmishers who swarmed over the sidewalks and into the shadows. They should have been in bed an hour ago, thought Latimer, disapproving; but he rejoiced in the vitality of their shrill voices.

'I beg your pardon,' he said suddenly and stopped short, peering down straight at his feet. He had nearly fallen over a youth of perhaps three years, sex not stated, who, in the middle of the road, was calmly planted in a child's-size arm-chair. Whereupon the young native rose, with the chair permanently affixed behind, trotted off, and resumed his contemplation on another section of the pavement.

Latimer was discovering in Fairview a new world which he might have studied any day in New York City, if chance had brought him into the proper quarters for observation. But that is always the case with foreign travel.

They had been walking the better part of two hours when Latimer felt

depression settling down on him. Probably it was mere physical weariness, but an ache seized upon his heart.

'Where is all this to end, Filbert?' he said. 'Is this life?'

'I was thinking,' said Filbert quietly, 'of the settlers in the Ohio bottoms about the year 1800. Have you ever read Henry Adams's first chapter?'

'Pioneers?' said Latimer, embracing Fairview in one sweep of the arm.

'I like to believe so,' said Filbert.

Latimer put his arm over the other man's shoulder.

'I want you to forgive me, Filbert.'

'For what?'

'For that brutal remark of mine about the efficiency expert and the stenographers.'

Filbert laughed.

'Dr. Latimer, I never gave it a thought and should have forgotten it by this time if I had.'

'Then my apology is what you would technically describe as a lost motion?' said Latimer. 'Let us turn into Main Street.'

But on the first corner they reached in that dazzling thoroughfare, Latimer stopped and pointed excitedly to a poster in front of a 'movie' theatre.

'Miss Winthrop,' he said.

'I've seen her frequently — on the screen, that is,' said Filbert.

'I have met her in person,' said Latimer, trying hard not to be supercilious.

'Oh!' said Filbert, with something like awe. 'Should you like to go in?'

'By all means,' said Latimer; and then, turning abruptly, raised his hat in the direction of a group of young girls who fell into line behind them.

'Good evening,' he said; and turned back to his companion.

'An acquaintance in Fairview?' said Filbert.

'It's that housemaid at the Bauers'.'

(To be continued)

THE CABINET IN CONGRESS

BY FRANCIS E. LEUPP

I

SHALL cabinet officers have seats in Congress? This question has been agitated at intervals for more than a half-century, and argued in the affirmative by publicists of the standing of Presidents Garfield, Taft, and Wilson, of George H. Pendleton, James G. Blaine, John D. Long, and Gamaliel Bradford, besides many lesser lights. It is now undergoing a revival. The idea is, not to revolutionize our system of government, or even to expand the powers of any part of it, but merely to seat the nearest representatives of the President where they can answer questions or make suggestions concerning pending legislation, as he might if present in person.

American schoolboys of my generation, taught that the more complex a government is the better it is, grew up with so pious a reverence for the tradition of separateness between the legislative and executive machinery of our Republic as almost to lose sight of the fact that the Constitution lays as much stress on the mutual interdependence as on the mutual independence of Congress and the President. Congress, though vested with all legislative powers granted in the Constitution, may not enact a law without submitting it to the President for his approval; the President may not spend a dollar in executing it except by the consent of Congress. The great lesson of the Civil War was that the strength of our nation lies not in a jealous aloofness

between its several organs, but in their sympathetic coöperation. The desire of the foremost modern students of constitutional government to bring the President into the most intimate practicable relation with Congress, therefore, does not mean that they would have the President make or Congress execute the laws; their aim is merely to place a practical interpretation on the requirements that the President shall give the lawmakers 'information of the state of the Union, and recommend to their consideration such measures as he shall deem necessary and expedient'; and that Congress, thus informed and advised, shall make 'all laws which shall be necessary and proper' for carrying into execution the powers vested in any officer of the United States—a sufficient warrant, surely, for the freest consultation between the body and the functionary clothed respectively with these responsibilities.

How shall such intercommunication be conducted? In the early days, the President used to come and speak with Congress face to face. Jefferson let this custom lapse; Wilson revived it; but in the interval the practice became well settled of sending a written message by the hand of a White House clerk, to be read aloud to the two chambers in joint session. Nearly always the reader has had a stentorian voice but no elocutionary skill, and the dreary formalism of the whole programme has resulted in most of the listeners' leaving the hall with only a general impression of the contents of the

message, unless it chanced to be confined to a single subject, or to have been called forth by some serious emergency.

Long experience shows that, in order to command the most earnest consideration from Congress, any recommendation of the President should be put into compact and exclusive form, or delivered by himself. Besides the added weight of human presence and personality, there is a marked advantage in the brevity of the spoken as contrasted with the written exchange of opinions — the reason, probably, why most men of large affairs prefer an interview to correspondence as a vehicle of negotiation.

For their highest value to Congress, the information and recommendations offered by the President sometimes need an elucidation in detail that can be brought out only by questions and answers. Obviously it would be impracticable to require the President to stand up in the hall of either house of Congress as a target for a battery of interrogatories on matters of everyday administration; but there are other ways of reaching the same end. Every subject falls within the jurisdiction of some executive department managed by a member of the Cabinet. As the President's close counselor and spokesman, why should not this officer place himself at the convenience of Congress, to furnish it with any assistance he can in its task of lawmaking? For a fact, that is what he is supposed to do now, except that his ministrations are filtered through a committee, subject to the usual discounts for indirection. A glance at the present practice may be enlightening.

A representative, let us say, introduces a bill to change the methods of accounting by naval paymasters, which is referred to the Committee on Naval Affairs. If the committee re-

gards it as of sufficient consequence, it refers it in turn to the Navy Department, and the head of the department sends back, in due time, a written opinion that, with an amendment or two of its phraseology, he sees no reason why it should not be enacted into law. Perhaps he may be invited to appear before the committee and supplement his written views with an oral statement. After that, the committee prepares its formal verdict on the merits of the measure, which the House is now free to pass or defeat.

At this stage, however, some member with an inconvenient memory, who has had no share in the committee's deliberations, may suddenly offer a resolution of inquiry, calling upon the Secretary of War for certain data in the records of his department concerning an experiment in the same general line made by the army paymasters many years ago, which he believes proved unduly expensive in operation. This resolution, referred to the Committee on Military Affairs, may have to wait nearly a week for a meeting, take another day for consideration and report, another for adoption by the House, another for transmission to the War Department, another to find its way to the clerk in that department who has special charge of this class of topics; it may then lie dormant two or three days more while the clerk contrives to find time from his routine duties to search the archives and collate the material desired; by another day the material is put into proper shape for formal transmission, and another is consumed in delivering it to the House. Thus the better part of a fortnight may elapse before the Secretary's response can be laid before the chamber that sent forth the inquiry. Meanwhile, if new matters have arisen which crowd this one aside momentarily, its chance of disposal is jeopardized, if not lost.

Now, suppose that either of the two secretaries, sitting in the House when the inquiry was propounded, had been notified that on the second day following he would be interrogated regarding such-and-such methods pursued by his pay corps between certain dates. On his return to his office he would have passed the questions to his clerical factotum, who would have gone straight to the sources of information and equipped the Secretary in short order for telling the House what devices had been tried by this or that predecessor, why they had been undertaken and why abandoned — reasons which might instantly have made plain their availability or unavailability for the purpose now contemplated; and the notice would have been served, the data looked up, the interrogatories put and answered, and the ground cleared for the passage or rejection of the bill, — all in one-fourth the time, but with fourfold the effectiveness, of a similar proceeding with the means employed to-day.

II

When it comes to accuracy, there is no comparison between the old manner of connecting the administration with the work of Congress and the manner here proposed. In the spring of 1863 the Senate had before it the alternative of extending the bounty system for voluntary enlistments in the Union army or recruiting the ranks by conscription. Whatever was to be done must be done with no needless delay. The military committee had gone through the form of considering a bill, but had not been able to agree on a recommendation. Some of the senators said that if they could find out what the Secretary of War thought about it, they were willing to vote for anything he deemed essential; others did not care to go so far, doubting

whether the Treasury was just then in condition to meet the demand for \$20,000,000 which seemed to be involved.

The chairman of the committee was unable to furnish any authentic information on either head. Of the financial aspect of the situation he knew nothing whatever; of the military aspect the most he could say was that he 'understood' that 'a member of the committee' had 'had some consultation' with the Secretary of War, and had 'come away with the impression' that the Secretary thought well of postponing the conscription and extending the bounties. The member referred to then rose and admitted that he had no authority to speak for the Secretary, but that he had gathered his 'impression from a casual conversation.' In this instance the Senate wisely refused to act without more positive guidance; but occasionally I have known action to be taken on not much firmer ground.

Is there any excuse for subjecting the legislation of a great nation to such hazards? Take for another illustration the loan bill of 1864. In the House debate over its details, Thaddeus Stevens of Pennsylvania insisted that the principal of the five-twenty bonds was payable in 'lawful money,' which meant greenbacks, then worth less than sixty cents on the dollar. He was a strong man, with a large popular following. If his view had prevailed, the markets of Europe would have been closed against our securities at a time when we needed every available resource. Pressed by a fellow member to say whether the Secretary of the Treasury agreed with him, he confessed that he did not know; whereupon Mr. Spalding of New York informed the House that he had 'that morning learned from the Secretary of the Treasury that in his opinion the principal of the five-twenty was payable in gold.' This semi-

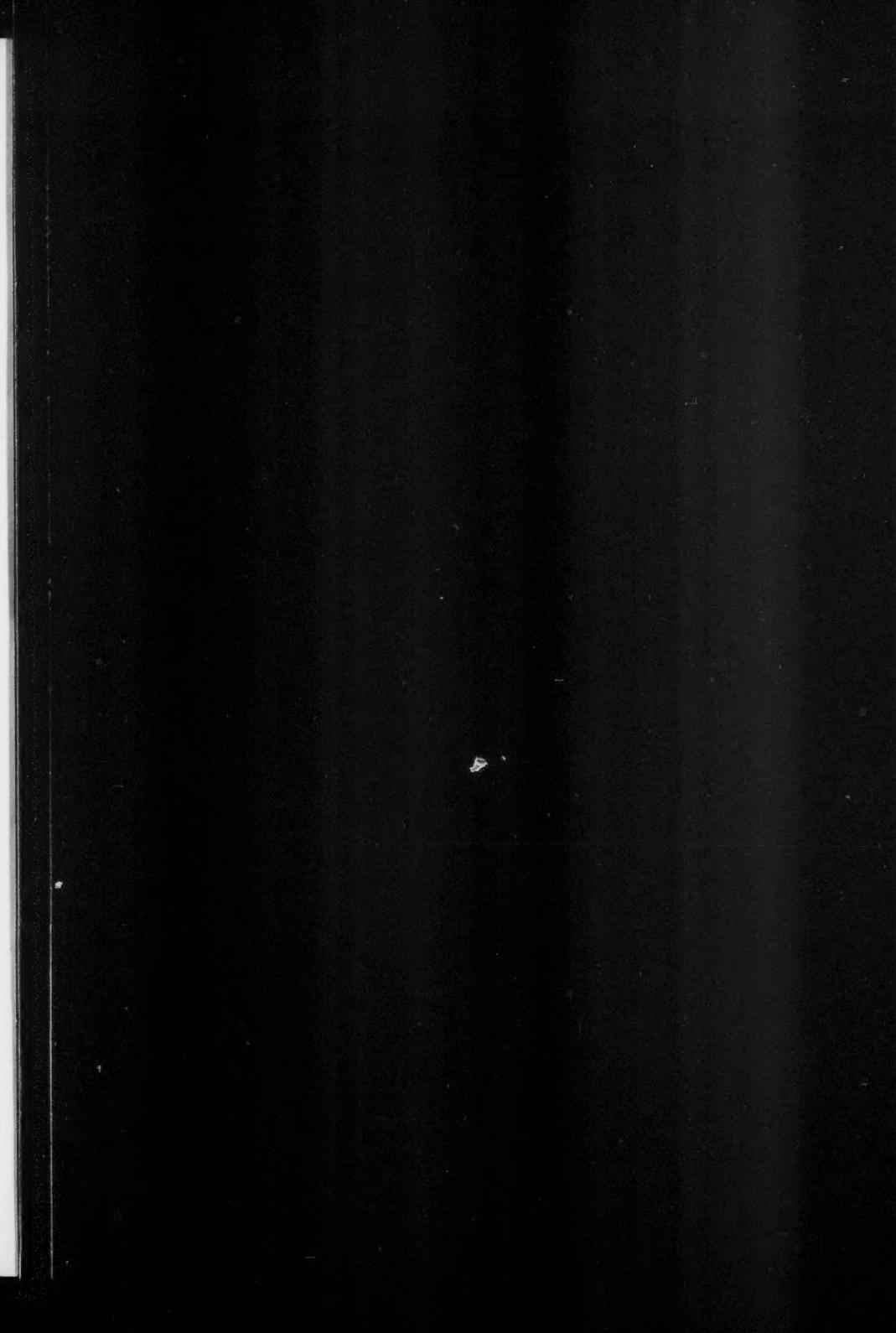
authoritative statement did not prevent Stevens from offering an amendment that the interest of the bonds should be paid in currency, or from drumming up a majority of twenty-one votes in its favor; and it was only by springing a roll-call upon him that this was changed to a majority of twenty-two in the negative, a number of members shifting sides when they discovered that their demagogic tricks were in danger of being advertised to their hurt.

All's well that ends well, perhaps; but why should time be wasted and risks invited in framing measures of vital importance, — to say nothing of exhibiting Congress to the world in so undignified a light, — when absolute assurance concerning the attitude of the administration could be obtained by putting a direct question to one of its responsible officers, seated in the hall for the purpose?

The proposed reform would undoubtedly benefit the executive branch of the government by holding the departments to a more satisfactory accountability. How loath we Americans are to overhaul our higher public servants, is manifest from the fact that, in the century and a quarter of our national existence, but one President and one member of the Cabinet have been impeached, and even the formal investigation by Congress of charges against cabinet officers has been so rare as to be negligible. Proceedings as serious as these can be instituted only when the offenses charged are of great magnitude; so all alleged misdeeds of a secondary character are passed over with slight attention, if any. This does not make for wholesome discipline at the bar of public opinion. It is human nature to be less careful about things that go unscrutinized by our neighbors than about those upon which the glass of inquisition is liable to be turned at any

moment. Moreover, it is only fair to the conscientious cabinet officer to inquire into his acts while they are still recent enough to enable him to marshal names, dates, and figures without delving through a library of musty files; for any unexplained item, however innocent, if allowed to fall into a dark corner and gather dust, may become to the professional defamer what Captain Kidd's imaginary loot is to the hunter for treasure-trove; and it may emerge one day in a brand-new and particularly vicious species of scandal, to baffle for a long time the best efforts of its victim to expose its real character.

There is still another reason why a prompt, authoritative, and public inquiry into anything in the conduct of an executive department which wears a dubious air, would be a great aid to efficient administration: it would give the head of a department some suggestive hints as to what the men under him are doing, and enlighten the men as to the significance of the tasks they are directed to perform. It would be a physical impossibility for any secretary to supervise personally the work of his department in all its ramifications, or for his subordinates to ask him the meaning of every move he makes; yet, unless a way be devised for keeping the two ends of a department within sight of each other, the faithful subordinate may become a hopeless mechanical drudge, or his tricky colleague be guilty of malfeasance or neglect without the secretary's suspicion till some artfully embroidered version of the facts crops out in local gossip. The best managed of departments would be better for a frequent airing of its affairs in Congress, in the presence, and with the participation, of its responsible head; and if the more intelligent element in its clerical staff could learn, from public discussions between their chief and the lawmaking body, to what



end their work points, their interest would be reflected in a fresh vitality.

Besides producing an excellent moral effect, this sort of publicity would soon prove its value as a measure of economy, by exposing the places where one office could be made to perform the duties now assigned to two or more. Duplication of functions and wasteful diffusion of energy have always been weak spots in the federal service. One department will go on indefinitely doing on a miniature scale what another is doing on a large one: the practice may have grown out of this or that exigency long past, and been continued because nobody has felt directly inspired to meddle with it. Such a relation may exist even between sundry bureaus in a single department. This means, of course, an unnecessary outlay for what accountants style 'over-head' expenses. It would take some study, doubtless, to concoct a satisfactory plan for redistributing the duplicated work, but problems far more perplexing are solved every day. If the cabinet officers concerned were subject to interrogation in the open halls of Congress, and thus, as it were, in the hearing of the whole taxpaying public, the uncovering of cases of extravagant duplication would be promptly followed by a demand for an explanation, and this in its turn by an amendment of methods.

In these ways and others, the drawing of the legislative and executive branches into more intimate communion would tend toward the unification of the government generally. No such organism can work to the best advantage with its constituent parts maintaining the attitude of mutual rivalry which has been observable among the executive departments in Washington ever since they became so large and varied in scope. The fateful Pinchot-Ballinger feud resulted from the indis-

position of one party to unite with the other in a joint campaign for the achievement of certain aims for the common welfare on which both declared themselves bent.

I never realized how far down into the departments this individualistic ideal had penetrated till once, when I was in the West on a government errand, a mystified field superintendent laid before me two letters he had received from Washington, bearing the signature of the same acting chief-of-bureau, one dated in March and the other in April of that year. The former authorized him to make a certain purchase; the latter notified him that his quarterly accounts had been held up to await proof of his authority for that very purchase. The initials in the upper left corner of each sheet showed me that the letters had been prepared by two division heads who sat, in the home office, at desks facing each other, with only a narrow corridor between; and their superior officer had unquestionably affixed his signature in the ordinary routine of business, merely glancing at the initials as his guaranty. Both division heads were men of conscience and responsibility; yet so absolutely was the unwritten law of insulation then respected in the bureau, that each was going ahead day after day, turning out his own grist of correspondence without the remotest reference to what his vis-à-vis might be doing. If so ridiculous a game of cross-purposes was possible in one small office, what pray, dare we hope from a non-cooperative relation between the legislative and executive branches of our huge governmental system?

III

If cabinet officers sat in Congress, right-minded but uninformed members would be spared many mistakes in

legislation, the ill effects of which may be of indefinite duration. For example, in 1906, when the House had under consideration the Burke bill to simplify the process whereby an intelligent and worthy Indian could get possession of his property, a well-meaning Ohio representative proposed an amendment 'that the provisions of this act shall not extend to any Indians in the Indian Territory.' Congress had been working, amid great difficulties, to perfect an exclusive scheme for the dissolution of the so-called Five Civilized Tribes—the Cherokees, Chickasaws, Choctaws, Creeks, and Seminoles—and the equitable division of their lands and funds; and, as these tribes had made their homes in the Indian Territory for seventy years and were identified with it in every one's mind, our Ohio friend supposed that they were the only members of their race living there. It was his benevolent purpose to ward off any possible interference with the plans that Congress was maturing for their benefit; but, instead of exempting them by their specific names, or under their familiar title as the Five Civilized Tribes, he resorted to the sweeping generalization already quoted. No one else in the hall at the time appears to have understood the situation any better; and, as the session was pretty far advanced and it was assumed on all sides that to submit the provision to the Secretary of the Interior would be a mere matter of form and might involve a fatal delay, it was passed at full gallop. Unfortunately, there were then settled in the Indian Territory, besides the Five Civilized Tribes, remnants of seven others, who were thus shut out from the benefits of the Burke act, although probably a majority of them were better entitled to those benefits than thousands of the privileged Indians just over the border in Oklahoma. Had the

Secretary of the Interior been where he could hear what was going on and speak an admonitory word, the blunder need not have happened.

The presence and consultation of cabinet officers while Congress is debating important bills would reduce to a minimum the exercise of the President's veto power, and thus avert a deal of friction. As Congress is constituted to-day, the President's objections have the weight of 63 votes in the Senate and 289 in the House. Besides that, they have a tremendous influence with the people, who regard this one man, under ordinary circumstances, as peculiarly their spokesman, whether they know very much about the subject in controversy or not. When he vetoes a bill, therefore, its sponsors suffer a certain humiliation which they would go far to avoid if they could do so with self-respect. True, the President's like or dislike of a pending bill commonly leaks out through the press before the climax is reached, and if his attitude is hostile the parties in interest can govern themselves accordingly; but the most scrupulously edited newspaper is liable to be misled; so it is customary for any member of Congress who is anxious about the fate of a measure he has in charge to seek an interview with the President and try to fortify himself. This is a highly unsatisfactory resort at best; and occasionally, as its sequel, Congress has passed an act, only to discover, when too late, that there has been a misapprehension somewhere. After the die is cast, there is little comfort, and no seamlessness, in bandying vengeful charges of bad faith.

Such disagreeable possibilities, not to mention the anticipatory worries and heartburnings, could be assuaged, perhaps diverted altogether, by the expedient of publicly interrogating a responsible representative of the Presi-

dent regarding those clauses in a bill toward which his disposition is uncertain. When, for instance, in the Fifty-first Congress, the Senate sent back the conservative Conger bill converted into one for the free and unlimited coinage of silver, and Speaker Reed had actually to conceal it till he could reorganize his scattered forces for the defense of the public credit, what a blessing would have been the presence in the House of the Secretary of the Treasury, prepared to set the public mind at rest as to the firmness of the Harrison Administration. Again, does any one imagine that the Brice-Gorman tariff of 1894 could have been forced into the statute-book over Mr. Cleveland's protest if Secretary Carlisle could have responded in the open hall of either house to such questions as Allison and Mills in the one, or McCall and Wilson in the other, would have put to him for the benefit of the whole American people?

Such a change of practice as I have been advocating would materially abridge the activities of the lobby, with advantage to the political morals of the nation. This is not because lobbying is evil in itself, but because, like all forms of indirection, it is more open to abuse, and therefore to suspicion, than the direct way of accomplishing the same end. The lobbyist pleads in his own behalf that he is striving only to induce Congress to do something which it ought to do, but which it will not do unless it is prodded by one who camps constantly at its door; and within certain limitations this is deplorably true. Can any one tell us why we should stand for a neglect of duty by our servants which affords an excuse for such roundabout methods? If, as its apologists assert, Congress leaves so much of its work undone because it has not time to look into the merits of all the propositions submit-

ted to it, why should we encourage it in seeking the facts and figures it needs at the hands of some one not related to the government in any way, and usually having no interest in the business beyond a chance to earn a fee?

In Washington, within a stone's throw of the great white dome, are ten executive departments, supported at enormous expense in order to insure the government's mastery of any subject likely to come before it, from the statistics of child-welfare to a declaration of war. Yet, while the people see the secretaries sitting quietly in their offices, signing papers and receiving calls, they see the sleepless lobbyists briskly moving about the Capitol, supplying information here, arguments there, drumming up absentees for a vote, and in a hundred other ways earning their title to membership in the 'third house.' What sort of an impression does this make on the mind of the man in the street? And does familiarity with the spectacle of lobbyists doing the legitimate work of public officers tend to make him a prouder or better citizen?

Just here a skeptical friend inquires, 'Supposing your plan to have been in effect when the Lusitania was sunk, what sort of a figure would Mr. Bryan have cut, sitting in Congress as a cabinet officer and answering questions regarding the policy of the Wilson Administration?' That possibility may be dismissed in seven words: Mr. Bryan would not have been there. It is no disparagement of his abilities in other fields to say that, being neither a lawyer nor a diplomatist, he was out of place in this one, and would not have been put into it except as a concession to political expediency. But political expediency is not a consideration which a president could afford to let influence him in choosing a cabinet officer if he knew that the man of his choice would

have to stand before Congress in person and act as his mouthpiece, any more than a trustee of a great estate could afford to select his attorneys on grounds of friendship, or because their admirers have made an active canvass in their behalf, or because they come from certain parts of the country, or because they were once either his competitors or his backers in a struggle for a prize he ultimately won. He would look first for professional fitness; and if any extraneous element were permitted to enter into the business at all, it would be as a mere makeweight in discriminating between several candidates with nicely balanced claims. Such ought to be the process of judgment of a trustee for the welfare of one hundred millions of people; such will it be, if one day his most intimate counselors are assigned their full share of duty and responsibility in helping him administer the affairs of the nation.

IV

This brings us to the argument most commonly urged against the project which has furnished my present text: that the American Cabinet, unlike the cabinet of a country under parliamentary government, has no independent or organic standing. It is not mentioned in the Constitution, its nearest approach to recognition there being the authorization of the President to 'require the opinion, in writing, of the principal officer in each of the executive departments, upon any subject relating to the duties of their respective offices.' We are asked, therefore, how we could fitly dignify these outsiders as the direct representatives of the President, and seat them in the halls of Congress to speak and advise in his name.

The answer is, that we are contemplating no radical innovation. The

laws creating what we call the cabinet offices, in some instances explicitly, and in all by implication, make their occupants, as it were, the living instruments of the President in the performance of his complex functions; and the solemn acts of the heads of departments have long been given effect, even for judicial purposes, as acts of the President. How well rooted this conception of the Cabinet has become in the minds of Congress and the people is evidenced by the law, enacted in 1886 after an exhaustive discussion, placing the heads of departments, in the order of their official seniority, in the line of succession in the event of a temporary vacancy of the presidency and vice-presidency. This provision seems to give them a recognizable and highly important standing in the government, whether or not they ever had one before.

As to their bodily presence on the floors of Congress, surely it involves no worse incongruity than the presence there of a group of territorial delegates who for many years have been sitting and speaking in the House, and doing substantially everything that regular members are entitled to do except vote; and we are asking no more for our cabinet officers. If such a privilege is granted to representatives of minor bodies of our population not yet organized into full-participating political units, on what pretext shall we deny it to a group of federal officers who in a peculiar sense represent the entire body politic, for purposes of commenting on pending legislation? Nobody raises a protest against an outsider's being brought into either hall to conduct as chaplain the religious exercises at the opening of every day's session, or against the services of another outsider, the sergeant-at-arms, when he uses the symbols of force to compel good behavior among the lawmakers

elected by the people. Nay, it is within the range of possibility that the House may decide one day to have an outsider for its Speaker: there is not a word in the Constitution to forbid it, and within a dozen years the question has been quietly mooted. Concerning the President *pro tempore* of the Senate the Constitution is similarly silent; and I remember its being seriously proposed, during the Readjuster deadlock of 1881, that the Senate avert a threatened crisis by taking this officer from private life. So it seems not unfair to discard the familiar 'outsider' objection as too fragile to block the way of a desired improvement.

Another well-worn adverse argument is that the proposed plan would tend to aggrandize the executive branch of the government at the expense of the legislative branch. Since Jefferson prophesied, 'The Tyranny of the executive power will come . . . at no distant date,' a handful of his faithful worshipers in every generation have felt bound to echo the warning. Yet, with the proverbial obduracy of the watched pot, the Republic has refused to be made over into an empire, even by a Man on Horseback like Grant, or a so-called war-lord like Roosevelt. Jesting aside, the public interrogation of cabinet officers in Congress would tend to the opposite end. As things are now, the Congressional spokesman who would rebuke such subtle menaces of White House despotism as may appear in some novel form of phraseology used in a Presidential message, or in the appointment of 'some Hoover' to tyrannize over the defenseless food-speculators, is obliged to depend on invective. This, if it be cheap in quality and have nothing more substantial to follow, presently wearies the ear, without affecting the convictions, of the public. How much greater would be its effectiveness if it were supported by

a demand for an explanation, served, in the open arena of debate, upon the officer charged with offending!

In truth, the danger of executive aggression is more to be dreaded from the present haphazard way of doing business, than from any fixed and logical arrangement. It is notorious that when a president wishes to obtain something from a reluctant congress, Washington soon effervesces with stories — of which not a few acquire a color of reality from significant later events — concerning pledges of patronage given to this and that member whose vote is deemed necessary to success. It is such conditions which do more than anything else to destroy the constitutional equilibrium between the executive and legislative powers. The remedy would be simple if all the members of Congress could be trusted to stand together in resistance to every temptation, bold or insidious, to exchange their votes for favors; but a more effective stop could be put to any form of traffic by bringing the potential bargainers face to face, where either side could throw the other into the public pillory if need be. And as an antidote for any alarm about domineering by cabinet officers, it must not be forgotten that the departments, including both their heads and their bodies, are creatures of Congress, which can wipe them out at any time by merely reversing the process by which it called them into being.

Again, it is asserted that Congress has already, in its committee system, all the machinery it needs to aid it in intelligent legislation. Theoretically, no doubt; but practically — as every one knows who studies it at close range — the system leaves overmuch to be desired. Painstaking as many committeemen are, enough others are slipshod, or worse, to mottle their common product pretty badly. I have sat in a com-

mittee room at a hearing, and have listened to a witness describing the operations of a government office of which he was grossly ignorant, swearing complacently to one false statement after another, which a stenographer soberly took down for the official report, and the refutation of which, from documentary evidence, the chairman brazenly refused to admit to the record. Nor is it long since one of the executive departments lost an important appropriation for which the presiding secretary had applied in writing, because an officious clerk who had been called before the committee took it upon himself to discredit his chief's recommendation.

Do incidents like these exhibit the committee system in a favorable light, by contrast with a system which would bring the heads of departments themselves squarely into the focus of the inquisition?

Of the objection that it would take too much of the time of the cabinet officers to require them to leave their regular work to attend the sessions of Congress, it suffices to say that under normal conditions they would be needed at the Capitol probably only a few hours every week — certainly no more than they now sacrifice to the visits of Congressmen. These visits, albeit paid under the guise of government business, rarely cover any errand more important than obtaining favors for their constituents. If all genuine gov-

ernment business between members of Congress and members of the Cabinet were transacted in the open halls of House and Senate, most of the ostensible necessity for consuming a secretary's time in private interviews would be obviated, and the secretary would be relieved from routine duty for so many more hours, which he could put in with great profit at the Capitol.

Our topic is so fruitful of suggestion that, to keep this paper within reasonable bounds of length, a hundred pertinent points must be left undeveloped. It would be easy to show, for example, how, when vital questions arise, like the real condition of the Treasury at the beginning of the second Cleveland administration, or the degree of actual preparedness of our army and navy in the present crisis, a few plain statements drawn by public interrogation from the cabinet officers having these matters respectively in charge, would clear the air and open the way to timely legislation; and also, how much the closer coöperation of President and Congress would do toward evolving a self-consistent, permanent national policy, to replace the shifty opportunism which now is our only pretense to any policy at all. But these and many other lines of thought must be left for the reader to work out for himself, with the assurance that, the deeper he goes into the question, the more leads he will find, all in the same direction.

RUGGS—R.O.T.C.

BY WILLIAM ADDLEMAN GANOE

I

It was only because it was the middle of the night that the barracks of Company Number 1 lay quiet. Even at that solitary hour the squares of moonlight from its sliding windows revealed two long huddled rows of Gold Medal cots creaking with the turnings of one hundred and sixty restless sleepers.

Down toward the end of Squad 15, Joseph Morley Ruggs lay wrapped in dreams more troubled than was his wont. The 'Meter' was standing before him, writing with a feathered sword in a giant book, 'Thou art weighed in the balance and *found*—' The words kept spreading until the *d* was crushed against the edge of the page. The Meter's eyes became flaming nozzles, which shot waves of gas into Ruggs's unmasked face. There was a crashing sound of many bands, playing mostly upon cymbals.

All at once the 'U.S.' on the Meter's collar and the silver bars on his shoulders became incandescent, his body lengthened out like Aladdin's genie, and he slowly disappeared upward in a whirl of smoke, mounted on the shaft of a rifle grenade—and Ruggs was left alone, holding in his hand a rectangular parchment headed, 'Honorable Discharge from the Service of the United States.'

When he raised his head Alice, with sorrowful eyes, was looking him through and through—Alice, whom he had left a month before with the

trembling words of acquiescence on her lips and a kiss of hope at his departure. There she stood, shaking a finger of scorn at the paper of Failure in his hand.

The earth was giving way under him. As he sank lower and lower, voices grew abundant about him; and there arose a continuous clatter of rifle-bolts, bayonets, and mess-tins. A bugle somewhere was sounding the assembly. The company in the dusky distance was falling in under arms; the corporals were about to report, and he, Candidate Ruggs, would be absent.

He tried to hurry over dressing himself; but his arms worked in jerks, and when he attempted to run, his legs merely pulled and pushed back and forth heavily in one spot. Frantically he struggled to make headway against the solid air, but in vain. With a supreme effort he lunged forward—and came down at the side of his cot on both feet, with a resounding shock that made the boards of the flimsy barracks rattle.

'For Gawd's sake,' growled the Duke of Squad 15, rising on his elbow, 'don't you get enough settin'-up stuff in the daytime without jarrin' your muscles when decent folks sleep?'

'Who fell into the trench?' inquired Naughty, his legal mind going to the bottom of the matter.

'No use tryin' to sleep around here,' continued the Duke with a groan. 'Got to get a pass and lock yourself in a hotel over Saturday and Sunday.'

Some one in the middle of barracks

was attempting to search out with a pocket-flash the cause of the excitement.

'Use of — star — shells — specially successful — 'gainst active enemy — in *No Man's Land*,' droned the great voice of small Squirmy in a far corner.

And the disturbance subsided with several chuckles, allowing Ruggs to dispose himself upon his rumpled sheets without further fire upon him.

In the morning, as he stood in ranks at reveille, he was secretly relieved to note the Meter's normal appearance, and his life-sized pencil, though that active instrument was spelling out death to some career possibly at that moment. Degradation to the name of Ruggs had not yet come; the chance to be included among the commissioned few at the end of camp lay before him as a possibility.

He was wakened smartly from his musings. 'Dress up, put up your arm! you still asleep?'

The Duke, who had been a sergeant in the National Guard for six years, realized that, since the Meter was near at hand, it was a fortunate time to make penetrating corrections. The awe and respect which had bestowed on him the name of Duke on account of his knowledge of the rudiments, were now, in the squad over which he had tyrannized as acting corporal, beginning to wane.

Ruggs put up his arm, every bristling hair of his mouse-colored head erect with fury. It was difficult for a man fifteen years out of college, who had by dint of energy and foresight worked his way to the superintendency of one of the largest banking houses in the East, to take orders from a grocery clerk much younger and of slight education. 'Every kind of military communication should be impersonal.' These words of the Meter came to him opportunely. He fastened his mind on

the details for the following day which the first sergeant was then reading out, and was rewarded.

'For company commander to-morrow — Ruggs!'

'He-re!' His voice came all cracked and husky.

'You'd better get onto those drill regs and get up that company stuff,' admonished the Duke at breakfast. 'I always find I can get along better after givin' it a once-over, no matter how well I know it.'

Ruggs made no reply. He was lost in the thought of the chance he had waited for through thirty-five days of slavery. His opportunity had come.

It was a red-letter day because of another circumstance. For the first time he had been called by name by the Meter at the morning conference.

The elation was so great that, when a note from Alice in the noon mail told him that she would spend the week-end near the camp, he had only time to reflect on what joy his success in handling the company would bring her. Every spare minute during the afternoon and evening he concentrated on close-order drill. Not satisfied with the snatches thus taken, he disappeared after taps, with his books and a small improvised stool, into the lavatory, where there was still a faint light from two badly arranged bulbs. There he delved into combat work and reviewed the company drill. It was one o'clock before he crawled dizzily into bed, with reveille before him at five-thirty.

He woke at five with a start. This was the day of his trial. Although he had stood at the head of ventures involving millions, no day of his life had seemed to him so full of hazard. The fact that he had made good in civil life, he understood, meant nothing in his favor in a military way. For only the previous week Cyrus Long, an industrial manager, with a salary of fifteen

thousand a year, had been told plainly by the Meter that he could not make good. And Cy had left with the first failure of a lifetime in his wake.

When Ruggs, making every inch of his five feet eleven count as the Meter approached, commanded 'Company, attention!' his accent was very unlike the ideal one he had planned to use. He noted the men in ranks eying him as much as to say, 'Well, how are you going to handle us this morning?'

'Give the company ten minutes' close-order drill, after which proceed with fifteen minutes of extended order under battle conditions.'

The Meter shot the words out in two definite explosions.

It was the first time that such instructions had been issued, but Ruggs asked no questions.

'Squads right!' he sang out (meaning secretly squads left); then added, 'March!' in a surprised and subdued tone that he had not intended.

On the whole the first of the drill went along fairly well, except that at times some of the men were unable to hear his commands, and *he* knew that *they* knew that he continually meant *right* when he said *left*, and vice versa; facts which did not add to his authority. But he was too honest to 'bluff' the matter before the Meter, each time admitting the error by a loud 'As you were!' and setting them straight without delay.

When the extended order part of the drill began, he inadvertently made his deployment so that one flank fanned out across the commanding officer's lawn.

'Halt your company!' roared the Meter. 'Company commander report here!'

Ruggs yelled a demoralized 'Halt!' and ran to the captain.

'Who's in command of this company?'

'I am, sir.'

'It does n't appear so; or possibly you wanted them to dance over the colonel's lawn?'

'No, sir.'

'Then why did you put them there?'

'I did n't mean to, sir.'

'You did n't mean *not* to, did you?'

'No, sir.'

'You lead your command out over a fire-swept zone, and after it is decimated, you make a report that you did n't mean to place it there. How will that look when the dead are counted?'

'Not very well, sir.'

'Go place your company where it belongs.'

Ruggs saluted and ran toward the centre of the line, yelling at the top of his lungs, 'Assemble, *assemble*, ASSEMBLE over here!'

'Come back!' shouted the Meter.

But Ruggs was so intent on gathering up the trampers of the colonel's lawn that he did not hear.

'Company commander — Mr. Ruggs!' repeated the Meter, putting all his power against his diaphragm.

Ruggs returned, his thick chest heaving, his hair matted, and a drop of perspiration clinging to the end of his big Roman nose.

'How was this drill to be conducted?' snapped his torturer.

'Under battle conditions, sir.'

'Do you suppose that the company stretched over a space of two hundred yards, while the barrage fire was going on, could hear such caterwauling as you've been attempting? What should you do?'

'Use whistle and signal, sir.'

'Have I not directed you to do so heretofore?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Either malicious or wooden — take your choice! Proceed with your drill.'

Cut to the quick, Ruggs thought hard what to do in his predicament.

The studious, sleepless night was beginning to tell on him, but he called to his memory the signal for 'Assemble' and blew a stout blast on his whistle. He felt the Meter behind his back making damaging notes in the book, and the glances of his fellows before him betraying pity and superiority. The number of errors increased with the length of the drill. Each time the Meter summoned him, the criticisms were more caustic. At last he waved his arms in unknown combinations and directions. But whenever the Meter stopped him, he was able, with much teeth-gritting that made his jaw muscles swell his cheeks, to set the movement straight without excitement.

In the afternoon, during a march along the road, the Meter directed the company to be halted and its commander to report to him.

'Mr. Ruggs, you see that little bluff about four hundred yards to the left of this road?'

'Yes, sir.'

'You have been marching along here as the advance party to your advance guard, when suddenly you receive a burst of fire from that bluff, which you estimate to be directed by about a platoon. What do you do?'

'I'd tell them to —'

'I did n't ask you what you'd tell. I asked you what you'd do.'

'I'd put them, sir —'

'Put who?'

'I'd put the company —'

'You speak of the company as if it were a bird-cage or a jack-knife.'

'Sir, I just wanted —'

'I just asked you what YOU would do, — do you get it?'

By this time Ruggs was so aroused that every fibre of his mind was alert. Instead of being more confused, he was able to concentrate more acutely than before. He pulled his whistle from his pocket and blew it almost in the

Meter's face, at the same time signaling to the company to deploy and lie down.

'That will do,' snorted the Meter. 'March your company back to barracks!'

Ruggs replaced his whistle in his pocket in a hang-dog way which showed that he was convinced that his doom was sealed.

'Squads right!' he commanded. 'As you were! I mean, squads left! — Oh, steady! Squads right about! March!'

The company, at route step, had become a ripple of mirth from end to end.

'O Ruggsie!' shouted the Duke, 'I know a good civilian tailor!'

The remark brought on a quantity of local laughter, and Naughty did not help matters much by starting, 'Keep the home fires burning.'

That evening the flank of Company Number 1 individually condoled with Ruggs, who was trying to decipher how he could be so full of so many different kinds of mistakes.

'He's got the raspberry all right,' commented the Duke, before a large group including Ruggs.

The 'raspberry,' be it said, was the name applied to the Sword of Damocles suspended by the Meter. When he called a failing candidate into the orderly room and implied that a resignation would be in order, that lost soul was known the company over as 'getting the raspberry,' or 'rasp.'

II

Just before taps, after life had become subdued through study, the small red-headed form of Squirmly was observed making its way to the centre of the long room. He was dressed in a black overcoat fished from the bottom of a trunk. A white tie torn from a stricken sheet made a flaring bow at his

neck, and goggles and an old cap-cover served as headgear. He carried in his hand a Webster's Unabridged, which he placed on an old box previously used for the same purpose.

'*St!* The Exhorter of Squad 21!' came in whispers from a dozen throats, and the room became still.

Squirmly searched his half-dressed congregation witheringly over the tops of his spectacles. Then from his small body proceeded slow tones of thunder, —

'And the Lord said unto Moses, "Squads right!"' (Dramatic pause.)

'But Moses — not being a military man — commanded, "Squads left!" (Longer pause.)

'And great — was the confusion — among the candid-ites.

'Peace be with you,' he concluded, pointing an accusing finger at Ruggs; and the company went to bed holding their abdomens.

After the last drill on Saturday Alice arrived with her machine, chauffeur, and chaperone. When she spied Ruggs across the parade, with twenty-two pounds of office flabbiness gone, his hardened muscles holding his shoulders and neck erect underneath his khaki, an unmistakable admiration filled her wide hazel eyes.

For a moment his gladness was unalloyed, and the disappointments of crowded barracks and tangled drills faded utterly away. But as the day wore on, the pleasure grew limp in the face of the bleak future. His mind was repeatedly met with the question, 'Shall I tell her?' and he always turned on himself with the reply, 'I am not yet through.'

The unacknowledged dullness between them finally drove them into the distraction of a movie theatre. There, in the darkness, she caught stealthy glimpses of his tightened jaw and distressed face.

'It's going to be very hard on him; he'll be so disappointed,' she said to herself.

At the same time, while apparently following the antics of Mary Pickford, he was thinking, 'It's going to be so hard on her! She'll be so disappointed in me!'

When she had gone, and he found himself once more seated on his bunk in desolation, he berated himself violently: —

'I must have treated her badly. This will not do. I've never given up before. I've got to pull myself up to my best if it be only a corporal's job. It's better to be a *man* than a higher-up anyway. Good God, I can serve better by going where I'm put than where I want to *be put!* True patriotism, after all, is filling the niche whatever —'

'Say, Ruggsie,' burst in the Duke from the side door, 'big doin's here Monday. Big review for a Russian general. This company is goin' to be divided into two — A and B companies.'

Ruggsie was silent.

'Don't you care anything about it?' continued the Duke.

'I'm not interested in reviews — to be frank.'

'Say, old fellow, you don't need to get so down because you tied up that drill the other day. Course, there's a great deal to know about this military game. At first I was pretty green myself. May be in a second camp you can get onto the stuff.'

Ruggs was not desirous of discussing the matter with the Duke, who, having been given the natural opportunity, filled the gap with conversation.

'You know the Meter called me and that Reserve Lieutenant Sullivan into the orderly room and told us we were goin' to be in command of the two companies. He went over with us just

how we were goin' to do. He's a first-rate chap — the Meter is. First we line up along the road near the gate, and then we march to the parade-ground and review. I know every command I'm goin' to give right down in order — could say 'em off backwards. That's the way to know your drill.'

At supper the Duke leaned over the table toward Vance, a broker from Wall Street who had spent the previous summer at Plattsburg, and observed confidentially,—

'Do you know, Vance, I'd like to have you as my first lieutenant when I'm a captain. You suit me O.K. I like the way you drill.'

Vance, immaculately neat and clean-shaven, acknowledged the remark with a bow and went on eating. Mortimer, just out of Dartmouth, aged twenty-two, gazed at the Duke with that deference with which Gareth first looked upon Lancelot.

At three o'clock Monday afternoon the twenty companies of the training camp were drawn up ready to display themselves to the Russian general. Automobiles were parked thickly on the roadways, making a black, gray, and brown banded circle around the parade-ground. Under the dense fringe of trees, the many-colored gowns of the women edged the green like a thick hedge of sweet peas. The heat and stillness had settled down over the camp tensely.

The dignitary, eagerly awaited, was overdue. The Duke, as he wiped the perspiration from his hat-band in front of the long column of companies standing at ease, congratulated himself on the certainty with which he would give the appropriate commands at various points before him on the level stretch of grass. Conscious fingering of his pistol-holster indicated his belief in the Meter's choice.

A half-hour passed and the general

had not arrived. All at once, the band, contrary to plan, started to move diagonally across the parade-ground. A mounted orderly popped out from a group of regular officers and galloped straight toward the Duke.

'The major's compliments,' he announced. 'The ceremony along the road-side will be dispensed with. You are to march your company to the line for review at once, sir.'

The field music struck up adjutant's call, which was the signal for the first company to form line.

'Squads left!' shouted the Duke in most military fashion.

It was the command that he had rehearsed to start the company from the roadway to the ceremony proper, an opposite direction from the one toward the spot where the line should now be formed.

'March!' he added, without seeing his error. And the company wheeled off toward the woods away from the visitors, away from the band, away from everybody.

'Damn me!' he muttered, looking back over his shoulder at the vanishing goal. Then he roared, 'Column left! March!'

Again he had steered the head of the column in an opposite direction from the one intended. B and C companies were now directly between his objective and his organization, which was marching farther away with every step. He realized that he had taken time enough to be well on the way toward, instead of away from, the spot where the adjutant was waiting for him.

'Squads left march!' he bellowed desperately.

The company, in the shape of an L, not having completed the turn in column, now accorded its flanks toward each other, intermingling inextricably. The organization became at once a crowd of fellows with rifles.

'Halt! Halt! Halt!' the Duke exploded; and immediately fell into helpless bewilderment.

There was a dreadful pause, during which beads of perspiration dropped from his face, making black spots on his starched clothing. His arm and fingers twitched and he blinked horribly.

'What a steady influence he'll have on Vance!' whispered some one near Ruggs, who, through compassion, was unable to feel mirthful.

The same orderly galloped up for the second time and delivered an ultimatum from the major in no uncertain language. Several platoon leaders sprang forward and succeeded in getting the company started in the right direction. But the strain had weakened the Duke's nerve to such an extent that he was slow in dressing his company and failed to give 'Eyes, right' in time, when actually passing in review under the scrutiny of the general himself.

And all this time the Meter had been hovering about, using his eyes mightily and his mouth not at all.

Back in barracks when ranks were broken, there were no remarks made openly on the leadership of the Duke. He had been a trusty drill-master and, it was reported, had a 'stand-in' with the Meter. It was not discreet to taunt him.

Indeed, it had been such a soakingly hot proceeding — the whole review — that most of the men were glad enough to grasp what little comfort they could without more ado. The extra marching beforehand had not helped to cool them off, mentally or physically. Under the single thin roof that separated them from the sun, the atmosphere, besides being hot, was excessively oppressive. As soon as they could get rid of their rifles, belts, and coats, they tossed them away in any direction.

VOL. 120 - NO. 6

Those who arrived inside first, and consequently had a chance for the shower-bath, peeled off every soggy garment.

They were in this chaotic state of dishabille when a cry rose from the first squad, 'Man the port-holes!' Immediately one hundred and sixty male beings struggled for a view from the eastern windows.

'It's the general — the whole party!' exclaimed one of the first.

'They're coming in here,' volunteered another.

The crowd surged back and the voice of the acting first sergeant could be heard in an effort to prepare the company for inspection. They hurled their belongings into place with the speed and accuracy of postal clerks. Two nude unfortunates were without ceremony ejected into the cold world on the side of barracks farthest from the Russian advance. History does not record what ever became of them. A bather clad only in a scant towel and a scanty piece of soap, while making his entrance from the shower where he had splashed in ignorance of the coming invasion, was, to his amazement and resentment, forced suddenly into the lavatory, where, he was given to understand, he must remain. Ruggs, most incompletely dressed, coiled himself up underneath his cot behind two lusty suitcases.

When the general came down the aisle, the candidates standing fully clad at the foot of their bunks, at 'attention,' gave the impression of having waited for him nonchalantly in that position ever since the review. Mattress-covers were smoothed, bedding folded, clothing hung neatly, and all evidence of hurry or confusion effaced.

But the Meter smiled a *Mona Lisa* smile as the door closed upon generals, colonels, aides-de-camp, and himself.

'Rest,' shouted the acting first ser-

geant, and the company collapsed into tumultuous laughter. Wet under-clothing, matches, and cigarettes, were hauled from beneath mattresses, equipment from behind pillows, and knick-knacks from yawning shoe-tops.

In the midst of all this turmoil one of the doors reopened and the Meter stepped inside. Some one near him murmured a half-hearted 'Attention!' and all who were within earshot arose — all except one. At that moment Ruggs found himself halfway up from between the cots, his head and body upright and his legs fast asleep under him.

'Mr. Ruggs, I seem to see more of you than I did a moment ago.'

If the Meter had returned for a purpose, all idea of it vanished now, for he turned and disappeared, leaving Ruggs to bear his chagrin and to blush down as far as his legs.

That night Squirm took his text from the book of Currussians, and gave a splendid and inspiriting talk on how Moses, although he had been found by the King's daughter in the bulrushes, had nothing on Ruggs, who was discovered by the King himself among the valises. 'And be it said,' concluded the exhorter, 'that both foundlings wore the same uniform.'

III

The first of August was close at hand. Rumors kept coming up like the dawn 'on the road to Mandalay.' The 'makes' (those recommended for commissions), it was said, had already had their names sent to Washington. Before and after drills, members of the company were being constantly summoned into the orderly room for interviews, the purport of which was leaking out through the camp. A reserve captain had been given his walking papers. Squirm was to be a second

lieutenant; Naughty, a first lieutenant; and Vance, a captain.

The Duke had just been summoned. As he made his way up the aisle to the front of barracks, hushed whispers ran around from circle to circle, 'Will he get a captaincy or just a lieutenancy out of it?' And many a covetous eye followed his retreating figure.

At dinner he had not returned. In the afternoon and during the next day his place in the squad was vacant. It began to be rumored that he had been sent away on some special detail, perhaps to France.

In the evening Ruggs, having finished his supper early, was surprised to find the Duke in civilian attire sitting on the cot he had occupied, which was now divested of all its former accompaniments.

'Good-bye,' began the Duke, extending a cold hand rather ungraciously. 'Jus' turned in all my stuff.'

'Leaving?' queried Ruggs.

'Yep, got the rasp all right!'

There was an awkward pause, which was filled by the Duke's interest in the lock of his suitcase, after which he continued haltingly, —

'Meter called me in and told me no use to stay here — said my experience was all right — but because I'd had so much, he expected more. Told me any man that got fussed up and could n't get out of an easy hole without help after six years' trainin' was no good for leadin' men. Said he could n't trust men's lives to me, and so he could n't give me a commission. Gave me a lot of guff like that, with no sense to it. He's a hell of a man!'

'Do you mean to say you're discharged — and that's all?' Ruggs was plainly astounded.

'You bet; that's the end of the little Duke of Squad 15. Be good to yourself. Say good-bye to the fellows for me, will you?'

Several men strolled back from supper. The Duke casting a furtive glance in their direction as much as to say, 'I don't care to meet any of them any more,' added a 'So long,' and disappeared, suitcase in hand, through the side door.

'What chance for me,' thought Ruggs, 'if the Duke gets the raspberry?'

That night he carefully smoothed out a civilian suit and placed it on a hanger at the head of his cot. He also wrote several letters to business friends at home. He did not write to Alice.

Excitement for the next few days was severe. Some were not eating their meals, few were sleeping much, and all were stale. The physical training had truly been intensive, but the mental strain had been breaking. Friends greeted each other in a preoccupied way, and the nightly singing had grown feeble.

As for Ruggs, he looked forward to the acceptance of his discharge with as much grace as possible. He had striven honestly, and had apparently made of himself only an object for laughter, but he was far from giving up. Several candidates had confided to him their disappointment, as they would have liked, they said, to see him gain a commission. Indeed they had felt all along that he was going to make good.

Yet the day of his reckoning seemed never to materialize. Men went into the orderly room, and came out with hectic smiles of relief or sickly efforts at cheerfulness, while he watched and waited.

One day, after the first drill, Vance was sitting on his bunk talking finances, when a voice from the other end of the barracks called out, —

'The following men report in the orderly room at once!'

The silence was crisp. Then the voice continued with a list of about

ten names, toward the end of which was Ruggs.

'Good-bye, Vance,' said he, rising. He put on his coat and brushed his clothing and shoes carefully.

Vance eyed him narrowly and pityingly during the operation, as much as to say, 'There's no use taking any more pains with those clothes; you'll never need them again.'

Ruggs caught the look and understood.

'You see I can't get out of the habit,' he confessed. 'It's not so much the clothes as — as — myself.'

At the orderly room door he waited a small eternity before his name was called.

Once inside he found himself for the first time alone with the Meter. Under his scrutiny heretofore Ruggs had felt himself to be merely number one of the rear rank needful of correction. And yet the victim felt that he could part from the captain with no feeling of resentment at the blow he was about to receive.

'Mr. Ruggs!'

The Estimator of Destinies wheeled in his chair and cast a look of brotherly frankness into Ruggs's eyes.

'Yes, sir.'

'Mr. Ruggs, you've been here almost three months.'

'Yes, sir.'

'I have n't time to mince matters with you. You have one great failing which I'm going to dwell upon. You attempt to do too many things at once. In the military service you are compelled to consider what is best for the moment. Nothing changes so fast or furiously as a military situation. Don't forecast what you'll do next so much as figure what you'll do *now*. Make your men be of the greatest use in the team right *now* — understand? What you'd be liable to do would be a certain amount of banking in the

trenches. While you'd be speculating on how much interest your venture would bring you to-morrow, a gas wave comes over to-day and finds your men without masks. Be ready for the thing at issue. You've got to take this matter in hand at once and overcome it.'

Ruggs acknowledged to himself that his difficulties were all too plainly exposed. He had tried to compass the whole of drill regulations in a single night. He had been so interested in what he was going to do to the enemy after he reached the bluff, that he had forgotten to give the proper signals to start the company on its mission. If only he had understood the correct method of approach at the beginning!

'That,' went on the Meter, as if in continuation of Ruggs's thoughts, 'has been your downfall.'

There was a knock at the door. In answer to the captain's 'Come in,' a thick official document was handed him.

'Be seated, Mr. Ruggs. Pardon me while I read this!'

It took some time for the perusal, during which Ruggs saw light in the shape of a new plan.

'Captain,' he inquired, as the Meter looked up, 'is there any chance for me to get into another camp or could n't you recommend me?'

'Second camp!' cried the Meter, staring at Ruggs as if the candidate were bereft of reason. 'Second camp! You'll get all the second camp that's coming to you. The whole purpose of this camp is to pick out the proper wood-pulp — that's all. None of you is capable of being an officer now; but the men I've chosen, I hope have the makings. You yourself have two assets: first, a knowledge of men, and second, the power to think under stress. In another month you'll be training rookies from the draft. What I wanted to tell you was, you'd better look

out for your failing when you're the first lieutenant, instead of the captain, of that company of yours. Do you understand?'

Ruggs understood and managed to retire. Outside, he leaned against the building to steady his knees, and pressed his hands into his pockets to keep his fingers from trembling.

'Sorry about it, old chap!' spoke up one of those waiting near the entry.

Ruggs realized how the shock must have affected his features. The incident gave him an idea.

When he had recovered sufficiently to go back to his bunk, Vance, in a rather conventional and perfunctory tone, inquired about the outcome.

'Oh,' the dissembling Ruggs declared, 'the Meter said he'd let me stay on till the end of camp for the training I'd get, if I wanted to.'

It was enough for Vance, and those standing about refrained from asking embarrassing questions. For the next four days Ruggs was treated as one who has just lost his entire family in a wreck. On the evening of the fifth day, after supper, a reserve officer from headquarters appeared in barracks with a list, the substance of which he said could be disclosed to the public. When he had finished reading the first lieutenants every eye glared at Ruggs; and when the list was completed there was a rush for blankets and the victim. How many times Ruggs's feet hit the ceiling, he never quite remembered.

Later, Squirmey gave a very helpful talk on Joseph, who was sold by his brothers down into Egypt after they had hidden him under a bushel. 'Ah! gentlemen,' he exhorted, '*this* time little Joey sold his brothers. Little Joey Ruggs is going to have a coat of many colors and be ruler over many!'

And again the fun turned on Ruggs, but he stole away and wired Alice.

SOME BLANK MISGIVINGS

BY GEORGE BOAS

I AM sitting in Carruthers Hall giving an examination in Elementary English Composition. To be sure, I have no business here, for this is a university which enjoys the Honor System. These young Americans before me are distinguished from almost all others: they are allowed to use their sense of right and wrong; they punish their own offenders. The force of public opinion is enough to prevent cheating. And yet I am here. It is suggested by my superiors that my help may be wanted.

And so here I come at nine o'clock, and here I sit behind the desk on the raised platform. It is fortunate that it is raised, one can see appeals for aid so much more easily. My knowledge that I must lend a helping hand prevents my concentrating on this very delightful volume of Propertius, which I have brought along to make my altruism seem less aggressive. My presence must not be misinterpreted. It would never do to let the students think that I was watching them.

What a mass of ritual for something so simple! I sometimes think that it was the ritual which attracted me to this dismal profession. To ascend a platform every day, to lecture, to see one's words being eagerly copied into notebooks, to be applauded at the end of the semester, to be called 'Professor,' all these are signs of majesty. And then, to make out examinations by whose results a boy's life may be determined: this surely is a Nietzschean existence. Here is one's opportunity to exercise one's Will to Power.

Before me sit one hundred and fifty men who have taken my course for a year. They are now trying to answer questions in such a way as to show me that they know more than I think they do. Some of them will surprise me and I shall know that my questions were ill-chosen. Most of them will live up to my expectations, however, and as I plod through their books I shall see my early predictions verified.

Hopkins will return to me my every thought, phrased in my most individual manner; he will stand forth as a man whose generous mind disdains a failure to agree with an authority. Clarkson will jumble 'clearness' with 'emphasis,' 'coherence' with 'unity,' and write page after page in self-exposure. Mason will denounce everything he has heard this term as so much rubbish, and rage violently against all instruction. I sympathize with Mason. Smith will misinterpret each question and weep over my unfairness in flunking him. Lyons will write calmly and quietly a book of sense, not brilliant, not original, but honest and correct. Wheelwright will have a great deal of brilliance and very little correctness. And so it goes. Before one of the three hours is up, Wilson will slap his papers together, briskly throw them on my desk, wish me a happy vacation, and stride out swinging his hat. He too will wonder at my unfairness in a week or two.

There is Baker in the back row showing distress signals. Baker is an excellent mining engineer, but, curiously

enough, he can never tell whether and how an essay achieves the indispensable quality of unity. This is indeed unfortunate, for when Baker's shaft at Motion, Arizona, caves in, he will bitterly regret that a knowledge of the one thing which might have saved him is forever a sealed book. True, Baker may never attain a mine. Not if a degree is a prerequisite. For he has no chance whatsoever of passing his English, and passing his English is a prerequisite to a degree.

For all his stupidity, I saw Baker on the hills one day, flat on his belly, tickling a little blue lizard with a blade of dry grass. Out of his pocket was sticking a corner of *The Golden Age*. His is no simple soul. But it has no room for English 1. And now he sits with wrinkled forehead over an examination which is totally unintelligible. God grant him a sight of his neighbor's book!

Baker is typical of so many of these students. Plucked out of the river of events in the full flush of their youth, from mountain villages, from prairie ranchos, from orange groves, from wheat-fields, they have been set down in a community whose one purpose is said to be 'the intellectual life.' It has been done with full confidence in the implied theory of values. My colleagues and I are sure that 'the intellectual life' is the best life, and that its supremacy ought to be realized by all. We have no misgivings about refusing our approval to him who tickles blue lizards but knows not rhetoric. For we say that we are teaching him 'how to think.' Of course we are committed to this programme. The world has learned how to think for many centuries in just this way. We cannot 'fly in the face of tradition.' For me to hazard the remark that mining engineering involves as much thought as English composition would be treachery to my

chosen task. And yet this new and unwearied country might have been given the chance to develop its own tradition.

There is Roberts over in the corner. He will industriously answer my ten questions and consume three hours in doing it. His book will be clear, complete, sensible, and dull. Roberts is one of these people who will be called 'scholarly.' He will go to Harvard for graduate work and will agree with Corssen that Virgil's name derived from *vergiliae*, 'a name for the Pleiades as rising at the end of spring (*vergo*),' and is not Gallic in origin. He will write treatises on 'Some Disputed Points in Milton's pre-Hortonian Poems.' He will then acquire a reputation as an authority on 'the young Milton.' When he is forty-five, the Modern Language Association will publish his paper on 'Analogues of the Vision on the Guarded Mount in Celtic Folk Ballads.' At sixty he will startle the world by his *magnum opus*, 'A Comparison of the Hells of Milton and of Dante,' and will die. Already he knows things *quaerit intelligat ipse Modestus*. He loves to talk about words and, though only a Freshman, has written a sonnet to M. Valerius Probus, who introduced the asterisk into western Europe.

Not an unaccomplished person is Roberts. But dull, hopelessly dull. Why is he here? He knows all this stuff and despises me for teaching it. Day after day he has sat before me with cold eyes, wondering how I could be so childish as to talk about unity, coherence, and emphasis. He does not openly rebel. He has not the originality. He simply looks uninterested. If he is forced to study English 1, he will. But, mark you, he will not be a partner in the crime.

That man will be a credit to his college. The Department of English will send him to Harvard with personal

letters to the Great. And when he shall have died, the world will be neither richer, nobler, nor wiser for his having been in it. I have never seen Roberts tickle a blue lizard. But he does know how to think.

I cannot see that we teach these people anything. There is no doubt that some of them are getting better

marks now than they did at the beginning of the year. But that may be because I am more tired. Most of them end as they began, bad, mediocre, or good. They were born that way and they will die that way. And my task has been, as I see it now, simply to give them a chance to exercise their native talent.

THE LAST POST

BY NAN MOULTON

DARLING MY MOTHER, —

There's a dispatch-rider just going to the earth. He will take my word to you. He waits silently by, while my message is framed from my mind and my heart. In your sleep he will stand silently by while your mind and your heart receive it. It is an allowed grace so, when an only mother and an only son have been as you and I.

A queer old chap just floated by, beard awaft in the breeze. My dispatch-rider saluted smartly with an audible 'Major!'

'Major who?' I asked, amazed, for the old fellow scurried along in a robe of sorts, with neither military uniform nor a crown on his cuff.

'Major Prophet,' twinkled the trim messenger — then joined in my grin. You'd like this dispatch-rider.

You'll know by now, dearest, of Fresnoy? You'll know that I could n't leave Mark out there, broken and alone? You'll know of the shell that sent me out in a smother of smoke? Mark did n't come with me, so he's surely in a clean hospital now, being

ministered to. I think it's because I sit apart often, not so eager, because of the pressure of your grief, to savor the new life with the others — I think that is why the dispatch-rider is being allowed to take my thought to you. They know what we feel here without our putting it into the shell of words.

I don't know how long it was after Mark on my shoulder and the scream of the shell and the bite of the smoke, that I came into some new consciousness and a feeling of warmth and protection as if — does it sound strange? — as if I were in the safe hollow of a sheltering Great Foot.

A chap paused beside me just now (I told you of the luminous quality of our thoughts?) — a wan, lit sort of fellow, strapping tall, with brick-dust curls.

'But I,' he said, 'I awakened on The Great Bosom.' His voice thrilled.

'But he,' said the dispatch-rider, husky with pity, 'he died a prisoner of war.'

Oh, it's bad to die unmothered. But to die harshly among one's foes, the loneliness of it! Perhaps a companion

prisoner curved a shoulder to the other's pain. Think of his great, gaping need for comfort, and the long solace of The Great Bosom!

From my new edge of consciousness I looked about. Back in the distance, leaning against a wind, went old Sergeant Death through the blown powder-smoke mounting to the posts of cinnabar. 'The Father of the Regiments'—how we had walked with him and talked with him, chaffed with him and laughed with him, until we had learned the goodness beneath his grim old face and he had bared our soldier-souls! He was a comrade going, and I saluted his back with sorrow. I'll see him again perhaps, parading the souls trooping here from the war. (The dispatch-rider says not; says I've looked my last on Sergeant Death, who never comes past the portals; says that always now I'll be going farther from those portals.)

War-worn souls were crowding behind me into the refuge. One beside me whispered over and over gaspingly, 'From a red place to a white one, a white one, a white one,' and so sighed himself to sleep. That was the feeling of it all—whiteness and morning.

'Is this Heaven? Where is this?' I asked of a white horseman on a white charger.

'This?' He looked down at me thoughtfully. 'This is Afterwards,' he smiled; and wheeled off toward a waiting squadron of fair chivalry.

In this Afterwards I've found the boys. Wee Timmy is here, the baby of my platoon. How the fellows used to rag him, singing 'Rock-a-bye, Baby'! How they dug when a shell took the parapet right in front of him! And how the great things sobbed unashamed when he went home fifteen minutes after they got him out! With Timmy are his brothers who went down in the Dardanelles. You know who everyone

is here without being told, just as the dispatch-rider answers my thoughts. I knew Timmy's brothers. I knew the great hulking chap who shouldered into the story-telling one day.

'Hello, London Irish!' I said. 'Is the football you kicked into the trenches at Loos here, too?'

'Is it yersilf at all, Gordon Highlander?' he brogued back. 'Are ye aal here? Bedad, the leather itsilf ran out across the fields no faster than yer old Scottish love-songs as ye stepped.'

I knew the Canadian padre who captured several prisoners with his emptied pistol, the martial instinct cropping up queerly in these men dedicate to peace. I knew the American paymaster over sixty, who went into action with a very effective walking-stick. They were none too young, these two, the one little, the other fat. The boys make a great fuss about these two, and a wonderful old German physician, and a lot of Serbian cheechas, brave, ragged old things from the trenches of a savage Balkan winter. The boys of the air and of the sea, you meet them; light thrills—you know them and their legend; they know you.

There's Geordie Carmichael. You remember how slack he was about the hips, yet insisted on a kilt over his architecture—or lack of it? You remember how heather grew in his fiery hair? He sprouted a fiery horizontal sort of moustache and looked out at you over the top of it as if he had good reason to be proud of himself. He was meat for the cartoonist, and added daily to the gayety of the gay Gordons. Well, one day Geordie quietly turned himself into a human tripod for a machine-gun, while his officer fired two belts of cartridges from the dismounted quick-firer into the ranks of the enemy. Later, Geordie found himself in a church, among the wounded placed in rows clear up to the altar.

'Yon,' said Geordie, awe in his burrs for once in his life, 'yon was the Virgin Mary an' them a' luikin' down on us maimed and wounded.'

He had been a poor, brave, grotesque wonder of a boy going down the long trail alone, when he was thus halted and mothered on his way by the sweet eyes of the Lady Mary. His sandy effrontery is overlaid by a diffident fine pride at the wee cross cuddled in his palm.

Do you remember how my first casualties were all hard cases? The best poker-player went west first, up in the air as we sat tight to the parapet; then the funny man. He sauntered in, following the stretcher-bearers after a bombardment, his cheek grazed by a rifle-bullet. He was carrying a piece of metal, half of an 'auntie' (a twelve-inch shell, you remember—the fifteen-inch ones were 'grandmothers'), and he spoke blandly, saying, 'Here is the culprit.' Then there was a noise like the end of the world and, incidentally, the end of the funny man. The one has still his air of *gamin*, the other of Punchinello. For the thing that makes each man himself is not extracted by any death, but becomes more fully emergent.

How they talk and talk and revel in reminiscence! For the thought transmission has not yet stopped the joy of speech. Red brick estaminets; devil mules; gay and careless faces; pruning wire entanglements; gas torture; sheeny circles of water scooped by Jack Johnson and his brother, the Woolly; murky roads through the heavy clay lands of Flanders; army dubbin in your hair and varnish on your legs; the screaming of the pipes; the numbed sleep of winter trenches; deeds of flawless valor—the memories flash. The Anzacs have their sinister legends of Gallipoli. The laughing lucidity of the Frenchman follows the epic wildness of Hwfa Williams. The boys used to say they

could n't pronounce his name unless the wind were blowing. He was a past master of infelicitous theological argument, his blue eyes blazing and his hair filled with wrath. The high, gobbling note of an enemy shell one day out-argued Hwfa. He is no longer infelicitous, but goes about like an excited psalm.

They roar in groups over the priceless old stories, 'loaded' stories, stories presented suavely or tinged with unmistakable army humor: the absent-minded thrower of grenades who threw his matches at the enemy's trenches and carefully put into his pocket the jam-tin bomb with the fuse lit; the time that the officers for vaccination and honors were mixed; the unexploded shell in the chimney of the old French dame who was afraid to leave it in and afraid to have it taken out; the Dismounted So-and-So Horse who attacked a gleam in a trench, only to come back with busted heads from the picks and shovels of their own engineers, gathering up their tools after a hard night's work in a sap; the terrified raw Lancs, who surrendered on sight to some husky, jabbering foreigners who turned out to be delighted French-Canadians; Sheumas O'Brien, who always saved his rum ration until he had enough to send him blazing on to the parapet, where he ran derisively up and down, steady enough on a tight old pair o' legs, but rancorous of speech and miraculously escaping bullets—Sheumas O'Brien, hardened sinner, who, without any rum ration at all, scrambled over the top as cavalierly and unrestrainedly and took chances again to put his cross, two little pieces of wood, beside the dead, patting down to them, with the sticks, his loving old Irish blarney; and the Tango Army and Veil and Goggle Campaign of South West Africa, the sand muffling everything but profanity.

Wise old saints look on and listen, smiling at the laughter, looking sometimes at one another with a question in their eyes, then shaking their wise old heads with a soft 'Not yet.' Often we look up and find Lord Michael himself, leaning on his sharp, subduing sword, listening when the yarns are precipitous and there is through them the wif-waf of guns and the gleam of bayonets. He is all ruddy and very handsome, the Archangel of War, with level-lidded eyes. Once he sang for us a sword-song, a sharp, winged song.

Once the Mad Major asked him, with his high Oxford manner and drawl, 'I say, sir, did you really pull up the mountains by the roots and throw them about, that time of your close-in with Lucifer and the rest?'

'Does not my old friend Milton say so?' reproached Lord Michael, with a sort of gleaming gravity.

I wish I might tell you how beautiful all these men are, how cleansed are all words, what new values there are everywhere. It is good to have all words walking cleanly here, naked and unashamed, vital with the sap and flow of life. It is good to know the wonder and beauty of one's comrades and the glory of the fire in their hearts. It is wonderful to be beginning to see with more enlarged vision and a more correlated interpretation.

There is War, for instance, and the Crosses. If a cross has any meaning at all, it must mean a crucifixion. 'For Valor,' we men have ours. We brought them with us for comfort and companionship and pride. They shine on us in some intangible way. It was our bodies that we crucified, our youth, all that a man holds dear in his flesh. But, as we break a little away from our soldier-groups, we note the shine and pride of the cross on the most astonishing folk, and learn of crucifixions before which ours are abashed. Did

Lord Michael tell us, or did we come somehow to know it, that all life and lives and worlds are war and conflict; that nothing is alive, bodily or spiritually, but in strife and victory; that trees and gentle flowers and brave stones are but conquests, that war is growth and growth is war, in Europe or among souls? I begin to see dimly what some of the crosses must mean on the breasts and foreheads of these amazing folk walking always more and more assured. Sometimes, when the light is violet, a great gold Cross shows misty through — everything and everyone is hushed and bowed and strangely glad, and one's own little cross throbs exultingly. I can't somehow seem to get this to you; I can't somehow seem to get much more to you. The dispatch-rider will soon be peppering to the earth where you sleep.

I am disquieted just one bit. They have silvery names, those who pass by with the gleam of their cross. O mother, I don't want a new name, but just to keep my fine old Scottish name, Alastair Geddes.

O my mother, you who are in life, say to all the women in the homesteads, dwelling with the ghosts of their slain, say that the boys whose arms were once strong around them are now no army of silent boys lying beneath the crooked, wooden crosses. Say that the bugles are sounding magic notes, and the trumpets calling to the spirit, and the striding, comely boys footing it straight and proud on some new way, where something enormous, prodigious, full of stir and excitement, is waiting.

We must not have you mothers back there, blind with the years of your weeping, while we press eagerly on with new knowledge and new power at every pause.

Now the great days of Life begin!
O mother, mother, mothers, *hang on to the step!*

THE MIND AND MOOD OF GERMANY TO-DAY

BY A. D. McLAREN

I

ARE the German people, or only their rulers, the responsible authors of this war? Since I returned to England early in 1916, I have been asked no other question so frequently as this. My answer throughout has been that the military caste and the Junkers—landed aristocracy—are primarily responsible, but that Germans of every class must share the general responsibility. If I state the broad grounds on which I base that conclusion, it may assist the reader to estimate the existing state of public opinion in Germany.

In England and France a good deal has been written to fix the guilt upon some single group of German propagandists. Writers and historians like Nietzsche, Treitschke, and Bernhardi; a military autocracy dominated by an ambitious war-lord; university professors; industrial magnates seeking to remedy an economic situation which was heading for financial collapse; the manipulators of a press that systematically perverted public opinion—upon one or another of these groups of exponents of German ideals the responsibility for the cataclysm has been almost universally fixed by newspapers and publicists in the Allied countries.

But no one section of the German people should be singled out in this way as the sole cause of the war, though each has contributed some influence to the general result. The most aggressive imperialists could not have united the German people against the rest of Europe without a moral pretext

acceptable to the whole nation. This pretext has been found in the German world-mission, which the militant autocracy and the intellectuals have preached for a quarter of a century; and the ever-growing political and economic influence of Germany lent support to this missionary idea. The two channels through which especially official Germany has worked to win the popular imagination to a policy of expansion, have been the press and the nation's educational institutions.

It would require much space to record in detail the efforts of the German press to foster a national self-assertiveness and the idea of a world-mission. But, like the barracks and the school, the German press and its propaganda are part of a system. All alike are used to stencil-plate the collective mind. A free press in a country lacking free political institutions is impossible. To lose sight of this fact and at the same time to assert that the German newspapers have been the chief offenders in misrepresenting British and French feeling toward Germany, or in precipitating one international crisis after another, betrays some confusion of thought regarding the nature of Germanism and the very real type of culture for which it stands.

The Greater Germany gospel found its most active apostles in the school-masters and university professors. History in the German schools has always been taught on lines calculated to inspire respect for the nation's heritage as determined by the Prussian tradition. *Deutschland über Alles*, known to every

boy and girl, I have frequently heard sung in the schools. The school-books all breathe an ardent nationalism. I also recollect vividly other books, widely read by the youth of both sexes, which present the potentialities of Germanism in glowing colors, and contrast Germany's cultural achievement with that of 'decadent' nations, to the disparagement of the latter. The university professors have done more than any other body of men in the empire to sow the seed of an aggressive *Deutschum* in adolescent Germany. Their influence on public opinion has been particularly sinister, because, not only military officers, but thousands of students from the commercial middle class spend their most impressionable years in the atmosphere of the university.

The influence of the press and of the country's educational institutions issues from a system whose effects are felt in every reach of Germanism and its *Kultur*. What is this system? What do writers and politicians in Great Britain and France mean when they speak of 'the Prussianized Germany of to-day'? It is essential that those who would understand the deeper causes of the war should face these questions. It is misspent energy to rehearse to the average person in Great Britain and the United States the philosophy of the State preached by Treitschke, because he will always doubt whether this philosophy corresponds to a living reality. The nature of Prussianism is best brought home by concrete experience.

In the winter of 1910 I spent a few days on the skirts of the Lüneberg Heath, and watched the process of a hard, resistant soil being slowly reclaimed. I realized, as I had never done from any textbook, what Prussia owes to nature and what to discipline. A visit to the Lüneberg Heath reveals a little world in actual transformation. Its features are stamped on the whole

nation to-day. During my sojourn of seven and a half years in Germany, most of it in the north, I often tried to put my finger on some one quality that might be said to characterize the Prussian spirit, but was always baffled.

We are sometimes told that the idea underlying Prussianism is the creation of an efficient machine. So it is; but such a statement in itself explains little. No military caste or bureaucracy ever created the German national spirit out of nothing. Innate qualities, quite as much as the 'enlightened despotism' of personal government, determine the character of the German people, the most scientific people in the world. Germany to-day is the Prussia of the Lüneberg Heath reinforced by science. The German states have been united by and under this Prussia, whose 'German mission' has expanded into a world-mission. The European powers have all been missionaries in the course of their history, and there is no reason in the nature of things why the German should not feel the quickening pulses of the same spirit. But in 1917 a nation which remains 'an army possessing a country,' and whose political morality is the *Realpolitik* of a Bismarck, will find no common ground of coöperation with other nations. In this fact we find the true significance of Germany's moral isolation in the world.

The incidents of the past three years have made Germany much more than a name to the man in the street in every other European country. The German intellectuals, in the manifesto issued at the beginning of the war, complained bitterly of the misrepresentation by enemy nations of German ideals and German *Kultur*. Since August, 1914, there is nothing else that Germans of all classes have proclaimed so persistently as that they are misunderstood by other nations. There is much truth in their contention. Germany has de-

liberately declared a 'cultural' blockade of the rest of humanity, and at the moment of writing nearly the whole world is at war with her. The British press declares that the other nations are combined against Prussian militarism. Rather are they combined against the *Kultur* embodied in the collective will of the German state, and of which militarism is only one factor.

The Germans admit that they are disliked by the rest of the world, but this dislike they attribute to their superior virtues. From their point of view this explanation is substantially correct. No other people possesses so high a degree of organizing ability and plodding application to work.

'What other people can bring the nations together, and enable them to realize their intimate union, like the German?' These words occur in a leaflet, *Deutschlands Weltberuf* (Germany's World-Mission) which was scattered broadcast over Germany during 1915. 'We are fighting for Germanism' was the burden of the cry to which I listened in Berlin in the great summer days of August, 1914. I listened attentively, for it confirmed opinions already formed as to why Germany was the central figure in those European crises which succeeded one another with dramatic suddenness for over a decade. On the strength of the qualities inherent in this *Deutschum* Germans base a claim to 'organize' Europe, though up to the present they have not been able to 'organize' Alsace and Lorraine.

II

For three years the press in England and France has been assiduously collecting passages from the speeches of prominent Germans, and from official publications, concerning Germanism and its ideals. A large proportion of these Germans are either university

professors or members of some such organization as the Pan-German Union. The passages reflect faithfully enough what is in the minds of most of the intellectuals, and they are valuable as indicating the conditions which a victorious Germany would impose upon the world. But Germanism did not suddenly develop its nature in 1914, and the ambitions wrapped up in it are not entirely due to artificial stimulus. To ascertain the real sentiments of Germans in regard to the war, one must come in contact also with the classes not professionally interested in continually prodding the country to a conscious anticipation of the march of events.

Amid the turbulent unrest of international politics in the critical period 1909-1916, I read all sections of the German press, approached men of all political parties, intellectuals, average members of the middle-class trading community, and even the proletariat, to see if I could probe the sense of imperialism in the German mind. I could not avoid the conclusion that Germans of all classes and parties were actuated by ambitions which could be satisfied only at the expense of some other power. How far did they honestly think that Great Britain was jealous of their growing commerce, or that France was smarting for revenge? Was the alarm at Russian designs genuine or feigned?

To answer these questions one must have a real insight into the German national character, and must also understand the conditions in which the imperialism of the present generation has been nurtured. The world was being rapidly industrialized, Asia was awake, all territory in the temperate zone had been appropriated, Germany's population was increasing at the rate of over 800,000 a year, and the interests represented by alliances were being more and more consolidated every day. Germany's economic progress alone

has not effected the radical moral change which some writers see in the transformation of the country from an agricultural to an industrial community; but it has had an unmistakable influence on the growth of German imperialism. Rudolf Eucken had once — it seems a long time ago now — sounded a clarion call to Germany and Europe to return to a spiritual view of life. To-day he proclaims jubilantly that the real Germany, the great Germany, has always been a nation of inventors and conquerors in the world of matter; that the true *Deutschland* was that of the Hanseatic League and the Teutonic Knights, and that this was no land of dreamers and poets.

Germany has passed far beyond the stage of paying homage to her dreamers and poets. The vast developments of technical science are leaving a characteristically 'real' mark, not only on the intellectuals, but on the common people. The men who shape industrial policy have left no stone unturned to stimulate a consciousness of the growing power of Germany, and to strengthen the hands of the class that directs imperial policy. One of the curious paradoxes in the internal economy of Germany to-day is that a situation has been created which has brought Junkers and commercial magnates into close coöperation. The former refer to the latter contemptuously as *Schlotbarone* (factory kings), and yet they are united in their enthusiastic support of imperialism. What the university professors have been for the pure intellectuals, captains of industry have been for the middle class and the masses. Their joint influence has tended to infect the nation with a restless impulse, accompanied by a strange fatalism, to shape things anew at whatever cost, materially and spiritually. *Drang nach Osten* (pressing to the east) and *Weltpolitik* are the catchwords that seized

the popular mind, and one gorgeous tableau succeeded another as the manipulators of the lime-light pointed the missionaries on to new vistas of power.

In any attempt to arrive at the mind and mood of Germany to-day there is that definite groundwork to start from. For Germans *Deutschtum* is a sentiment for which it is not easy to find a parallel elsewhere. The fatherland is not the same thing to a German that *la patrie* is to a Frenchman. It is something less and also something more. The German's patriotism is something very real, but it differs widely from the Englishman's. The Germans are members of a state, in a peculiar signification of the term, and their sense of duty means duty to the institutions in which Germanism finds expression. In the vanguard of the world's material and intellectual progress, yet Germans lack the will to freedom. Time after time, before and since the war began, Germans have said to me, 'You acquired a fifth of the earth's surface without even enforcing general military service.' That is one of the strangest paradoxes to the German mind.

I have also frequently heard German Socialists exclaim, 'We don't want mere political freedom; the masses have that in England and are no better off!' In the last resort this expresses the whole disease of Germany. The despotism which holds sway has sunk into the soul of the people. It is a despotism of a peculiar kind, scientific and full of energy; it is a spirit pulsing through the life-blood of a nation. Its existence is a menace to liberty everywhere, for such a spirit must grow, and it can do so only in accordance with the laws of its growth. The idea which had captivated the imagination of the whole German people had to prove its right to survive.

'What is the war all about?' From the outset the average German was

able to give an infinitely more intelligent answer to that question than the average Englishman. In Berlin, amid the exultation born of the early successes in the present struggle, I was able to gauge how determinately the vision of a greater Germany had gathered shape. The noisy national jubilation which I witnessed caused me no surprise, for I had long noted the existence of certain mental and moral influences which were producing a deleterious effect, not only on the national culture, but also on personal character. The daily discussion of the terms Germany would impose upon a stricken world, of huge indemnities, and the eager scanning of blue-and-green maps redistributing territory, were the natural fruit of those influences.

This state of mind was in marked contrast with the later emphasis on the 'purely defensive' character of the struggle. At the outbreak of the war Maximilian Harden said that it was 'a high and holy experience.' It was then. The people had not had time to forget the preparation of the preceding twenty-five years. Since the war began I have heard Russia, France, and England, each in turn, denounced by Germans as the hereditary enemy of Germany. There is an illuminating symptom of soul in this fact. In July, 1914, Germans were listening to impassioned appeals to defend their *Kultur* against an unprovoked attack by a semi-Asiatic power. At the beginning of 1917 the German press and public were proclaiming vehemently that England alone stood in the way of peace. Last July, when M. Ribot, the French premier, made the positive statement that the French people would never consider any peace terms which did not include the restoration of Alsace and Lorraine, France again became the hereditary enemy and instigator of all the evil influences that led up to the con-

flagration. Less than a month later we find the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* and the *Kölnische Zeitung*, which represent official Germany more faithfully than any other section of the press, declaring that, if the European nations are to be saved from perpetual strife, their only hope is to combine against the 'Anglo-American menace.'

If we accept at their face-value the assertions of the German press and the utterances of German statesmen, we can only conclude that, at the beginning of the fourth year of war, we are confronted by an enemy as full as ever of overweening Prussian confidence. Press and politician here do not reflect the view of more thoughtful Germans, but the Allies will be preparing a cruel disappointment for themselves if they underrate the determination of the German people, or look for a speedy collapse of German morale. So long as no German territory is ravaged, Germans will endure severe discomfort, and the strain of war-wearing is on the national temper will not cause a complete moral breakdown.

Nevertheless a change has come over the mood of the people. All sections of the press are acting in concert to keep alive the notion that a peace securing Germany's interests may be expected in a comparatively short time. After Dr. Bethmann Hollweg's last speech in the Reichstag, the leading Socialist organ, *Vorwärts*, requested the government to state definitely what it was fighting for. Since Dr. Michaelis succeeded him in the office of Chancellor, other Socialist organs have made the same request. The German Socialists know well enough the answer to their own question, which would never have been asked if the military programme had not miscarried. Their attitude to the Socialist mind outside Germany is now engrossing attention at home and abroad, as it did in August, 1914, when

the 'Internationalists' voted the war credits, and Dr. Bethmann Hollweg acclaimed the unity of the nation. No Socialist conferences at Stockholm or elsewhere can reverse this vote or alter a syllable of the speeches delivered.

Germany, still entrenched in what she professes to believe are impregnable positions in Belgium, says that she is willing to negotiate. This does not mean that the German's patriotism has lost its fervor, but that he is looking at the debit and credit side of the situation and sees that he cannot now reap from it the full harvest of his imperialist policy. The British attitude toward the war at the present stage is entirely different. In England I note nothing that corresponds to the cries '*Wir müssen siegen*' (we must win), to which I had to listen during several months in Berlin. After three years of conflict there is simply a fixed resolution to 'see the thing through,' which contrasts strongly with the peace talk in Germany and the depression which all neutral observers agree has settled upon a section of the people there.

For some months there has been a good deal of speculation in the English press on the possibility of revolution, and on the outlook for responsible parliamentary government, in Germany. Only a combination of military defeat and starvation seems to me likely to cause a violent upheaval that would affect the foundation of the political structure. Every man and woman are so fitted into the German system that it can collapse only as a whole. Herr Scheidemann, the leader of the majority Socialists, whose recent utterances have evoked expressions of strong disapproval from non-German Socialists everywhere, said practically the same thing in July, 1917: 'The destruction of the Prussian military machine means our destruction as well.'

All parties and all sections of the

press are evidently united in the effort to convey the impression of confident outlook. The domestic distraction in Russia and the military situation on the Eastern front resulting therefrom have given the moulders of public opinion a welcome respite; but this is to some extent counteracted by the British and French offensive in Flanders. The newspapers, in any case subject to strict censorship, put the most favorable interpretation on these events. But what is the reality behind press and politician? The internal condition of Germany and the mood of the people have for at least eighteen months been the subject of rumors and reports in the English press. Had these been at all trustworthy, Germany should have collapsed some time ago. The German press, on the other hand, is assuring the people that the war is making serious inroads upon both the material resources and the morale of all the Allies, and that the ruthless submarine warfare must ultimately bring Great Britain to her knees. One outstanding item of interest in the recent revelations of Mr. James W. Gerard, late American Ambassador in Berlin, is the statement that official Germany accepted this view, and down to the last moment refused to believe that the United States would go to war over the question. Meanwhile the British offensive is proceeding somewhat more vigorously than when the submarine campaign was decided upon.

The Pope's appeal on August 17 marks another stage in the movement of German opinion. I fully expect further peace proposals, either direct from the Kaiser or through the Pope, within the next few months. But, apart from this indication of the national temper, outsiders will not perceive any weakening of morale until it becomes evident to Germans of all classes that the military machine can

no longer bear the strain. Only then will the German people agree to the recession of Alsace and Lorraine to France. This will leave the ruling minority face to face with an embittered populace. For the hopes raised have towered so high, the efforts to realize them have been so stupendous, that final failure means nothing short of national demoralization. But I do not think that a general revolution would result. One fact is worth noting. The German press for at least three months has been eagerly discussing constitutional questions, and the Prussian government has already promised to abolish the three-class electoral system and to substitute one based on a much more liberal franchise. This concession, however, is a widely different thing from the democratization of Germany.

What is the real feeling of the average man in Germany in regard to the sinking of hospital ships, the destruction of cathedrals and universities, air-raids on defenseless towns, and similar acts? I am often asked this question. In the first place, the people are misled by press and politician, and official reports can always justify any procedure intended to advance the national cause. Germany is not entirely singular in this respect. But that is not the real explanation of the everyday German's attitude toward 'frightfulness.' Here, as in all the other factors which go to make up Germanism, we trace the influence of the Prussian system. 'Frightfulness' of some kind or other has characterized the whole history of the Prussian state, and it is to-day accepted as a matter of course by the man in the street. *Krieg ist krieg* (war is war) has been the usual excuse for the outrages of the past three years. The question so often asked in England, Is the German conscience dead? points to an inability to grasp the implications of that conscience. *Deutsch-*

land über Alles has long been the expression of the conscience of Germany.

III

Doubtless many others besides myself are wondering what the new Germany will be like, whether the old ties can ever be renewed, and if hate and revenge are ultimately to give way to goodwill. Germany cannot live for all time on the gospel of hate, even though her poets may find therein a source of inspiration; but there will be no real conversion until Germans of all classes have learned by bitter experience that 'strongest feet may slip in blood.' No service will be rendered to the cause of freedom or to the international idea by closing our eyes to the fact that the moral issue between Germany and ourselves is clear and definite.

The time-spirit that underlies the events of the past eight years brought the sojourner in Germany into conscious contact with a form of *Realpolitik* which was the resultant of many factors — of influences of tradition, race, and economic progress. Throughout this period four dominant facts seem to me to characterize the attitude of the German people as a whole toward the new imperialism. (1) A large proportion of the people clearly foresaw that German policy and aspiration would rouse the whole world to active opposition. (2) The present generation kept its gaze fixed on the deeds and methods by which its predecessors achieved unity and power. (3) Germans of every party resolutely set their face against every effort to reduce competition in armament. (4) German intellectuals and educationalists are well satisfied with the results of their teaching as exemplified in Germany's conduct of the war.

Probably few people have arrived at precise views as to what Germany's

ultimate position may be, and in the vast range of issues involved in the present struggle the answers to all after-the-war questions must turn on speculation. Assuming that the Prussian military machine is destroyed, one may look for some developments in the direction of responsible parliamentary government. An industrialized community, although its members may be educated along very special lines, cannot remain forever in the bonds of a semi-feudal political system. But I do not expect the collapse of Prussian militarism to destroy German unity. Such a result would not make for permanent peace in Europe. For the Germans, as for every other people, salvation can come only from within, and they must themselves be masters in their own house. But the Allies are deeply interested in the future of Germany's domestic affairs. If Prussianism is to be the supreme influence in them, it is difficult to see how any guarantees for security can prevent imperialism, race-consciousness, and the will to dominate others, from again becoming factors in an aggressive world-mission. That is why it is essential for the peace of Europe that the German military machine be reduced to impotence by material force.

With regard to the general European situation to follow the war three conclusions seem to suggest themselves. (1) International law may tend to solidify into real law. (2) The rights of smaller nationalities and languages will be more respected. (3) Some of the Allies may decide upon a commercial policy that will have far-reaching effects on Germany's future economic position.

The question of security comes first in any discussion of peace terms. The German press to-day is insistently demanding that these terms shall give ample guarantees for the future. With

equal insistence the Allies are demanding the same thing, and the more obstinately as they acquire a truer conception of German ideals. These guarantees will be settled by deeds. 'There is no longer any international law.' If this statement, made by the Kaiser to Mr. Gerard in 1916, is to hold for the future also, and the competition in armaments is to continue as before, there can be no durable peace in Europe.

The opening years of the twentieth century saw a stream of sentiment throughout the greater part of Christendom tending to substitute the reign of law for anarchy in inter-state relations. This tendency Germany consistently counteracted—sowing difficulties at every Hague conference, resolutely setting every obstacle in the pathway to international arbitration, and at home impressing on public opinion the necessity of resisting the principle of arbitration as a danger to her imperial interests. Germany's clamor for a 'place in the sun' has been mainly responsible for the present war, but her whole colonial policy has been simply a part of her *Weltpolitik*. The German press is now insisting that the German colonies must be restored, and that it is Germany's destiny to become a greater colonial power than ever after the war. Dr. Solf, German Imperial Secretary for the Colonies, said in April last: 'Germany must have the territories back, and make them into well-developed colonies properly capable of resistance.' But at the end of 1913 the total number of Germans in German colonies—parts of which are quite suitable for white settlement—was only 24,389, and officials and soldiers formed a large percentage even of this number. These colonies were little more than points of vantage for an attack on near-by territory, or drilling grounds for native troops. The future must guarantee Great Britain's vast

oversea dominions against any aggression from 'colonies' of this description.

Since Herr Friedrich Naumann published his *Mitteleuropa*, advocating a close economic union of Germany and Austria, and stumped the Austrian Empire in support of his scheme, the press of the two Central Powers has given much space to a discussion of the possibility of their being able, at the end of the war, to form a great Middle Europe state. The destiny of the national groups which make up the Dual Monarchy will have a most important bearing on the future of Europe. The reduction of Serbia to the condition of an Austrian vassal state, and the retention in forced allegiance of millions of Czechs and Jugo-Slavs, constituted the first step in the policy of *Drang nach Osten*. Only those who have come into contact with these subject Slavs know how heavily the Austrian and Hungarian yoke has lain upon them. If the Danubian monarchy is to be left in a position to use these small nationalities for imperial purposes, the Central-Europe idea of the Pan-Germanists and the Balkan problem will remain as ever-present sources of new conflict in Europe, and the North Sea to the Persian Gulf project will follow in a more menacing form than ever.

Our own line of diplomacy in regard to the Near East has not always been either consistent or clear-sighted. But as the war proceeds, one of Germany's main objectives becomes plainer and plainer to the everyday Briton. Whatever else Germany and Austria may have hoped to gain, they certainly aimed at incorporating Serbia in the Central Europe 'block' as a preliminary to the complete control of Asiatic Turkey. An essential condition of lasting peace is the satisfaction of the national aspirations of the Slavs of southeastern Europe, who for nearly a century have striven to shake off the yoke

fitted on their necks by diplomatists.

It is, however, the economic outlook that is causing the deepest concern in the general mind of Germany to-day. The utterances of statesmen and the tone of the press make this transparently clear. Germany's finances are in a desperate plight, and a debt is being piled up which will have a crushing effect for several decades. In April, 1916, Herr Sydow, the Prussian Minister for Commerce, declared that after the war 'Germany must have access to the markets of the world if she is to live.' Dr. Michaelis, the late Imperial Chancellor, said, on July 19, 1917, that peace terms would have to 'provide a safeguard that the league in arms of our opponents shall not develop into an economic offensive alliance against us.' Herr Ballin said, shortly after the outbreak of war, that the conflict was really to prevent the establishment of a preferential tariff within the British Empire. These utterances are significant.

I dissent altogether from the view that this war is due solely to a clash, or anticipated clash, of economic interests. But time after time before the war I noted how any approach to British imperial unity, and especially to agreement on a preferential trade policy, sent a shiver of apprehension through all politicians in Germany as well as through those interested in trade and commerce. In England Germany has found an open market, and throughout the rest of the world her trade has enjoyed most-favored-nation treatment. Germans are clamoring for 'freedom of the seas.' But in normal times there was no desire, on the part of Great Britain or any other nation, to exclude them from the highways of the world's traffic. On the contrary, German shipping enjoyed the most-favored-nation treatment in every port of the British Empire, and in some of them had secured almost a monopoly. But Ger-

man traders, shipping agents, and settlers abroad, some of them naturalized citizens of their adopted country, were not satisfied with these very substantial results. They have for several decades been carrying on a policy of organized 'peaceful penetration.' Some of their methods of commercial infiltration were legitimate. Some were not. Many of these Germans were apostles of *Deutschtum*, and used the rights and privileges accorded them to secure

control of products and industries of direct national or military importance, and to exercise political influence.

In France, Italy, Russia, and the whole British Empire, there is a strong feeling against leaving the way open for a revival of this subtle form of aggression. The Germans themselves seem to be aware of the existence of this feeling, and there are many among them who dread its possible consequences to themselves.

THE GUEST

BY JOHN DRINKWATER

SOMETIMES I feel that Death is very near,
And, with half-lifted hand,
Looks in my eyes, and tells me not to fear,
But walk his friendly land,
Comrade with him, and wise
As peace is wise.

Then, greatly though my heart with pity moves
For dear imperilled loves,
I somehow know
That death is friendly so,
A comfortable spirit; one who takes
Long thought for all our sakes.

I wonder: will he come that friendly way,
That guest, or roughly, in the appointed day?
And will, when the last drops of life are spilt,
My soul be torn from me,
Or, like a ship truly and trimly built,
Slip quietly to sea?

THE GREAT EXPECTANCY

BY MARGARET PRESCOTT MONTAGUE

YESTERDAY we had our Sunday-school picnic. We have one every year, and heretofore they have all floated down the tide of memory, hardly distinguishable, in a medley of green trees, fried chicken, boys and girls, toddling babies, and old people. But this one was different. I shall always remember it on account of old Aunt Livy.

It so happens that three of our four volunteers come from different branches of the same family, and they are all Aunt Livy's great nephews. They had come home for the picnic from nearby training-camps,—very gay and self-conscious in their khaki,—and were soon to leave us, first for larger training-camps, and then for France. And while they strutted about and drilled the girls in their Red Cross costumes, Aunt Livy sat under the green trees and wept all alone, and everybody pretended not to notice. We did not want to see the tears, we wanted to think that war was just smart uniforms, and pretty Red Cross girls, and picnics; and so, when Aunt Livy, in her bright purple dress and her hat with its black plume nodding grotesquely down over her eyes, said, 'He's my little nephew,' and, 'Well, write of you kin,' mopping her eyes and her trembling mouth with a big old hand, because she had lost her handkerchief, we all tried to slip away from her. But I shall always see that picnic, with the boys and girls laughing together, and the babies meandering here and there, and in the background, poor Aunt Livy, with no one to comfort her, sitting all alone under the

sugar-maples, trembling and old, weeping over her little nephews.

And now Christopher is dead, Christopher, who came all the way from England to our mountains seeking his fortune; Christopher, who shot ground-hogs, and rode, and fiddled, and sang 'John Peel' so gayly, and who sat at our dinner-table just before he sailed for home and the great adventure.

'Yes,' Maggie says, 'I kin see him now a-settin' right here,' — she indicates a special corner of the table, — 'an' he says, "Yes, when the war's over I'll come back an' give a lecture here in the church and tell you about fighting in France and everything."

O Christopher! If you would come back now and tell us all about everything, how breathlessly we should listen! But I like to think how happy you were just before you went. Down here in the West Virginia mountains, so far away from the great conflict, I suspect that you had known 'great thoughts of heart.' But once the decision was made, you won through to a great serenity and content; and one thinks of you only as young and gay and fortunate; for, in the old days, — such a short little time ago, — when we all made merry together, who ever thought that so many of you Englishmen were to be offered a place in the ranks of a great crusade, to have the glory of a very great enterprise?

And what of us who are left? Life has all at once become a very solemn and sacred thing. We cannot take it lightly any more, it is sanctified by the

deaths of too many. It is a gift to us, something to be accepted gravely and reverently from dead hands, and to be lifted up to such high and shining levels, that the consecrated gift may be the medium through which the Great Expectancy may find its way into the world for its fulfillment.

Yes, war is here; it is staring at us through the boys' khaki, the girls' red crosses, and through old Aunt Livy's tears. But what next? What after the war?

Well, as I come now to the last paper in these apparently random notes of War and the Big Draft, it becomes evident that they have all been traveling in the same direction, that they all constantly break through the confines of their own limited subject and emerge into something beyond. As the life of our valley breaks through its own narrow isolation and goes forth into the activities of a wider world, so all those activities are gathered up and enfolded in something else, something larger, something further on—and this something seems to me to be what the Great Expectancy points to.

When I look back over the years, and seek to reconstruct my own past, I see it most often against the background of the Big Draft. I see myself seeking, hoping, and dreaming, under its trees, on the tops of its hills, and in the green pie-corners of its rail-fences; and certainly, if hopes and fancies and aspirations ever do have a resurrection, then, at the Day of Judgment, most of mine will arise and take wing out of the woods and fields and hillsides of the Big Draft in which they have so long lain asleep.

But the Great Expectancy, which was the chief among the dreams, is having a resurrection already, without waiting for the Judgment Day,—unless indeed that day is now upon us; and if it is to be born again, it shall be here in

the Big Draft where it was first conceived, and where it went beside me, so constantly, albeit so elusively, through all those early days.

If I am doubtful of the good taste of the personal pronoun, I rejoice to think that there are other and bigger things in the world at present than good taste; life has surged up, and overflowed its dykes too far to be stagnated in the cockle-shells and silver bells of the small proprieties. Moreover, what I seek to offer through the narrow medium of self is, I know, a flood tide which is pouring itself into the world through many another channel of personality, and mine will be only one among many.

I came into the world with a Great Expectancy. Somewhere, sometime, something immense, something wonderful might happen while I was here. What the great event was to be, I did not know; I only knew a vague restlessness and waiting. Possibly I suspected that the existing order of things was not quite as permanent as older people appeared to think it. Amusingly enough, one of my earliest recollections is of myself trying to refute the gloomy statement of an older person that we all had to die, on the ground that the end of the world might come while some of us were yet alive, in which case we should be translated to heaven without the formality of death. For this contention I believe I had biblical authority to offer. But I was not allowed to offer it; I was told instead that, if I said such a silly thing again, I should be sent to bed; which of course was no argument, but was, I suppose, all that could be expected from elders living in a finished world.

My world, however, was not finished; it had not really begun, and I was waiting from moment to moment for the curtain to go up. I opened many a door, thinking that each might

be the magic one that would give on the great adventure. And they all disclosed delightful bits of life, but they all stopped just short of what I was seeking. Perhaps I should never have felt that there was any big unseen thing afoot in the world — any romance just there behind the curtain — if I had not lived so close to nature. Some say that they are of Paul and some of Apollos, but I was, first of all, of the Big Draft, of its woods and its fields, its wide sky and its mountains. They lifted me out of the littleness of self, and what they first suggested, Paul and Apollos, Wordsworth and Blake later on elaborated. There was always a certain adventure in going into the woods alone. When I pushed through the undergrowth and emerged under the trees, as the bushes swung to behind me, intangible doors closed on the outer world and inner doors opened. If I could not exactly say with Wordsworth, —

There was a time when meadow, grove and stream
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light, —

at least I constantly expected that I might see them thus. There was always a chance that that something else that was there might drop its curtain of woods and grass and birds, and suddenly stand forth revealed. I hoped and feared that some day I might meet Pan.

Later I pursued this will-o'-the-wisp of expectancy through many other things. That was after Nature, my first love, had begun somewhat to relax her hold, knowing full well, the wise old woman, that she had set her image and superscription upon my heart forever; knowing that, no matter how occupied the rest of me might be, there would always be a little sentinel of love deep within me, who could never see any of her merry children,

bird, bee, or blossom, without answering with a gay and affectionate salute.

But while Nature had awakened love and drawn me ever on a quest of wonder and reverence that was outside of my own small self, the other things too often played on vanity with extravagant promises. Well, I never really believed them; for, when one grows up with mountains rather than molehills against which to measure one's self, one's importance becomes amusingly small. Indeed, 'Why so hot, little man?' But at last I grew weary of the chase, deciding that if there were any great adventure it was not in the mirage of the just beyond, but rather in a clearing of the inner vision by a passionate devotion to the least and simplest events of everyday life. In which reflection I was no doubt nearer to clutching the hem of Truth's garment than I had been at any time since childhood, when Nature, through the medium of the Big Draft, sought so tenderly and so charmingly to open my eyes.

So, like a spectator at the play, I had come early, and waited so long for the performance to begin, that I had almost dropped asleep in my chair, when suddenly, with a crash, the curtain flew up on a drama so amazing, so titanic, so overwhelming, that one's very breath was snatched away in horror. In the wink of an eye we beheld the old stable world that we knew go up in fire and smoke — vanish like the snows of yesteryear.

'Just think,' commented a friend of mine, looking at two little girls of five and six, 'these children will not be able to remember what the world was like before the war.' No, that is past history now. Where are those old years of 1911, 1912, 1913? They seem ages away across there in the sunshine of the past, with a black chasm yawning between us. Never did history leap so abruptly from one epoch to another.

Some of us do not even yet realize the change. We think that, when peace returns, the old world as we knew it will return with it. And in that hope we are still trying to pull the remnants of that old world up over our ears to shut out the tremendous footfalls of the oncoming new. We think to placate the ravenous times with little sops of service, a little knitting, a little patriotism, a little Red Cross work, as if one sought to defend one's self with a knitting-needle against the Kingdom of Heaven. Like the man in the parable, we had built snug material barns, and thought ourselves safe, when suddenly God said, 'Thou fool, this night is thy soul required of thee.'

Can Fate be moving toward such an overwhelming event, just there behind the curtain of human sight, and no one in the world have any prescience of it? Did not the coming events cast their shadows before in all the wild restlessness of the first years of the century? And did not some of us perhaps invite ourselves into life for this very period? Since time immemorial there has been the belief that the spirit, before it enters the world, pulling the dark veil of time and matter over the eyes, has chosen its entry with a foreknowledge of what that period in life is to hold. What if some of us came into the world for the very sake of these tremendous times? Can this be true? Who knows? Not I, at least. I know only that, if it were true, when we got back to the other side, and stood at the crossroads of eternity, where we could look both forward and back, we should be deeply humiliated if, when the great events which we had sent our spirits forth to meet had arrived, they had so overwhelmed us that we went down into despair before them, instead of meeting them with courage and high hearts, and weaving out of them some great redemption.

I would not force the idea either that the Great Expectancy which invited me through all the early years — as it doubtless invites most young people — was any veiled prophecy of the coming of a world-war. But one begins now to hope that that expectancy, which was no doubt the spirit groping through the dark, may yet out of all this world-agony come to a fuller realization. Shall nothing spiritual be born for the world out of all this grief? Shall old Aunt Livy weep all alone for her little nephews, in vain; and Europe be crucified for no resurrection?

We have been like bewildered mariners swept by a dark tidal wave out of all our bearings, and, like the sailors of Columbus, we too, at times, have been mutinous with fear.

They sailed and sailed as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
'Why, now not even God would know,
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dead seas is gone.
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say —'
He said: 'Sail on! sail on! and on!'

And well, indeed, has it been for any of us who could hear a brave voice crying through the dark, 'Sail on, and on,' for now at length such a voice begins to be justified. In 1914, the old world, as we knew it, suddenly became without form and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep; but now we begin to believe that all the time the spirit of God was moving upon the face of the waters, and that presently He shall say, 'Let there be light.'

The first act of the great drama was war and blood and destruction, and the second act was the same, more agony, more grief, terror, and destruction; but now there begins to be a great hope flaring through the darkness in many different quarters, and voices of many watchmen set upon towers begin to cry the glimmer of daybreak. Perhaps the

world, sailing a dark track, has all along been headed toward a great consummation — 'Time's burst of dawn.'

One holds no brief for war. This new thing was knocking at the doors of the world before 1914, and no one can say whether the war has hastened or retarded its entry; but perhaps it was inevitable that the old world of the materialist, topheavy with its overweening pride, should, like the devil-possessed swine of the Scriptures, rush violently down a steep place to its own destruction, and in the throes of its titanic suicide pull the rest of the world temporarily down with it. Moreover, when man is well and prosperous and full of himself, there seems to be little room for God; but when his prosperous world comes suddenly to an end, it leaves within him a vacuum of despair, into which the Spirit may pour itself. Perhaps also we hold too cheaply beliefs for which we are never called upon to die. The early Christians did not take their faith lightly — they knew that at any moment they might have to offer their lives for it, and a thing that one dies for is a precious thing. We had forgotten that we could die for ideals, and when enough have fought and bled, those who are left may accept from their hands, with a stricken reverence, the hyssop of Eternal Truth, seeing how very deep it has been dipped in the sacrificial blood.

Some look for a furtherance of democracy out of this great conflict, and some for a brotherhood among the nations; but others again look for something more — a fuller incarnation of the Spirit. I could quote many passages from late books and from magazine articles giving voice to this expectancy, but I will take instead the words of a blacksmith — not, it is true, of the Big Draft, but of this state, at least.

'Yes,' he said, 'therc's something

new comin' — you kin sorter feel it in the air.'

The first sight is the difficult sight. When one goes into the spring woods to look for hepaticas, at first the woods are gray and dead. Then the eye lights upon a single clump of blossoms, and then, the sight being cleared, as it were, by this one cluster, suddenly one perceives that the woods are full of bloom. The eye must be attuned to hepaticas; so also the inner vision needs its adjustment as well. But catch one glimpse of this Great Expectancy, and suddenly one realizes that it is bursting forth in every direction. It is the young people who have the quick, the fresh eye; their sight has not been too long accustomed to the old things. And it is natural that they should be the first to offer a response to the oncoming of the Spirit. They have not been blind to the terror and awfulness of the time, they have seen the darkness of the tower, they have dared the worst, —

In a sheet of flame
I saw them and I know them all, and yet
Dauntless the slug-horn to my lips I set,
And blew, 'Childe Roland to the dark tower
came.'

They are the children of the new generation; they are seeing something that their elders cannot always glimpse.

'They have rediscovered the secret of the Ages of Enthusiasm,' says Maurice Barrès. 'By this token they are more complete natures than we, and come nearer to fulfilling the type of man made perfect.' And earlier in the same essay, he says, 'In these young men is taking place a resurrection of our most glorious days. Some great thing is about to come into being.' And again, 'Have you noticed that they speak constantly of God — that they pray?'

'Some great thing is about to come into being.'

‘There’s something new comin’ —
you kin sorter feel it in the air.’

Blacksmith in West Virginia and Member of the French Academy echo each other. All over the world there is this feeling, this sense of expectancy,—

Waiting to see some wonder momently
Grow out, stand full, fade slow against the sky.

Yet they are careful not to formulate the hope beyond expectancy. Remembering Christ’s admonition against the pouring of new wine into old bottles, they await the outpouring of this new wine, not anticipating it, or insisting that it shall go into any old inflexible bottle of the past, but offering to it instead the humble and passionate receptacle of a broken and a contrite heart.

And now we are beginning to have cold nights and frosty mornings; the cut corn is marching straight across the fields in long ranks of neat shocks; the harvest — substance of the things Mr. Hoover has hoped for through the summer — is stored in barn and cellar; kettles of apple-butter are simmering in door-yards, and soon after these notes are printed, the momentous year 1917 will have burned itself up on a glorious funeral pyre of autumn flame; its gray November ashes will have been laid to rest beneath the white consecration of snow, and the Christmas month will be upon the Big Draft, and upon all the world as well.

And what tribute shall we bring to the season?

The herald of the times displays a black scroll, but it is shot through with a transcendent gleam, a hope that cries to humanity for a great service, a great faith, and a great surrender. Shall not this be our gift: that we in America offer to all those gallant young men who have died for our country no less than for their own, a solemn consecration and dedication of our hopes to the Great Expectancy? And bringing what treasures of gold and frankincense and myrrh our souls possess, pay a passionate tribute to their heroic memories in a high-hearted devotion to the blazing hope of the hour?

If we can make answer in some such way, then indeed may we have confidence that none of old Aunt Livy’s tears have been wasted, that none of the unutterably dear and brave Christopherers of the world been offered up in vain. These last have in very truth, like their prototype, been the Christ-bearers to the world; and as that Christopher of old carried the mysterious Child through the raging torrent, so they, breasting a darker and more dreadful flood, have brought his shining spirit back into the world and presented it to humanity at this most solemn Christmas. Shall we fail, then, to accept their poignant gift with anything short of the complete surrender of soul and body?

What does the future hold? Agony, death, and war, no doubt, but also our own souls, God, and the Great Expectancy.

THE THREATENED ECLIPSE OF FREE SPEECH

BY JAMES HARVEY ROBINSON

I

In the letter in which the editor of the *Atlantic* suggested that I say something about the limits of free speech during critical times, he wrote, 'Personally, I am heartily in favor of prosecuting the present war with every ounce of American vigor, but I question the effect of the growing intemperance of the public attitude.' I, too, am eager, now that our country has entered the fearful game, that it should play its part bravely and skillfully.

All paths to peace seem momentarily to be blocked by towering obstacles — even the ancient and oft-trodden highway of war. Although reconciled to taking this as the most promising way, I cannot share the flushed indignation of those who denounce as traitors all who take a different view of our national policy and of the choice we have made. The present crisis baffles the insight of the wisest men and pitifully dwarfs the resources of the most seasoned intellect. If we can honestly agree with the great mass of our countrymen on the wisdom of joining in the war, we should be devoutly thankful, for we are lucky in escaping the disgrace and danger of dissent and suspected loyalty. We may well pity those who find themselves in disagreement, for their lot is a hard one; but some of us who now warmly support the war cannot find it in our hearts to condemn all so-called pacifists, or even those who are torn by conflicting allegiances. They sadly irritate us, and in the free expansion of friendly

conversation I, at least, can deal damnation round in a way fully to justify my claim to be a patriot. Yet in many cases we are forced to confess that those who disagree with us appear to be quite as noble as we, their ideals are no less lofty than ours, and their estimate of the present and guesses about the future quite as inspired.

Man must have his woes and sore perplexities in order to develop his faculties. Philosophers have often pointed out that uninterrupted contentment would speedily land us in unconsciousness. Now, to our usual steady and beneficent supply of private troubles have been added public disasters and social problems of unprecedented magnitude. The war has stirred men's minds as nothing else could have done. It has made certain questions acute and urgent which have hitherto been only languidly asked and never answered. What causes wars? What assures peace? What is democracy? What is neutrality? Who is a non-combatant? What is freedom of the seas?

When we see khaki uniforms all about us, when we are saying good-bye to relatives and friends departing for French trenches; when coal runs low in the cellar and sugar in the kitchen; when we have a guilty feeling in giving preference to rolled wheat over oatmeal, and are consciously grateful for a boiled potato; when we note the lowering of the exemption limit of the income tax, and are suspected of being a scoundrel if we do not invest in government bonds, the mind is quick-

ened as never before. We would seem to have a right to suspect that many things must have been fundamentally wrong in the old and revered notions of the State, of national honor, even of patriotism, since they seem at least partially responsible for bringing the world to the pass in which it now finds itself.

Just at this critical juncture, when scrupulous thinking and ruthless analysis of accepted principles of social and political order are forced upon us, come reports of government censorship, exclusions from the mails, the breaking up of public meetings, and expulsion of teachers from our schools and colleges for expressing opinions adjudged disloyal, seditious, or treasonable.

Here is a new puzzle. We have had little sympathy for similar proceedings in the belligerent countries. We have freely expressed our contempt for the ninety and three distinguished German professors who, in the autumn of 1914, — under the Kaiser's whip, it was assumed, — addressed to the civilized world their passionate defense of their country's policy. Our most conservative newspapers, which always damn Socialists at home, have quoted ecstatically the brave utterances of the same party in Germany. We have denounced the stupidities of the British censors and lamented the cutting off of our supply of German newspapers, even of scientific periodicals; and why, we asked, need any one get so heated by the words of a gentle philosopher like Bertrand Russell? And, now that we are actually in the war, these same things which we deprecated in the policy of European countries have become our policy.

We have, furthermore, been taught from childhood to sing of our country as a land of liberty and to flatter ourselves that freedom of speech is an indubitable element of 'Americanism.' The Constitution of the United States

precludes Congress from passing any law abridging freedom of speech, or of the press, or the right of the people peacefully to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances. The state constitutions abound in praise of freedom of speech. For instance, the constitution of New York (1894) assures to every citizen the right to 'freely speak, write, and publish his sentiments on all subjects'; and the constitution of Pennsylvania (1873) declares that 'the free communication of thoughts and opinions is one of the invaluable rights of man.' In the constitution of North Carolina the freedom of the press is pronounced 'one of the great bulwarks of liberty'; and freedom of speech is held 'sacred' by the constitution of Mississippi. According to those of Wyoming and Kentucky, absolute and arbitrary power exists nowhere in a republic, 'not even in the largest majority.'

Such are the ideals of our constitutional law — and they should be a source of deep satisfaction to all free-minded people. In practice, however, one is not permitted, even in times of profound peace, to publish and utter publicly all the criticisms, recommendations, and denunciations which he may deem important for the public ear. According to those very laws which proclaim freedom of speech, 'every individual is to be held responsible for the abuse of the same.' This means that, although no laws are to be passed by Congress or by the state legislatures imposing limits upon the expression of opinion, yet if any one says anything at a public meeting which is deemed immoral, indecent, inflammatory, or treasonable by the policemen or plain-clothes men present, he may be arrested, and mayhap imprisoned or fined. If one seeks to disseminate his ideas by means of periodicals or pamphlets, the post-office officials may decline to trans-

mit anything that does not suit their taste; and the courts have decided that the United States post-office has precisely the same right to refuse to carry *The Masses* that it has to exclude sulphuric acid and dynamite from the mails. So it comes about that the rights of public discussion are always really limited, and that they may readily be impaired by narrow, ignorant, and prudish interference. Such then is the legal status of the matter in times of peace.

Many intelligent persons, as well as the great mass of the unthinking, would, now that war is on, have us surrender some of the normal constitutional safeguards of free speech; they would have the plain-clothes men and police officials, our district attorneys, juries, and judges, exercise new vigilance in their control of meetings and public speeches. The excuses for this are the activities of German agents and sympathizers, the encouragement which slackers may receive, and the depressing effect upon our troops of tolerated pacifists and conscientious objectors.

The people, speaking through their duly appointed representatives,—the President and Congress,—have, after the most atrocious provocations and reiterated attacks upon our national honor, deliberately and with the general sanction of the nation decided to enter the war in defense of the highest ideals of democracy and of world-peace. The minority, who are still unconciled with this decision or are not yet fully persuaded, must, it is urged, yield to the majority and keep their mouths shut. For them to continue their protests when the boys are in the trenches is giving aid and comfort to the enemy; it is essentially disloyal, if not downright treasonable. It promotes disunion at home, when every nerve should be strained to obtain a

speedy victory, and it encourages the enemy to continue the struggle.

As a writer in the New York *Evening Post* has recently put the case: 'Freedom of speech, freedom of the press, academic freedom, freedom of conscience — these are noble and inspiring phrases; as symbols of causes they are worth fighting for and dying for. The more pity that they should be invoked so often these days in behalf of those who abuse their freedom to the injury of their country's cause. When peace comes, freedom will be as regnant in American life and thought as ever before. But in the meantime, they are not helping the cause of freedom who are using it as a cloak to conceal disloyalty.'

It may be urged further that war is a very ancient expedient and will bring its inevitable ancient accompaniments. When we start out to kill enemies abroad on a gigantic scale, we are not likely to hesitate to gag those at home who seem directly or indirectly to sympathize with the foe. But just here we may well stop and make a couple of distinctions.

In the first place difference of opinion is not necessarily disloyalty. This name is now applied with the utmost *abandon*; much as 'atheist' was once used to defame any one who differed from the generally accepted religious doctrines, no matter how fervently he believed in God and the Bible. Some people in the United States wish Germany to be victorious; to express this wish publicly, or to do anything with a view of hampering the efficiency of our preparations for war, or to transmit useful information to the enemy, would certainly be disloyal, not to say treasonable. Those, however, who continue to say that they wish we had not entered the war; that some other less horrible policy might have been selected; that war has never yet begotten

lasting peace but only new war; that some men loathe shooting their fellow men under government auspices in the same sickening way that they would loathe the private murder — such persons are in no way treasonable, and disloyal only in the sense of failing eagerly to coöperate with the majority in a crisis. To accuse them of 'giving aid and comfort to the enemy' is not only to use this legal expression *in just the sense that it was designed to preclude*, — namely, constructive treason, — but the charge might facetiously be brought against President Wilson himself, who, by distinguishing between the German people and their government, has, according to the Germans themselves, only solidified their intimate union and fortified their resolution to defend their beloved ruler to the end.

It is this confusion between real traitors on the one hand, and on the other hand those persons whose human sympathy and idealism outrun the common bounds, that fills many of us with dismay. Few readers will feel any misgivings in regard to measures, however harsh, taken against the first group; it is the second category that raises the question of freedom of speech and its proper restraint in war-times.

II

There is another consideration which must not be neglected in any discussion of free speech, whether in peace or war; and that is the time, place, and manner in which talking is carried on. Speech is, after all, only one phase of our general behavior. It may be used to give information, to present various interests and points of view, to clarify problems, and to suggest solutions. On the other hand, it may degenerate into violence, gross misrepresentation, and confusion. Human speech is derived directly from the various noises that

our humbler kinsmen in the animal world are wont to make. We can growl, snarl, bark, whine, cackle, and purr, articulately as well as inarticulately. Talk enables us to warn, frighten, conciliate, threaten, soothe, and startle our fellow beings. In the beginning language was made up of vocal gestures which gave relief to fundamental emotions. It still serves this purpose and will continue to do so, *in saecula saeculorum*.

What passes for reasoning on most occasions is a series of vocal sounds which serve — to use a phrase at once popular and scientific — to 'relieve our minds.' Arguments employed in political addresses, sermons, and newspaper editorials are commonly little more than mere ejaculations, called forth by feelings of approval or disapproval, comfort or alarm.

Language is also an ingenious substitute for other and more laborious forms of action. A purely verbal attack often produces the same attractive results that might be looked for from a bodily encounter, and with none of its hazards. It gives the weak and timid a weapon for vanquishing the strong. One can arraign and punish whole nations in this way, without shedding a drop of blood. Those who are wont to be frightened by violent talk should realize that the more violent it is, the less dangerous. The very utterance of one's feelings produces a sort of Aristotelian catharsis, relieves the tension, and reconciles the speaker to inaction. If we do not approve of the talk, we are tempted to declare that it is a menace to morals and public order; but it is the talk that disconcerts us, rather than any appreciable risk that it will take the form of actual physical violence. Why cannot we learn that most people are continually saying things that they have no intention of doing, and of urging others to do things which they well know will not be done? The very free-

dom of speech is commonly its own antidote, and so should logically be welcomed by all those who would have the existing order remain undisturbed.

If speech were confined to cool reasoning, it would attract but little attention and would rouse little objection, whatever might be said. But since it is primarily or exclusively an expression of feelings and sympathies, of approbation and hostility, it will always be offensive so far as it does not suit the tastes and accord with the habits of those who listen to it. It will inevitably be judged as polite or impolite, courteous or inconsiderate, gracious or insulting, godly or impious. Now such adjectives as these are inapplicable when we are employing our powers of speech, as we now and then do, for real reasoning—analyzing complicated situations, making distinctions, agreeing on definitions, and seeking the proper educations and inferences to be made from new knowledge. Conclusions that we express in regard to the constitution of the atom, the construction of a carbureter, the obligations of neutrality, the historic development of marriage, or the nature of the modern state, should not aim to be polite or impolite, gracious or rude; they should aim to be what we call true. But strangely enough most of us most of the time are really quite indifferent to truth, and are using language in the old, primitive way as a signal of agreement or disagreement. We become partisans before we realize it. We get pledged to beliefs we know not how, and they become dear to us by reason of their familiarity and associations. When they are questioned, we are outraged, and rush to their defense in the name of truth. Our hypocrisy is too deep and impulsive for us to detect. Our beliefs are not the result of reasoning, as we fondly conceive in our child-like innocence of the processes of the

mind; they are, on the contrary, the motives which prompt us to 'rationalize' — that is to discover plausible grounds for continuing to believe what we wish.

In practice, those are very few who have any inclination to talk in a way that is likely to lead to their arrest, or to express their indecencies with so little subtlety as to attract the attention of the postal officials and guardians of the public purity. The censor is commonly slow-footed and heavy-eyed, for otherwise he would not aspire to his rôle. It is not hard to elude him; one need only avoid a few phrases which he has learned to recognize as wicked or dangerous, and express one's self with a little freshness, or resort to irony, or a scientific phraseology, in order to be quite safe. Indeed, one cannot avoid at times lamenting the decay of censorship, which in the eighteenth century was the occasion of much humorous pussyfooting on the part of Diderot, Voltaire, Gibbon, and the rest; a source of innocent pleasure to themselves and their discriminating readers.

At present, all things may be said and printed if only time and circumstance be somewhat carefully considered. One may reject every vestige, not only of Christianity but of all religious belief, even the existence of God and the life to come; and there are many occasions on which this privilege can be exercised. Indeed, except for blasphemy, which is a sort of breach of good order, no arrests or exclusions from the mails are likely to take place, unless one's negations are accompanied by seditious or otherwise shocking remarks. One can always criticize and attack the policy of all government officials, from the President of the United States down to the local coroner; they can safely be denounced as knaves, fools, and, latterly, even as traitors. One can pick flaws in our Constitution and the courts which interpret it; one

can even question the expediency of the State itself, as now understood; but one would better not be associating with supposed anarchists when so doing.

Our economic system, our prevailing rights of property and methods of distributing wealth, may be freely dealt with, and the Socialist has his say so long as he does not choose an acute labor crisis as the occasion for expressing his mind. Lastly, marriage, the family, and the relations of the sexes, are rapidly freeing themselves from the reticences of our rather prudish traditions. The recent agitations in regard to methods of contraception indicate clearly that there is still a good deal of old-fashioned frantic obscurantism; but the work of Havelock Ellis has proved that even the most intimate and usually repulsive details of sexual relations, normal and abnormal, can be presented in a spirit at once high-minded, scientific, and sympathetic. Then, too, all the speculations which are associated with Freud's name have given a certain dignity to what might formerly have been regarded as prurient reveries. The modern story and drama are also serving to diminish the importance of the impurity complex.

When one reviews the history of toleration and of freedom of thought, one has no reason to be discouraged. The issue of free speech is really modern, and emerged clearly as a defensible proposition only with Milton's *Areopagitica*, to be followed by the widely divergent reasoning of Jeremy Taylor and Joseph Glanvil, and by Locke's classical first *Letter on Toleration* (1689), which says almost the last word on the matter so far as religious differences are concerned. Natural science and philosophy have gradually escaped from the control of an antiquated theology, and it is a good while since any one has been imprisoned for his scientific or philosophical views.

English experience and the democratic revolutions, beginning with the first French Revolution, have served to assure practical freedom in the discussion of current political questions; which is a gain of incalculable importance. Finally, the industrial revolution of the nineteenth century has opened up such fundamental matters as the limits of private ownership, the apportionment of profits, the implications of the new position in which woman finds herself, her place in the family, and her general relations with the other sex.

The world-war has greatly deepened our study of the State and has forced us to consider, not merely the old questions as to how it should be governed, whether by a king, an aristocracy, or democratically, but whether the national state as now conceived is not a product of particular historical conditions which are passing away, and whether it is not coming to be an anachronism and the chief obstacle in the way of the permanent peace for which we all sigh.

It is clear that the extension of public discussion to matters hitherto deemed too fundamental and sacred to be questioned is a secular process, extending through the centuries, which is widening the range of our thought and speculation *malgré nous*. In the beginning, social relations and religious beliefs changed so slowly that there was no idea of progress and improvement, only of degeneration, since the old have always been prone, for rather obvious psychological reasons, to suspect that things were brighter and nobler in their youth than in their years of decline. The Greek and Roman writers tried in some cases to account for the manner in which man had reached the condition in which they found him, but they did not look at themselves as contributing to or hindering advance. Indeed, the notion that man can learn more and

more of the world in which he lives, of the nature and workings of natural things, and that he may succeed in applying his knowledge to better his estate was not very clearly stated until Lord Bacon's *Advancement of Learning* appeared, in 1605. This truth has become a commonplace with us now, and we see on every side multiform demonstrations of its validity.

Nevertheless few people as yet realize that the great increase in our knowledge of man and the world, and the practical revolution that this knowledge is making in our environment, may in time discredit practically all the opinions and beliefs which have been handed down to us from the Middle Ages and earlier times. How much of contemporaneous thought, widely accepted as peculiarly binding and sacred, was formulated for us in the decadent Roman Empire and transmitted to the Middle Ages, only a student of intellectual history is likely to appreciate. He is constantly impressed with the fact that thought, instead of taking the lead, too often lags behind the procession of outward changes, and tardily and grudgingly adjusts itself to them.

To take a good illustration, the principles of International Law were set down by Grotius in the first half of the seventeenth century with such insight and astuteness that his work became a classic. But there were no standing armies of highly trained conscripts in his day, no nations in arms, no strong national feeling, no monster guns, no steel ships driven by steam or oil, no such deadly explosives as modern chemistry has discovered. As yet war was carried on neither in the blue heavens nor beneath the ocean wave. Distant colonies and defenseless peoples in Asia and Africa had not yet become objects of European exploitation on any considerable scale. As yet there were no Quakers to denounce war altogether,

VOL. 120 - NO. 6

and to found the line of conscientious objectors; no Voltaire to admire them and spread the fame of their good sense and humanity among the philosophers. What could Grotius know of the causes and etiquette of war as we know it, or of the conditions essential to the peace which it devolves upon us to hasten? Yet, if I am not mistaken, many of the cherished principles of international law as it was treated before the war were derived from the Dutch jurist and his *De Jure Belli et Pacis*, published in 1625.

Nothing could be less intelligent than to assume, as many respectable persons still manage to do, that the forms of agitation which are popularly summed up in the terms socialism, anarchism, feminism, and pacifism are mere eccentricities of unbalanced minds, seeking to cloak their hatred of restraint and their cowardice under theories of social regeneration. All these movements are simply indices of altered conditions produced by modern applied science, and the new vistas of necessary adaptation which these have opened.

The patience of even the most tolerant is bound to be sorely taxed. Old-fashioned toleration of religious dissent and of political views, which is now pretty generally established, as well as the freedom of scientific and philosophical speculation, are no longer sufficient. Pascal remarked that, if the earth were turning on its axis, the decisions of the Roman Curia would not stop it. If the terms and conditions of human relationship, private, national, and international, are being revolutionized, as they obviously are, the protests of distracted reactionaries cannot check the process; they can serve only to render the adjustments slower, more bungling and circuitous, than they would otherwise be.

Were there time, it might be shown by glaring historical instances that it is

the conservatives, not the reformers, who have hitherto been responsible for disorder and bloodshed; who organize inquisitions and censorships, Albigensian crusades and massacres of St. Bartholomew. It may be that this is only because they have always constituted the dominant party; that those advocating change may some day become so numerous and so well organized that they too may be in a position to coerce the laggards. As yet only a few minor attempts, the gravity of which has been grossly exaggerated by the heated imaginations and fears of the conservative, can be charged up against them. It might be shown that the horrors of the present war are largely due to the perpetuation of outworn institutions, of discredited ambitions, and of illicit national aspirations.

Burke, if I remember rightly, feared lest, if the foundations of the State were really revealed, they would be found to be so insubstantial that anarchy might supervene, and he concludes therefore that they should always be shrouded in mystery. We are now beginning to see that man is not naturally an unruly animal; on the contrary, he is, perhaps, o'er docile, o'er solicitous in regard to the esteem of his fellows. He has always been readily enslaved, and the curtain of history rises on tens of thousands of laborious Egyptians, neglecting their own convenience to drag great blocks of limestone to construct a suit-

able home for their ruler when he should pass to the realms of the sun.

Our inborn subservience is reinforced by the ineffaceable impressions of childhood's dependence. Man spontaneously generates social order and reveres his guides and rulers. He has always been cowed by the wishes of his ancestors and by the writings of ancient sages. He is not naturally anarchic and is not likely ever to become so.

Personally, I am convinced that modern conditions are far more favorable than any previous state of the world for the rapid extension of an unprecedented degree of toleration, and that the revived restraints due to the war are transient, and need not be a serious cause of apprehension to any one, however irritating they may appear to those who regard them as foolish and unnecessary.

One may reach such a stage of intellectual emancipation that he exempts nothing from scrutiny; he perceives that the spheres in which mankind has made the most startling achievements in human coördination and effectiveness are those from which all notions of reverence, except for intelligence and success, have been eliminated. Only when that ancient, savage term 'sacred' disappears from our thought and speech, except as a reminder of outlived superstition, can we hope for a full and generous acknowledgment of the essential rôle of absolutely free discussion.

HOW TO DESTROY PAN-GERMANY

BY ANDRÉ CHÉRADAME

PAN-GERMANY'S STRENGTH AND WEAKNESS

IN April last, when it was generally believed in Paris that the revolution at Petrograd made certain the end of German influence over the vast former Empire of the Tsars, I wrote the study which appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* for June. I then said, 'It is possible that idealistic extremists may guide the revolution toward pacifism or anarchy. The swarming agents of Germany are working there without respite. If their efforts succeed, the strength of Russia will swiftly dissolve.'

Unhappily, events have justified this word of caution in only too full measure. The Allies have now to set to work to reorganize the forces of Russia. It is a task to which their duty and their interests alike make it imperative for them to devote themselves with their utmost strength. But we must cherish no illusions. The rebuilding of the forces of Russia must inevitably be a long, arduous, and doubtful undertaking. It is advisable, therefore, to consider, at the same time, if there is not some method of making up for the Russian default by bringing into play, to further the victory of the Entente, certain powerful forces which the Allies have not thus far even thought of employing.

Now, these forces and this method do exist; but in order to enforce clearly their reality, their importance, and the way to make use of them, I must, in the first place, call attention to a fundamental and enduring error of the Allies, set forth the extraordinary cre-

dulity with which they allow themselves to be ensnared in the never-ending intrigues of Berlin, and describe the principal shifts which Germany employs, with undeniable cleverness, to annul to an extraordinary degree the effect of the Allies' efforts.

These essential causes of mistaken judgment being eliminated, we shall then be able to understand what the existing forces are which will enable the Entente to make up with comparative rapidity for the Russian default, and to contribute with remarkable efficiency to the destruction of Pan-Germany.

I

THE FUNDAMENTAL AND ENDURING ERROR OF THE ALLIES

For three years past events have notoriously proved that the concrete Pangermanist scheme, developed between 1895 and 1911, has been followed strictly by the Germans since the outbreak of hostilities. Now, the diplomacy of the Entente is devised as if there were no Pangermanist scheme.

This is the source of all the vital strategical and diplomatic errors of the Entente — consequences of the failure to understand the German military and political manœuvring. Here is proof derived from recent events — one of many which it would be possible to allege.

When it was announced a few weeks ago that Austria would play an appar-

ently preponderating part in the reconstitution of Poland, a very large number of newspapers in the Entente countries decided that 'it is perfectly evident that the Austrian policy has carried the day in Poland.' A similar deduction has led Allied readers to believe that Vienna has prevailed over Berlin. The result has been to strengthen the faith of those who deem it possible to impose terms on Berlin through the channel of Vienna, and even to induce Austria to conclude a separate peace. Now, to convey such an impression as this to Allied public opinion is to lead it completely astray. If the Hapsburgs are playing an apparently predominant part in Poland it is solely because that part, as we are about to prove, is assigned to them by the Pan-Germanist scheme.

In the pamphlet, *Pan-Germany and Central Europe about 1950*, published in Berlin in 1895, which contains the whole Pan-Germanist plan, we find the following:—

'Poland and Little Russia [the kingdom to be established at Russia's expense] will agree to have no armies of their own, and will receive in their fortresses German or Austrian garrisons. In Poland, as well as in Little Russia, the postal and telegraph services and the railways will be in German hands.'

For twenty-two years the Pan-Germanist scheme has been followed up. Tannenberg, in his book *Greater Germany*, which appeared in 1911,—a work whose exceptional importance has been demonstrated by events, and which, in all probability, was inspired officially,—prophesies very distinctly,—

'The new kingdom of Poland is made up of the former Russian portion, of the basin of the Vistula, and of Galicia, and forms a part of the new Austria.'

These most unequivocal words appeared, it will be admitted, *three years before the war*. Now *Le Temps* of Sep-

tember 7, 1917, said on the authority of the Polish agency at Berne, which is subsidized by Austria and publishes news communicated to it by the government of Vienna,—

'Germany would take such portion of Russian Poland as she needs to rectify her "strategic frontiers." This portion would include almost a tenth of Russian Poland. *The rest would be annexed to Austria. The Emperor Charles would thereupon issue a decree of annexation of Russian Poland to Galicia, under the title of Kingdom of Poland.* . . . The dual monarchy would then become triple, and the first result of this readjustment would be to compel all Poles to undergo military service in the Austrian armies. All the deputies representing Galicia would automatically leave the Austrian Reichsrath, to enter the new Polish Parliament, which would give the German parties in the Austrian Parliament, a certain absolute majority.'

This result of the present action of Vienna and Berlin, foreshadowed by the *Temps* apparently for the near future, has been in view for twenty-two years. In fact, in the fundamental pamphlet of 1895, already quoted, it is said that '*Galicia and the Bukowina will be excluded from the Austrian monarchy. They will form the nucleus of the kingdoms of Poland and Little Russia . . . which, however, may be united, by the personal link of the sovereign, to the reigning house of Hapsburg.*'

So it is that, very far from having forced anything upon Germany in relation to Poland, Charles I of Hapsburg has shown that he submits with docility to the Pan-Germanist decrees, since he gives his entire adhesion to the carrying into effect of the plan followed at Berlin from 1895 to 1911—for nineteen years before hostilities began! The actual fact, therefore, is the direct antithesis of what the conclusions of

many Allied newspapers have, of course in absolute good faith, permitted their readers to believe. Now everything goes to show that this error arises solely from a technical ignorance of the Pangermanist scheme, of which the guiding spirits of the Entente seem to have no more conception than a considerable portion of the Allied press. However, if they wish for victory, the Allies must inevitably act in systematic opposition to the Pangermanist scheme. They cannot therefore dispense with the necessity of becoming thoroughly familiar with it.

Nor is there any more reliable guide, since the events that have taken place for three years past have demonstrated the absolute accuracy of the Pangermanist outgivings anterior to the war. Knowing what the Germans are going to do, we can deduce therefrom the best means of opposing it. If this method had been followed, no serious error would have been committed by the Allies. They would have understood that Germany was making war in behalf of the Hamburg-Persian Gulf enterprise, — which was intended to supply her with the instruments of world-domination; that, consequently, the Danube front, *which the Allies held*, must be retained at whatever cost, which would have been, comparatively speaking, very easy, if they had recognized in time this imperative necessity.

Now, if the Allies had retained their hold of the Danube front, the war would have been over nearly two years ago. It is, in fact, solely because they did not grasp the necessity of thus holding it, that the Germans have been able to carry out their Eastern plan and to constitute the Pan-Germany which must now be destroyed in order to avoid the defeat of civilization, and eventual slavery. To effect this destruction is infinitely easier than is generally believed, on the condition that the

most is made of the causes tending to the internal dissolution of Pan-Germany. But, to understand these available causes, familiarity with the Pangermanist scheme is indispensable. It is urgently necessary, therefore, to put an end to this intolerable condition, namely, that, while the Allies have an extraordinary opportunity to become accurately acquainted with the whole programme of procedure at Berlin, as contained in a multitude of German documents, — that is to say, the real objects of Germany in the war, — while they have this opportunity, they go on acting and arguing as if that programme did not exist. It is this condition which proves most clearly the extraordinary and enduring credulity which the Allies exhibit in face of the endless German intrigues.

II

THE ALLIES' CREDULITY

The heads of the Allied governments, moved by the best intentions but completely taken by surprise by the war, are carrying it on far too much in accordance with the ordinary procedure of times of peace: negotiations, declarations, speeches. Notably in the gigantic palaver into which Maximalist Russia has developed, men fancy that they have acted when they have talked. The events of three years of war prove conclusively that the Boches, turning to their profit the predilection of the Allied leaders for verbal negotiations and manifestations, — a predilection complicated by ignorance of the Pangermanist scheme, — have succeeded in nullifying to an extraordinary degree the effect of the sacrifices of the Entente.

Until the Russian revolution, Berlin brought to bear on the diplomacy of the Entente those allies of Germany who were then regarded by the En-

tente as neutrals. Indeed, the declarations of Radoslavoff, confirmed by the recently published Greek *White Book*, have conclusively established the fact that the agreements between Germany, Bulgaria, Turkey, and King Constantine, *in contemplation of this war*, antedated the opening of hostilities — that certain ones of them go back as far as April, 1914. Now, it is known that the Entente diplomacy had no knowledge of this situation, and that it allowed itself to be hoodwinked for three months by the Turks, for thirteen months by the Bulgarians, for thirty months by the King of Greece, the Kaiser's brother-in-law, and even, to a certain degree, down to a very recent period, by Charles I of Hapsburg, certain Allied diplomatists having persisted in coddling the chimera of a peace with Austria against Germany.

Unhappily, to solve the present problems, which are, above all, technical, the best intentions, or even the most genuine natural intelligence, are insufficient. *It is necessary to know how*, and one cannot know how without having learned. The Allied Socialists who have placed themselves in the spotlight have shown themselves to be, generally speaking, utopists, entirely ignorant of Germany, of the German mind, of geography, ethnography, and political economy, pinning their faith, before all else, to formulas, and knowing even less than the official diplomats of the technique of the multifold problems imposed by war and peace. As the anti-Prussian German, Dr. Rosemeier, has stated it so fairly in the *New York Times*, these idealists, by reason of their radical failure to grasp the inflexible facts, are doing as much harm to the world in general as the Russian extremists and their German agents.

It is undeniable that Berlin has found it easy to profit by the state of mind

of the idealistic Socialists of the Entente by causing its own Social Democrats to put forth the *soi-disant* 'democratic' peace formulas, which for some months past have been infecting the Allied countries with ideas that are most pernicious because they are impossible of realization. Despite the efforts of realist Socialists, like Plekhanoff, Kropotkin, Guesde, Compère-Morel, Gompers, and their like, the Stockholm lure, notwithstanding its clumsiness, has helped powerfully to lead Russia to the brink of the abyss, and hence to prolong the war and the sacrifices of the Allies. In France and England a few Socialists have been so genuinely insane as to say that the occupations of territory by Germany are of slight importance; that we can begin to think about peace; that Germany is already conquered *morally*, and so forth. In view of such results, due to the astounding gullibility of the idealistic Socialists of the Entente, it is quite natural that Germany should pursue her so-called 'pacifist' manœuvres.

Late in 1916, the Frankfort *Gazette* advised its readers of the spirit in which these intrigues were to be conducted by Berlin. 'The point of view is as follows: to put forward precise demands in the East, and in the West to negotiate on bases that may be modified. *Negotiation is not synonymous with renunciation.*'

This last sentence summarizes the whole of German tactics. All the proposals of Berlin have but a single object: to deceive and sow discord among the Allies by means of negotiations which would be followed by non-execution of the terms agreed upon, Germany retaining the essential positions of to-day's war-map which would assure her, strategically and economically, the domination of Europe and the world.

Now, it is an astounding fact that the warnings given by the Germans

themselves — the occupation of more than 500,000 square kilometres by the Kaiser's troops, the burglarizing of Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey by the government of Berlin — have not yet availed to prevent a considerable proportion of the Allies from continuing to be enormously deceived. At the very moment when the German General Staff is strengthening the fortifications of Belgium, especially about Antwerp, there are those among the Allies who seriously believe that, by opening negotiations, they will succeed in inducing Germany to evacuate that ill-fated country and to repair the immense damage that she has inflicted on her.

There are those who wonder what the objects of the war on Germany's part can be, when the occupations of territory by Germany, corresponding exactly to the Pan-Germanist scheme dating back twenty-two years, make these objects as clear as day.

There are those who attach importance to such declarations as the German Chancellor may choose to make, when every day that passes forces us to take note of monumental and never-ending German lies and of the unwearying duplicity of Berlin.

There are those who are willing to listen to talk about a *peace by negotiation*, when the facts prove that Germany respects no agreement, that a treaty signed by Berlin is of no value, and that, furthermore, it is the Germans themselves who so declare. At the outbreak of the war Maximilian Harden said, '*A single principle counts — Force.*' The Frankfort *Gazette* printed these words: '*Law has ceased to exist. Force alone reigns, and we still have forces at our disposal.*' To Mr. Gerard, United States Ambassador to Germany, the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin said, '*We snap our fingers at treaties.*'

After such facts and such declarations, the persistent credulity of a certain fraction of the Allies is a profoundly distressing thing, for which the remedy must be found in a popular documentary propaganda, thoroughly and powerfully prepared.

The pacifist German intrigues are manifest enough. We can particularize six leading examples, employed by Berlin, either separately or in combination.

III

THE SIX LEADING PACIFIST GERMAN] INTRIGUES

1. *A separate peace between Germany and one of the Entente Allies. The Alsace-Lorraine coup*

It is evident that the defection of one of the principal Allies would inevitably place all the others in a situation infinitely more difficult for continuing the struggle. If we assume such a defection, the Germans might well hope to negotiate concerning peace on the basis of their present conquests.

That is why they have multiplied proposals for a separate peace with the Russians. At Berlin they are especially apprehensive of a continuance of the war by Russia because of the inexhaustible reserves of men possessed by the former Empire of the Tsars. The time will probably come when they will attempt also to lure Italy from the coalition by offering her the Trentino, and if necessary, Trieste, at Austria's expense, this last-named cession, however, being destined, in the German purpose, to be temporary only.

The desire to break up the coalition at any cost is so intense among the Germans, that we must anticipate that, at the psychological moment, they will even go so far as to offer to restore Alsace-Lorraine to France. As for the sincerity of such an offer, these words of

Maximilian Harden, written early in 1916, enable us to estimate it: —

'If people think in France that the reëstablishment of peace is possible only through the restitution of Alsace-Lorraine, and if necessity compels us to sign such a peace, the seventy millions of Germans will soon tear it up.'

Moreover, nothing would be less difficult for Germany, thanks to the effective forces of Central Pan-Germany, than to seize Alsace-Lorraine again, very shortly, having given it up momentarily as a tactical manoeuvre.

2. A separate peace between Turkey, Bulgaria, or Austria-Hungary, and the Entente

A particularly astute manoeuvre on the part of Berlin consists in favoring, under the rose, not perhaps a formally executed separate peace, but, at least (as has already taken place), semi-official negotiations for a separate peace between her own allies named above and the Entente.

The particular profit of this sort of manoeuvre in relation to the definitive consummation of the Hamburg-Persian Gulf scheme, is readily seen if we imagine the Allies signing a treaty of peace with Turkey, for instance. In such a hypothesis the Allies could treat only with the liegemen of Berlin at Constantinople, for all the other Turkish parties having any political importance whatsoever have been suppressed. Now, if the Allies should treat with the Ottoman government, reeking with the blood of a million Armenians, Greeks, and Arabs, massacred *en masse* as anti-Germans and friends of the Entente, the following results would follow from this negotiation: the Entente, agreeing not to punish the unheard-of crimes committed in Turkey, would renounce its moral platform: it could no longer claim to be fighting

in the name of civilization. The Turkish government, which is notoriously composed of assassins, would be officially recognized; and thus the selfsame group of men who sold the Ottoman Empire to Germany would be confirmed in power — the group whose leader, Talaat Pasha, declared in the Ottoman Chamber in February, 1917, 'We are allied to the Central Powers for life and death!' The control by Germany of the Dardanelles, a strategic position of vast and world-wide importance, guarded by her accomplices, would be confirmed; the numerous conventions signed at Berlin in January, 1917, which effectively establish the most unrestricted German protectorate over the whole of Turkey, would accomplish their full effect during a Pan-German peace.

The Bulgarian intrigues for a so-called separate peace with the Allies have been at least as numerous as those of the Turks of the same nature. In reality, the Bulgarian agents who were sent to Switzerland to inveigle certain semi-official agents of the Entente into negotiations, were there by arrangement with Berlin for the purpose of sounding the Allies, in order to determine to what degree they were weary of the war. The Bulgarians have never been really disposed to conclude peace with the Entente based on compromise upon equitable conditions. They desire a peace which will assure them immense acquisitions of territory at the expense of the Greeks, the Roumanians, and, especially, the Serbians, for at Sofia they crave, above all things, direct geographical contact with Hungary. Thus the great Allied Powers could treat with the Bulgarians only by being guilty of the monstrous infamy of sacrificing their small Balkan allies, and of assenting to a territorial arrangement which would permit Bulgaria to continue to be the Pangerman-

ist bridge between Hungary and Turkey over the dead body of Serbia — an indispensable element in the functioning of the Hamburg-Persian Gulf scheme, and hence of Central Pan-Germany.

Now, this is precisely the one substantial result of the war to which Bulgaria clings above all else. So it is that a peace by negotiation — in reality a peace of lassitude — between the Allies and Bulgaria, would simply give sanction to this state of affairs.

In the same way, such a peace with Austria-Hungary could but give definitive shape to the Hamburg-Persian Gulf scheme. From the financial and military standpoint, the monarchy of the Hapsburgs, considered as a state, is to-day absolutely subservient to Germany. The reigning Hapsburg, whatever his private sentiments, can no longer do anything without the consent of the Hohenzollern. Any treaty of peace signed by Vienna would be, practically, only a treaty of which the conditions were authorized by Berlin. There must be no illusion. Nothing less than the decisive victory of the Allies will avail to make Germany loosen her grip upon Austria-Hungary, *for that grip is to Germany the substantial result of the war*. In truth, it is that grip which, by its geographic, military, and economic consequences, assures Berlin the domination of the Balkans, and of the East, hence of Central Pan-Germany, hence of Hamburg-Persian Gulf, and the vast consequences which derive therefrom.

Let us make up our minds, therefore, that all the feelers toward a separate peace with Turkey, Bulgaria, and Austria-Hungary, which have been put forth and which will hereafter be put forth, have been and will be simply manœuvres aimed at a so-called peace by negotiation, which would cloak, not simply a German, but a Pan-German peace.

3. *The democratization of Germany*

Certain Allied groups having apparently made up their minds that the 'democratization' of Germany would suffice to put an end automatically to Prussian militarism and to German imperialism, it was concluded at Berlin that a considerable number, at least, of their adversaries, being weary of the war, might be willing to content themselves with a merely formal satisfaction of their demands, in order to have an ostensibly honorable excuse for bringing it to an end. That is why, with the aim of leading the Allies off the scent and inducing them to enter into negotiations, Berlin devoted herself during the first six months of 1917, with increasing energy, to the farce called 'the democratization of Germany.' Meanwhile the most bigoted PanGermanists put the mute on their demands. They ceased to utter the words 'annexations' or 'war-indemnities.' They talked of nothing but 'special political arrangements' — a phrase which in their minds led to the same result but had the advantage of not embarrassing the peace-at-any-price men in the Allied countries. The device of democratization of Germany was complementary to the Stockholm trick, which, as we know, was intended to convince the Russian Socialists that Russia had no further advantage to expect from continuing the war, since Germany in her turn, was about to enter in all seriousness upon the path of democracy — and so forth.

We must acknowledge that many among the Allied peoples allowed themselves to be ensnared for the moment by this manœuvre, and honestly believed that Germany was about to reform, of her own motion and radically. But when the German tactics had achieved the immense result of setting anarchy loose in Russia, — a state of

affairs which was instantly made the most of in a military sense by the Staff at Berlin,— the farce of the democratization of Germany was abandoned. Von Bethmann-Hollweg was sacrificed to the necessity of dropping a scheme which he had managed, and Michaelis — Hindenburg's man, and therefore the man of the Prussian military party and of the PanGermanists — succeeded him.

As a matter of fact, the Germans have, for all time, had such an inveterate penchant for rapine that they are quite capable of setting up a great military republic and submitting readily enough to Prussian discipline, with a view to starting afresh upon wars for plunder.

We must bear this truth constantly in mind: if the Hohenzollerns have succeeded, in accordance with Mirabeau's epigram, in making war 'the national industry,' it is because, ever since the dawn of history, the Germans have always subordinated everything to their passion for lucrative wars. The same is true of them to-day. Especially in the last twenty years the secret propaganda of the Berlin government has convinced the masses that the creation of Pan-Germany will assure them immense material benefits. It is because this conviction is firmly rooted among them that substantially the entire body of Socialist workingmen are serving their Kaiser without flinching, and are willing to endure the horrors of the present conflict so long as it may be necessary and so long as they are not conquered in the field.

4. Peace through the International

This is another of the tricks conceived at Berlin. In reality the International, having always followed the direction of the German Marxists, has been the chief means employed for thir-

ty years to deceive the Socialists of the countries now in alliance against Germany by inducing them to believe that war, thanks to the International alone, could never again break out. In a report on 'the international relations of the German workingmen's unions' (1914), the Imperial Bureau of Statistics was able to proclaim as an undeniable truth: 'In all the international organizations German influence predominates.'

The conference at Stockholm, initiated by German agents, and that at Berne, upon which they are now at work, are steps which German unionism is taking to re-establish over the workingmen of all lands the German influence, which has vanished since the war began. The idea now is to force the proletariat of the whole world into subjection to the guiding hand of Germany. The object officially avowed is to rehabilitate the International in the interest of democracy. In reality, it is proposed, above all else, to replace in the front rank the struggle between classes in the Allied countries, in order to destroy the sacred unity that is indispensable to enable the most divergent parties to wage war vigorously against PanGermanist Germany. As the Berlin government is well aware that it has nothing to fear from its own Socialists, the vast majority of whom, even when they disown the title of PanGermanists, are partisans of Central Pan-Germany, the profit of the manoeuvre based on the International would inure entirely to Germany, who would retain her power of moral resistance unimpaired, while the Allied states, once more in the grip of the bitterest social discord, would find their offensive powers so diminished by this means that peace would in the end be negotiated on the basis of the present territorial occupations of Germany.

5. *The armistice trick*

All the schemes hitherto discussed, whether employed singly or in combination, are intended, first and last, to assist in playing the armistice trick on the Allies. This is based upon an astute calculation, still founded on the weariness of the combatants, which is so easily understood after a war as exhausting as that now in progress. At Berlin they reason thus — and the reasoning is not without force: 'If an armistice is agreed upon, the Allied troops will say, "They're talking, so peace is coming, and, before long, demobilization." Under these conditions our adversaries will undergo a relaxation of their moral fibre.'

The Germans would ask nothing more. They would enter upon peace negotiations with the following astute idea. If, hypothetically, the Allies should make the enormous blunder of discussing terms of peace on bases so craftily devised, Germany, being still intrenched behind her fronts which had been made almost impregnable, would end by saying, 'I am not in accord with you. After all is said, you cannot demand that I evacuate territories from which you are powerless to expel me. If you are not satisfied, go on with the war.'

Inasmuch as, during the negotiations, everything essential would have been done by German agents to accentuate the moral relaxation of the country which was most exhausted by the conflict, as they succeeded in doing in Russia in the first months of the revolution, the immense military machine of the Entente could not again be set in motion in all its parts. The result would be the breaking asunder of the anti-German coalition, and, finally, the conclusion of peace substantially on the basis of existing conquests. Thus Berlin's object would be attained.

6. *The 'status quo ante' trick*

The last of the German schemes, and the most dangerous of all, is that concealed under the formula, 'No annexations or indemnities' — a formidable trap, which, as I pointed out in my paper in the November *Atlantic*, has for its object to confirm Germany in the possession of the gigantic advantages she has derived from the war, which would assure her the domination of the world, leaving the Allies with their huge war-losses, whose inevitable economic after-effects would suffice to reduce them to a state of absolute servitude with respect to Berlin.

THE BEST WAY TO CRUSH PAN-GERMANY

IV

THE UNITED STATES AND THE VASSALS OF BERLIN

In the wholly novel plan which I am about to set forth, the United States may play a preponderating and decisive part; but by way of preamble I must call attention to the fact that the United States is not, in my judgment, as I write these lines, in a position to give its full effective assistance in the conflict,

because it is not officially and wholeheartedly at war with Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey — states in thrall to Berlin and constituent parts of Pan-Germany. This situation is, I am fully convinced, unfavorable to the interests of the Allies, and it paralyzes American action, for these reasons.

As a matter of fact, Germany can no longer carry on the war against the Entente save by virtue of the troops and resources which are placed at her

disposal by Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey. If the Allies wish to conquer Germany, their chief adversary, it is necessary that they understand that they must *first of all* deprive Prussian militarism of the support—apparently secondary, but really essential—which it receives from its allied vassals. It is, furthermore, eminently desirable that it should be recognized in the United States that Turkish, Bulgar, Magyar, and Austrian imperialism are bases of Prussian imperialism, and that in order to establish a lasting peace, the disappearance of these secondary imperialisms is as necessary as that of Prussian imperialism itself. Moreover, the fact that Austria-Hungary, Bulgaria, and Turkey are not officially at war with the United States enables Berlin to maintain connections in America of which we may be sure that she avails herself to the utmost.

This situation is propitious also for that German manœuvre which consists in making people think that a separate peace is possible between Turkey, or Bulgaria, or Austria-Hungary on the one side, and the powers of the Entente on the other. However, as the game to be played is complicated and difficult, good sense suggests that we proceed from the simple to the complex, and hence that we strike the enemy first of all in his most vulnerable part. Now, as we shall see, it is mainly in the territory of the three vassals of Germany that the new plan which I am about to set forth can be carried out in the first instance, without, however, causing any prejudice—*far, far* from it,—to the invaluable assistance which the Americans are preparing to bring to the Allies on the Western front. For all these reasons, it seems desirable that American public opinion should admit the imperious necessity of a situation absolutely unequivocal with regard to the governments of Constantinople,

Sofia, Vienna, and Budapest, which are vassals of Berlin and by that same token substantial pillars of Pan-Germany.

V

DESTRUCTION OF PAN-GERMANY BY INTERNAL EXPLOSION

I believe that I demonstrated, in my paper in the November *Atlantic* that, because of the advantages, both economic and military, which the existence of Central Pan-Germany guarantees to Germany for the present and the future, the essential, vital problem that the Allies have to solve—a problem which sums up all the others—is, how to destroy this Central Pan-Germany.

It is infinitely easier to destroy than is generally supposed among the Allies, because it contains potent sources of dissolution. The Allied leaders seem not to have bestowed upon this situation the extremely careful attention which it deserves. In any event, down to the present time they have not sought to take advantage of a state of affairs which is eminently favorable to them.

To understand this situation, and how it may be utilized at once, we must set out from the following starting-point. Of about 176,000,000 inhabitants of Pan-Germany early in 1917, about 73,000,000 Germans, with the backing of only 21,000,000 vassals,—Magyars, Bulgars, and Turks,—have to-day reduced to slavery the immense number of 82,000,000 allied subjects—Slavs, Latins, or Semites, belonging to thirteen different nationalities, all of whom desire the victory of the Entente, since that alone will assure their liberation. In addition, a considerable portion of Germany's vassals would, under certain conditions, gladly throw off the yoke of Berlin.

Among the 176,000,000 people of Pan-Germany we distinguish the following three groups.

Group I. — Slaves of the Germans or of their vassals capable of immediate action favorable to the Entente — say, 63,000,000, made up as follows: —

(a) In Turkey, —

Arabs	8,000,000
-------	-----------

Generally speaking the Arabs detest the Turks. A portion of them have risen in revolt in Arabia, under the leadership of the King of Hedjaz.

(b) In Central Europe, —

Polish-Lithuanians	22,000,000
Ruthenians	5,500,000
Czechs	8,500,000
Jugo-Slavs	11,000,000
Roumanians	8,000,000
	<hr/>
	55,000,000

There are, then, in Central Europe alone, 55,000,000 people determinedly hostile to Germanism, forming an enormous, favorably grouped mass, occupying a vast territory, commanding a part of the German lines of communication, and comparatively far from the fronts where the bulk of the German military forces is.

Moreover, at the present crisis, these 55,000,000 human beings, subjected to the most heartless German and Bulgarian terrorism, are coming to understand better and better that the only means of escape from a ghastly slavery, from which there is no appeal, is to contribute at the earliest possible moment to the victory of the Entente. The insurrectionary commotions that have already taken place in Poland, Bohemia, and Transylvania, prove what a limitless development these outbreaks might take on if the Allies should do what they ought to do to meet this psychological condition. It is clear that, if these 55,000,000 slaves of Central Europe should revolt in increasing numbers, this result would follow first of all: *the default of Russia would be sup-*

plied. Indeed, the Germans, being harassed in rear of their Eastern fronts, would be considerably impeded in their military operations and in their communications. Under such conditions the attacks of the Allies would have much more chance of success than they have to-day.

Group II. Slaves of the Germans or of their vassals, who cannot stir to-day, being too near the military fronts, but whose action might follow that of the first groups — about 16,000,000, made up as follows: —

(a) In Turkey, —

Ottoman Greeks	2,000,000
Armenians	1,000,000
	<hr/>
	3,000,000

(b) On the Western front, —

French	3,000,000
Belgians	7,500,000
Alsatians and Lorrainers	1,500,000
Italians	800,000
	<hr/>
	12,800,000

Group III. Vassals of Germany, possible rebels against the yoke of Berlin after the uprising of the first group — about 9,000,000.

Of 10,000,000 Magyars, there are — a fact not generally known among the Allies — 9,000,000 poor agricultural laborers cynically exploited by a million nobles, priests, and officials. These 9,000,000 Magyar proletarians are exceedingly desirous of peace. As they did not want the war, they detest those who forced it on them. They would be quite capable of revolting at the last moment against their feudal exploiters, if the Allies, estimating accurately the shocking social conditions of these poor Magyars, were able to assure them that the victory of the Entente would put an end to the agrarian and feudal system under which they suffer.

Is not this a state of affairs emi-

nently favorable to the interests of the Allies? Would not the Germans in our place have turned it to their utmost advantage long ago? Does not common sense tell us that if, in view of the pressure on their battle-fronts, the Allies knew enough to do what is necessary to induce the successive revolts of the three groups whose existence we have pointed out, a potent internal element in the downfall of Pan-Germany would become more and more potent, adding its effects to the efforts which the Allies have confined themselves thus far to putting forth on the extreme outer circumference of Pan-Germany?

Let us inquire how this assistance of the 88,000,000 persons confined in Pan-Germany in their own despite can be obtained and made really effective.

Let us start with an indisputable fact. The immense results which the German propaganda has achieved in barely five months in boundless Russia, with her 182,000,000 inhabitants, where it has brought about, in Siberia as well as in Europe, separatist movements which, for the most part,—I speak of them because I have traveled and studied much in Russia,—would never have taken place but for their artificial agitation,—these results constitute, beyond dispute, a striking demonstration of what the Allies might do if they should exert themselves to act upon races radically anti-Boche, held captive against their will in Pan-Germany. Assuredly, in the matter of propaganda, the Allies are very far from being as well equipped as the Germans and from knowing how to go about it as they do. But the Germans and their vassals are so profoundly detested by the people whom they are oppressing in Pan-Germany; these people understand so fully that the remnant of their liberty is threatened in the most uncompromising way; they are so clearly aware that they can free

themselves from the German-Turkish-Magyar yoke only as a result of this war and of the decisive victory of the Entente, that they realize more clearly every day that their motto must be, 'Now or never.'

Considering this state of mind, so favorable to the Allies, a propaganda on the part of the Entente, even if prepared with only moderate skill, would speedily obtain very great results. Furthermore, the desperate efforts which Austria-Hungary, at the instigation of Berlin and with the backing of the Stockholmists and the Pope, was making to conclude peace before its threatening internal explosion, show how precarious German hegemony in Central Europe still is. The Austro-Boches are so afraid of the extension of the local disturbances which have already taken place in Poland and Bohemia, that they have not yet dared to repress them root and branch. Those wretches, to fortify themselves against these anti-German popular commotions, resort to famine. At the present moment, notably in the Jugo-Slav districts and in Bohemia, the Austro-Germans are removing the greatest possible quantity of provisions in order to hold the people in check by hunger. But this hateful expedient itself combines with all the rest to convince these martyred peoples of the urgent necessity of rising in revolt if they prefer not to be half annihilated like the Serbs.

To make sure of the constant spread and certain effectiveness of the latent troubles of the oppressed Slavs and Latins of Central Europe, there is need on the part of the Allies, first of moral suasion, then of material assistance.

To understand the necessity and the usefulness of the first, it must be said that, despite all the precautions taken by the Austro-Boche authorities, the declarations of the Entente in behalf of the oppressed peoples of Central

Europe become known to these latter comparatively soon, and that these declarations help greatly to sustain their morale. For example, President Wilson's message of January 22, 1917, in which he urged the independence and unification of Poland, and his 'Flag Day' speech, on June 15, in which he set forth the great and intolerable peril of the Hamburg-Persian Gulf scheme, manifestly strengthened the determination of the Poles, the Czechs, and the Jugo-Slavs to free themselves at whatever cost from the fatal yoke of Vienna and Berlin. In addition, the constantly increasing power of the aeroplane enables the Allies to spread important communications broadcast over enemy territory.

First of all it is essential that the three races which, by reason of their geographical situation and their ethnographical characteristics are indispensable in any reconstitution of Central Europe based on the principle of nationalities, and who consequently have a leading part to play in the centre of the Pan-Germany of to-day, should be, one and all, absolutely convinced that the victory of the Entente will make certain their complete independence. The Poles have received this assurance on divers occasions, notably from President Wilson, and very recently from M. Ribot, commemorating in a dispatch to the Polish Congress at Moscow 'the reconstitution of the independence and unity of all the Polish territories to the shores of the Baltic.' But the 11,000,000 Jugo-Slavs and the 8,500,000 Czechs have not yet received from the leaders of the Entente sufficiently explicit and repeated assurances.

There are two reasons why this is so. In the first place, the absolutely chimerical hope of separating Austria-Hungary from Germany, has obsessed, down to a very recent date, certain

exalted personages of the Entente, who, having never had an opportunity to study on the spot the latest developments in Austria, still believe in the old classic formula, 'If Austria did not exist, we should have to create it.' In the second place, certain other personages of the Entente incline to the belief that, in order to obtain a swift victory, the problem of Central Europe is a problem to be avoided. Now, as to this point, the few men who unquestionably know Austria well — for example, the Frenchmen Louis Léger, Ernest Denis, M. Haumont, Auguste Gauvain, and others, and the Englishmen, Sir Arthur Evans, Seton-Watson, Wickham Steed, and others — are unanimous in being as completely convinced as I myself am that the breaking-up of the monarchy of the Hapsburgs is indispensable to the establishment of a lasting peace — and furthermore, such a breaking-up as a result of the revolt of the oppressed peoples is one of the most powerful instruments in the hands of the Entente to bring the war to a victorious close.

In fact, there are certain quasi-mechanical laws which should guide in the reconstruction of a Europe that can endure. Now, without a free Bohemia and Jugo-Slavia it is impossible — impossible, I insist — that Poland should be really free, that Serbia and Roumania should be restored, that Russia should be released from the grip of Germany, that Alsace-Lorraine should be restored permanently to France, that Italy should be protected from German domination in the Adriatic, in the Balkans, and in Turkey, that the United States should be warranted against the world-wide results of the Hamburg-Persian Gulf enterprise. Bohemia is the central point of the whole. With its circle of mountains, it is the indispensable keystone of the European edifice rebuilt upon the basis of

the principle of nationalities. Whosoever is master of Bohemia is master of Europe. It must be, therefore, that liberty shall be master of Bohemia.

On the other hand, it is undeniable that the successive uprisings of 8,500,000 Czechs and 11,000,000 Jugo-Slavs, taking place concurrently with that of 22,000,000 Poles, is absolutely in line with the present military interests of the Entente. Therefore, for the Allies to assume an attitude of reserve toward the Czechs and Jugo-Slavs is as contrary to the democratic principles they invoke as to their most urgent strategic interests. But this mistake has been frequently made, solely because the exceptional importance of Bohemia has not yet been fully grasped. Mr. Asquith, in his speech of September 26 last, furnishes an example of this regrettable reserve with respect to the Czechs — a reserve which is diminishing, no doubt, but which still exists. He said:—

'If we turn to Central and Eastern Europe, we see purely artificial territorial arrangements, which are repugnant to the wishes and interests of the populations directly concerned, and which, so long as they remain unchanged, will constitute a field fertile in new wars. There are the first claims of Roumania and Italy, so long delayed; there is heroic Serbia, who not only must be restored to her home, but who is entitled to more room in which to expand nationally; and there is Poland. The position of Greece and of the Southern Slavs must not be forgotten.'

Thus, while Mr. Asquith manifests the best intentions toward the oppressed peoples of Central Europe, he does not even mention the Czechs, that is, Bohemia. Now, in reality, all the promises that the Entente can

make concerning Poland, Serbia, Roumania, and Italy, are not capable of lasting fulfillment unless Bohemia is set free, for Bohemia dominates all Central Europe. Furthermore, Mr. Asquith's silence as to the fate of Bohemia may be a legitimate cause of uneasiness to the Czechs, who are now doing the impossible to contend with Germanism, despite the shocking terrorism which lies so heavy upon them. So we may say, that Mr. Asquith would have served the interest of the Entente more effectively if he had emphatically named Bohemia and the Czechs who are so much in need of being supported and encouraged by the Allies, whom they regard as their liberators.

The misconceptions that have led to the ignoring of the claims of the Central European Slavs, and of their extreme importance in the solution of the war-problem, will soon prove themselves an even heavier load to carry than those committed in Bulgaria and Greece. To put an end to these vagaries, it is necessary that henceforth the leaders of the Entente should earnestly encourage, at least the Poles, Czechs, and Jugo-Slavs — that is to say, about 42,000,000 slaves of Berlin in Central Europe. The encouragement of these peoples as a single body is indispensable, for, although the Boches are able to control the local and, so to say, individual insurrectionary movements, on the contrary, because of the vast area which a general insurrection of the 42,000,000 would involve, its repression by the Austro-Boches would be practically impossible. The example of a successful general uprising would certainly induce a similar movement by the balance of the 88,000,000 human beings who are vitally interested in the destruction of Pan-Germany. To bring about this result, then, the first essential thing to be done is for the leaders of the Entente to put forth a most unequivocal declara-

¹ In default of a verbatim report of Mr. Asquith's speech, it was necessary to be content with a translation of M. Chéradeau's translation of it. — THE EDITORS.

tion, giving the Poles, Czechs, and Jugoslavs assurance that the victory of the Entente will make certain their complete liberation. It is impossible to see what there is to hinder such a declaration. Its effects would soon be discerned if it were enthusiastically supported by the Allied press and by the Allied Socialists, who, let us hope, will finally realize that, while it is impossible to bring about a revolution against Prussian militarism in Germany, it can very easily be effected in Austria-Hungary.

But, some one will say, a revolution is not possible without material resources. Naturally, I shall discuss this point only so far as the interests of the Entente will allow me to do it publicly. In the first place I will call attention to the fact that, by reason of the immensity of the territory they occupy, simple passive resistance on the part of the oppressed races of Central Europe, provided that it is offered in concert and accompanied by certain essays in the way of sabotage and strikes, which are easy enough to practice without any outside assistance, would create almost inextricable difficulties for the Austro-Germans.

But there is something much better to be done. At first sight, it seems very difficult for the Allies to bear effective material aid to the oppressed peoples of Pan-Germany, because it is surrounded by impregnable military lines. In reality, by combining the results of the tremendous development of the aviation branch made possible by the adhesion of the United States, *with certain technical resources* which are available, the Entente can, comparatively quickly and easily, supply the Poles and the rest with material assis-

tance which would prove extraordinarily efficacious.

I am not writing carelessly. I have studied for twenty years these down-trodden races and the countries in which they live. I know about the material resources to which I refer. If I do not describe them more explicitly, it is because no one has yet thought of employing them, and in such matters silence is a bounden duty. But I am, of course, at the disposition of the American authorities if they should wish to know about the resources in question, and to study them seriously. I am absolutely convinced that, if employed with due method, determinedly, and scientifically, in accordance with a special technique, these resources, after a comparatively simple preparation, — much less in any event than those which have been made in other enterprises, — would lead to very important results which would contribute materially to the final decision.¹

To sum up — in Central Europe, through the liberation, preceded by the legitimate and necessary revolution, of its martyred peoples, are found in conjunction, (a) the means of making good the default of Russia; (b) the basis of a new and decisive conclusion of the war; (c) the possibility of destroying Central Pan-Germany; (d) the consequent wiping out of the immense advantages from the war which the mere existence of Pan-Germany assures to Germany; and (e) the elements of a lasting peace upon terms indisputably righteous and strictly in accordance with the principles of justice invoked by the Entente.

¹ To the editor, M. Chéradame has written with less reserve on this vital subject; but it seems best to put in print at this time no more than the suggestion indicated. — THE EDITOR.

SHOCK AT THE FRONT

BY WILLIAM TOWNSEND PORTER

I

In Compiègne we lunched and dined — the Carrels, the surgeons, and the guests, for the hospital was a place of pilgrimage — in the garden of a villa commandeered for that purpose. There was good talk there, and a gaiety protective against the strain of the wards. When any one cracked a joke, there was a moment's stillness, then each of us grasped his knife and in concert we gravely beat upon the table the refrain of a merry French song.

We were never free from the sound of cannon. All day long and often half the night they thundered from the trenches six kilometres away. But Compiègne, unscarred, slept in the milky sunshine, bedecked with flowers. There was a tennis-court, green-walled with flowering shrubs. We played each day at half-past four; light laughter and pleasant voices floated into the soft sky to meet the satanic overtones of war. To a green bank at the side, men would crawl from their beds to watch the game. There they sat, a smiling, mangled row. One day I found a pipe. It appeared that it belonged to a mass of bandages, a mere remnant of a man, armless, blind. We stop the game, we fill the pipe, light it, and place the stem in the groping mouth. The man laughs, his comrades laugh, everyone laughs — such fun! No man talks of his wounds — his pride and his secret grief.

In the wards we spoke of *choc*. The symptoms were not in question; even

a stretcher-bearer could make a diagnosis. The *choqué* looked the part; he was utterly relaxed, pale as the dead, with eyes like those of a dead fish; he was apparently, but not really, unconscious; his breathing was shallow and frequent; his heart-beat was rapid and feeble; and his pulse scarcely to be felt at the wrist. Much of the blood had collected in the great abdominal veins, the heart was poorly filled, the driving pressure of the blood in the arteries was less than half the normal — too low for the maintenance of a proper circulation of blood to the brain; the brain-cells suffered for lack of food.

The surgeons at Compiègne had noticed that shock came on chiefly after wounds of the great bones, such as the thigh-bone, and after multiple wounds through the skin and subcutaneous fat, as from a shower of shell-fragments. These facts seemed very significant, although I little knew at the time that they would at length lead me to the discovery of the cause of shock.

A question of urgent importance seemed to press for immediate reply: does the life in the trenches, under fire, predispose to shock? The bombardments in this war were of a new and strange intensity. It might be that certain men were sensitized by this highly abnormal environment. In that case a wound not historically grave might bring on shock. If the low blood-pressure and other symptoms of shock appeared immediately after the wound, a preexisting sensitization was probable. Remedies should then be employed

before the wound was dressed. If, on the contrary, there was a significant interval between the wound and the onset of shock, sensitization was not the explanation, and shock must be the result of forces set free by the wound itself. On the length of this interval would depend the character of the treatment and the moment at which it could be most profitably applied. On the length of this interval rested the serious practical question whether treatment must be given in the dressing-station or in the nearest field hospital.

It was therefore my first duty to measure the blood-pressure immediately after the wound. The wounded at Compiègne arrived too long after their injury. Besides, the hospital was too small. To solve my problem without undue loss of time, it was necessary for me to place myself in a stream of wounded, for shock attacks only one or two men in every hundred casualties. I accordingly went to La Panne.

La Panne is the extreme left of the Allied line, so close to the North Sea that at high tide the spray drifted through the open windows of my bedroom. It was the seat of a hospital of eight hundred beds, ably directed by the celebrated surgeon, Dr. de Page. I was stationed in the *salle de réception*, the receiving ward to which the ambulances brought their loads directly from the firing-line.

There comes a rumble on the stone-paved street, an ambulance drives up, the word *blessé* passes down the corridor, and the *brancardiers* appear with their long staves. A group of dark forms gathers about the motor-car in the starlight, the curtain is unbuttoned, the loaded ambulance stretcher is pulled out, an empty exchange stretcher is shoved in, and the ambulance departs for the trenches.

The mass of dirty cloth and bloody bandages is carried into the ward. A

surgeon comes, rubbing his eyes. The wounded man is radiographed. This done, the radiographer places his hand over the supposed site of the fragment. A great magnet is let down upon the hand. If the embedded steel is not more than seven centimetres deep, the metal object is shaken by the magnetic waves and its vibration can be felt. The radiographer writes for the surgeons a report, giving the location and depth of the fragment.

Meanwhile a nurse shakes my bed, where I lie fully dressed, sound asleep, tired with fourteen days and nights of continuous service. I open sleepy eyes. 'A bad *blessé*. You are asked to take the pressure.'

I find the patient in the operating theatre. An intense light floods the trim surgical nurses, the bloodstained bandages, the patient half naked on the table, — the leg and foot so oddly at variance with the broken thigh, — the three surgeons, in white, their shoes in white sterile wrappers. They wait silently while I put the hollow cuff on the upper arm and the ausculting tambour at the fold of the elbow. The air is pumped into the cuff; the artery is stopped; I slowly diminish the air-pressure; a faint sound in the stethoscope, like a far-off cry for help. I read the gauge — 140 millimetres, the maximum blood-pressure. The air escapes again; slowly the recording needle passes along the dial; the sound of rushing blood increases for the moment; as the artery takes its full size, the sound fades away — 92 millimetres, the minimum blood-pressure. The normal is 97; there is no shock yet.

The patient is turned and a hollow needle is passed into the vertebral canal. Cerebro-spinal fluid is sucked into a syringe containing the anaesthetic novocaine; and slowly the mixture is driven back into the canal. The tourniquet above the wound is tight;

but little blood escapes from the torn vessels. The wound is opened freely. Bruised flesh, fragments of dirt, pieces of cloth, and splinters of bone are scraped out. The bleeding points are ligated. The Carrel tubes are placed for the Dakin solution.

I am at the pulse. Suddenly it fails. He is pulseless. His abdominal arteries have dilated. Through the open gates the arterial blood is rushing into the veins. The man is bleeding to death in his own veins. He becomes deathly pale, the whites of the eyes show, he is scarcely conscious. The nurse hurries the bandage about the padded splint. He is borne to his bed, wrapped in blankets, surrounded with hot bottles. The foot of the bed is placed on two chairs, so that the blood may drain by gravity from the congested abdominal veins back to the heart. The vein at the elbow is prepared. He gets a few drops of adrenalin solution; the pulse comes back, color floods the face; the eyes become natural, they open; he speaks—he is saved.

But no—he is pale again, he vomits, the pulse is irregular. The adrenalin is attacking the heart. Will he die? Shall we have failed him? I pray silently. The ward is hushed. Two, three minutes pass, dragging like hours. The pulse strengthens. The heart is again regular. Youth has its day. He lives. Now, to make sure. Warm serum¹ is passed into a vein. The blood-pressure rises. The arm is bound up. The electric reflector is brought by two men, and placed astride the bed, covered with blankets. Miss T—, a Scotch angel of uncertain age and unfailing devotion, stands by. I wait at the wrist. A single shaded light burns in the great ward; the screens round my bed rise ghostly

¹ A solution of common salt and some other substances in the proportion in which they normally occur in the blood.

in the gloom. We watch, while beat by beat the ebbing flood returns. The clammy hands and feet feel again the warm and healing tide. He lies like a cocoon in his warm blankets. His face is calm. He has cheated the grave. He tells us of his two children. The mother is dead; the waifs are in an orphan home; one is eight years old, the other six; he has not seen them for two years—not since the war began.

Trembling, I go out upon the beach and watch the sea—that northern sea that has looked unvexed on so many foolish wars. The tide is low. The wide sands are smooth and firm. Two officers are out for a morning gallop. In the distance a battery is drilling. The horses are of heroic size in the early mists. I hear the faint thud of hoofs on the hard beach. Above, a solitary aeroplane swoops low, while the observer searches the depths for a lurking submarine.

So the days and the dreadful nights went by, with their unceasing stream of broken men. Often I lay sleepless through the dark hours, while next me howled a *blessé* mad with subconscious agony and the last wild ether dream. But there were compensations. One gave and gave and gave—a blessed thought.

And there were spectacles of poignant interest. Late one afternoon a nurse came running to tell me that there was an English monitor off the beach. We hurried out, full of the charitable hope that she would shell Ostend. The sun was setting. A golden light touched soothingly a half-tamed sea, still sulkily mumbling. A ship of no great size lay a mile from shore, circled by two torpedo-boats. They kept untiringly a ceaseless round. We strained our eyes. Suddenly there burst from her side a flame as big as a house, followed by an immense cloud of black smoke. We held our breath.

In a few seconds there was a sound that was more than a sound. It was a commotion in all that part of Belgium. And then, a moment later, a faint boom, fifteen miles away, where twelve hundred pounds of trinitrotoluol wrought ruin in Ostend, the resort of tourists.

Presently there was another dim sound, like the low curse of a malevolent fairy, —

Strange terrors seize thee
And pangs unfeet before, —

and down from the sky fell a great shell. A mighty column of broken water towered above the waves, and all was once more peace. The spotless nurses walked upon the beach, and we heard the maids laying the table for our evening meal. Again the monitor shook heaven and earth, and again there came the great reply, more threatening than before.

It was enough. A German plane hovered far in the blue and guided with a gesture these mighty thunderbolts. The monitor ceased firing, turned her prow, and made for England, still circled by her tireless guard.

II

The outcome of the work at La Panne was an organization for the systematic treatment of shock, employing all the remedies then known, basing them on repeated measurements of the minimum blood-pressure. These special measures saved two-thirds of the cases, but the questions with which I had come to La Panne were still unanswered. The difficulty was again the interval between the wound and the arrival in the hospital. It was obviously necessary to be actually on the firing-line. Dr. de Page accordingly arranged that I should meet General P——, then colonel commanding the 58th French brigade, in the sector which included Nieuport.

This distinguished officer was a veteran of the Moroccan campaigns. He was brave, gay, and highly intelligent. Like so many of the French, he had an appreciation of physiological science unusual in less favored nations. Claude Bernard had not lived in vain.

One happy day the general arrived in his gray limousine and took me to brigade headquarters. They were in a villa which had belonged to a Belgian of some taste. There was a large living-room, some good prints on the walls, and at one end a billiard-table, now used for military maps. At the other end was the table at which we dined. By this time our friendship had made great strides. The general was enchanted to find that I smoked a pipe. Himself, he adored *la pipe*. His tobacco left something to be desired; it was a species of Algerian hay. I gave him of my choice Virginia leaf. We were brothers. He would visit me in Boston when the war was over.

The dinner was superlatively good. I asked him how he managed. 'Oh,' he replied, 'my chef before the war was the chef of a great New York hotel. But this is easy,' he continued; 'you should have seen him at Verdun. Eight of us and the chef in a hole thirty feet under ground. He had for his art a space only two feet square,' — and the general marked such a space on the tablecloth, — 'but we lived just the same.'

He led me to the maps. 'You will like to see what we are doing to-day. Observe this salient. We make a curtain of fire behind it, so that the Boches can neither get in nor get out. Then our shells destroy their defenses. Every hour an aeroplane makes a photograph. Here are the photographs. You see they are quite large and very clear. Even the posts of the barbed wire show. We do not send our men forward until we see that all the wire is down.'

A dozen steel helmets were brought. The general and his staff helped me to find one that would fit. Then we set out for Nieuport. There I was consigned to Colonel D——, of the 3d French Line, another veteran of the Moroccan wars. Eight delightful days I lived with this dear man beneath the shells.

Nieuport lies upon the Yser, the tidal stream that stopped the German rush for Calais. That June before the world went mad, the peaceful town drowsed in the sun — the pearly Belgian sun that painters love. The men went down to the sea in their fishing boats, or worked their fields; old women, their lace upon their knees, sat in a patch of shade before the door and plied their bobbins; children, with shrill sweet voices, darted about like birds; the creaking wain went to and fro piled high with the harvest. Four thousand simple folk! Not one remains. Their houses too are gone. Their ancient church, their historic tower, are mounds of ruin. And still the hissing shells, hour by hour, day by day, tear down the crumbling walls, adding fresh ruin to a scene most desolate. The people of the sun are gone. Another race inhabits there. They live in holes beneath the ground. They come not forth except to kill.

I too lived in a hole beneath the ground. I came not forth except to save. At least that would have been the wiser part, but the life was so interesting that in truth I roamed about like a boy at the fair. By day the soldiers lay *perdu*. The streets were empty. It was incredible that the blast of a trumpet would raise two thousand men. With the night they swarmed. The place was full of horses and carts, bringing in water-casks, sand-bags, gabions, beams, chloride of lime, barbed wire, ammunition — a hundred articles needed in the trenches. There was

no light except the moon. Strange shadows crept along the roads.

One morning I walked with Lieutenant N——. 'Suppose we ask Captain B—— to show us a seventy-five,' he said.

We found Captain B—— in a dug-out lined with beautiful maps. He led us to a passage that dipped beneath the ruins. It was perhaps twenty-five feet long and eight feet wide. At the lower end was the celebrated *soixante-quinze*, poking its shining nose out of a hole in the wall. I sat in the gunner's seat and trained the cross wires on a distant object, opened and closed the breech, and examined the recoil.

My pleasure was so evident that kind Captain B—— was touched. 'Perhaps you would like to see some practice on the Boches?'

'I most certainly should,' I answered, much gratified.

So the gun crew took their positions, we stuffed our ears with wads of cotton, and Captain B—— went to his post, a short distance away. There he called up an observation tower. The observing officer gave him the number of a square in the German lines, where a few shells might have a salutary effect. The captain called to us the number and the range, 4350 metres. A soldier opened a cupboard in the wall, seized one of the shining brass shells, placed it nose down in a fuse-adjuster, and turned a handle round a graduated scale until he reached 4350. By this operation, the fuse was set to explode the shell at the given range. In an instant the shell was in the piece, the breech-block swung shut, there was an ear-splitting crash, and away flew our compliments to the Boches. The barrel slid swiftly back, spat out the shell-case at our feet, and returned to its position, passing on the way over a cushion of grease. The observer telephoned the result, the range was cor-

rected slightly, and off went another shell. After twelve shots were fired, Captain B—— returned with a pleasant smile to receive our thanks for his courtesy.

This battery was so skillfully masked that I never saw it again, though it was not more than three hundred yards from the cellar where I lived. No wonder the Huns could not find it. There was a ruined garden, with pear trees, in front of my quarters. I used to read in the garden while the enemy tried to silence these guns. Five or six times a minute the familiar curving hiss would rush toward the suspected spot; there would be a loud explosion and a cloud of black smoke. But the seventy-fives were never struck. Sometimes the great shells from our heavy artillery would pass high above me, seeking some distant objective. They gave a new flavor to Daudet. Imagine: three pear trees and an optimist — above, filling all the upper air, the vast soft weary groaning of an eleven-inch shell. This was not bravado — far from it. To stay all day in a damp black cellar was insupportable; outside, one place was as safe as another.

In fine weather we ate our meals — the colonel, three officers, and myself — in one corner of a half-destroyed court. Punctually to the minute, brushed and combed, we arrived at the small round table. Through the centre of the table rose the trunk of a tree, the branches of which were trimmed flat about ten feet from the ground, to make a canopy. We sat ourselves gravely down. The good colonel would fumble in the pocket of his tunic until he fetched out his great horn spectacles. He would place them carefully upon his martial nose. Then he would proclaim '*Ordre*,' in a deep, serious voice, and reaching forward would take up a glass holder containing the

menu. This he would read to us slowly, from hors d'oeuvres down through cheese and coffee. It was a way of giving thanks for the food that was set before us. After this ceremony, he would nod to the orderly, whose white coat and brass buttons illuminated the middle distance. The hors d'oeuvres would advance. It was the signal for conversation.

Meanwhile, the shells went over, singly or in flocks. I sat on the colonel's right, about eighteen inches from him. He had two voices — one for giving commands to his twenty-five hundred men, the other for ordinary talk. He always addressed me, as a foreigner, in the tone in which he commanded the regiment. The dinner proceeded sedately through seven excellent courses, undisturbed by the artillery.

During my stay at Nieuport two shells fell in that court; one slightly wounded our valuable pump, the other just missed our treasure of a cook. The stove was at the other end of the court, in a recess. The shell exploded outside this retreat. In that neighborhood not a square foot but got its piece of steel. The hurtling storm swept by the culinary shrine. Fortunately, the chef was at the stove, his post of duty; his deserts were great and he escaped unharmed.

On stormy days we dined in the colonel's cave. It was a tight fit. Through an open door we saw our commander's bed, alongside a stove in which the fire never was allowed to go out. Even with this, the walls were always damp.

One evening the soup had just been served when the telephone rang. Lieutenant C——, who was acting adjutant that day, saluted the colonel and reported that a party of Boches were cutting grass behind their third line.

'Tell Captain F——,' said the colonel, between two spoonfuls.

Captain F—— was of the artillery.

Before the soup was taken away, we heard the seventy-fives at work on the Boches. This speed and accuracy was due to the ever-watchful observers. I loved to go to the observation towers, especially at night. They were usually at the top of some ruined building. One stumbled up two or three ladders and at length entered a little wooden cage which held two men, elaborate telephones, and several powerful telescopes. With these you could have seen the buttons on a man's waistcoat miles away. The enemy was, however, rarely visible; he stuck closely to his communication trenches. When darkness fell, the flares began. The French flare had a parachute and for several minutes lighted up hundreds of yards as bright as day. As far as the eye could see, up and down the lines, these witch-fires burned.

The aeroplanes liked to fly near sunset, when the air was quiet. Then we would hear our pompoms, fifteen staccato barks, and a pause. I would rush up the cellar steps and search the sky. There, a mile aloft, would be a German plane. Off would go a pompom, fifteen rounds. A moment later, fifteen soft white fleecy little clouds of shrapnel, like puffs of thistle-down, would break out one after the other, about the flying plane. The planes were often hit, but seldom in a vital place.

The officers' caves were alike in one respect: they all contained mirrors in immense gilt frames. These mirrors had been found in the deserted houses. The major's cave was rather a show place. It consisted of two tiny rooms, dressed with flowers, and very neatly kept. On a table in the 'salon' was a marble bust, a derelict.

'You must not miss my garden,' said the major, swelling with pride.

I looked for the garden; it was not in the room.

'No,' said my friend, smiling indul-

gently at my little irony, 'it is not in here. It is outside. You can see it through the window.'

Now, the window was a cellar-window and opened into a little 'area,' where for the light the earth had been dug away in a space twenty-four inches by twelve. Here indeed was the garden. 'Of course,' continued the major, 'with the ground at my disposal, you would not expect me to go in for shrubs. I have had to content myself with a lawn.' A perfect lawn it was—not a weed—a battalion of tiny bright green grass-blades; very refreshing.

I went into the trenches to measure the blood-pressure. The trenches lay on the other side of the Yser. We crossed a pontoon bridge. Spare pontoons were anchored in the river, in case the bridge should be struck by a shell. We entered a communication trench. Here and there were signs, where men had been killed often enough to show that a German sniper had marked that particular spot: 'Obligatory'; 'Forbidden — in view of the enemy'; 'To grand redan.'

Our trench is narrow and it is deep enough to protect the head. It winds through fields covered with grass and poppies. These overhang the edge and brush our faces. The bottom of the trench is covered with a slatted walk about eighteen inches wide. We meet great pots of hot food, borne on a pole hung between two men. Happily, we are not fat; we slide by without being burned.

Soon we are in the lines. Here are real defensive works, heavily timbered, and with space for many men. At frequent intervals are the burrows in which the men live. Telephone wires run near the bottom of the trench, on the side next the enemy; they are fastened to the earth with long wire staples. From time to time we peep through an observation-hole, but we

do not stand more than two minutes in any one spot; always there are aeroplanes and tower observers on watch, and we may get a shell. The shells are now flying over us, with a noise like the tearing of a great sheet. Presently, we reach the point nearest the enemy. It is near indeed; about the length of a tennis-ground. I look through a periscope and there, as clear as in a clean looking-glass, are long mounds of earth and sand-bags — the German 'trenches,' one hundred and fifteen feet away. Apparently deserted, absolutely silent, they lie heavily upon the unkempt fields, mile upon mile. Their sinister quiet speaks louder than the screaming shells.

The *poilus* are delighted with the blood-pressure apparatus. It is like a game. Their faces are wreathed with smiles. They take off their tunics, roll up their sleeves, and are proud to be told they are 'normal.' We keep our voices low and hug the front wall of the trench, but otherwise we might as well be in the Boulevard des Italiens, though, now I think of it, that also is a dangerous place. We are about to return, when the surgeon is telephoned that an officer is wounded. Bicycles are ordered to meet us at the third line, and we run back. The surgeon is younger but he is a trifle too plump. I keep him in sight. As we approach the machines, he calls over his shoulder, 'Can you ride a bicycle?' 'Perfectly,' I reply. I do not say that it is thirty years since my last ride. We mount, and he hurries off without looking behind. I follow. It is a wild ride. The roads are filled with débris — low heaps of brick and plaster from the tumbling walls. When I go over a heap, my helmet flies into the air; it requires nice calculation to be under it when it comes down. Clark Maxwell is right: science is indeed a matter of grammes, centimetres, and seconds.

III

I had now based the treatment for shock on exact measurements of the blood-pressure, and I had determined that the habitual bombardment does not predispose. There remained the study of the blood-pressure in the fury of an assault, the question of the cause of shock, and the hope of a new remedy. Nieuport was exhausted. The war at Nieuport was all in the day's work. After two years, the daily round was the daily round, and it was nothing more. My comrades told me that, when they were at Verdun, there had sometimes been emotions, if their memories were not at fault. So I went to Verdun, that 'name of thunder.'

I found myself in a military car, flying along the great road that leads to the front from Bar-le-Duc. I was bound for the Mort Homme. Along this road passed the greatest transport the world had ever seen. Gangs of German prisoners toiled constantly to keep the road in repair. For more than thirty miles there was at the side a continuous ridge of broken stone. The working gangs drew steadily from these stores of road-metal and the losses were as steadily supplied. It was a task for Sisyphus, the son of *Æ*olus. On this work hung the destiny of France.

We stopped some miles on this side of the Mort Homme; the road beyond was under fire, and by day it was too dangerous. When night came, we proceeded in the black depths of an ambulance, bumping over shell-holes. I found myself at the Château Esne, a *poste de secours*, at the third line of trenches, in a cellar of what once had been a glorified grange. It was a miserable hole, where one could stand upright only in the centre. The cold mists of late October drove through it, pursued by an eager, nipping wind. My *poilu*, a tall bearded man plastered

with clay, showed me a sort of kennel set off with rough boards picked up in the fields. He brought a sack stuffed with straw for me to lie on. It was dark chocolate color. He surveyed it doubtfully. The honor of France demanded something more. He went to the case containing surgical dressings and cut off pieces of aseptic gauze, which he laid upon the sack, overlapping them like shingles on a roof. I lay down, but not to sleep. When day broke, a cold rain was falling. I looked out on the tragic slopes of Dead Man Hill. Craters and graves—graves and craters, in horrible confusion! Through the Château Esne, that wet dirty verminous hole, had passed thirty-five thousand wounded men. They lay in rows outside among the graves, waiting their turn.

But at the moment there was no great battle here, and I went to the Somme, still searching for emotions. There I was in a rough field hospital of twenty-five hundred beds. They had had twenty-seven hundred fresh cases in a single day. The courteous *médecin-chef* directed an officer to show me to my 'chamber.' I followed the officer. He led me to a low wooden building, somewhat worse than the rest. Within were two rows of tiny cubicles, with partitions of unplanned boards, and a blanket that served for front wall and door combined. Here the staff slept. Between the rows of cubicles ran a dark passage two feet wide. We reached my chamber.

'Be a little careful,' the officer remarked. 'Don't step in that hole in front of your door. The Boches were here last night. They dropped a bomb in there and it has n't yet gone off.'

It was interesting. The French had sent a squadron to bomb a railway junction in Germany. The night was not very clear, and in the excitement an unlucky bomb fell upon a hospital. In

revenge the Germans dropped twelve bombs on the hospital at S——. Fortunately, nine fell in the open, and two did not explode. Mine was one of these. The remaining bomb burst in a crowded building, with very serious results.

Again I was disappointed. The same old mill of death ground steadily, but there was no great offensive. Winter was at hand, and I perforce took ship for home. It was the Espagne. Worn out, I went to bed at eight o'clock the first night out, though we were still in the submarine zone. At once I fell sound asleep. At ten minutes past eleven, I was roused by a voice shouting down the corridor, 'Every one on deck — the ship is sinking.' I sprang from my bunk. Around me all was silence. The others had already gone. I reflected that no great ship ever sank in less than twenty minutes. I could dress in ten. It was a cold November night. In an open boat I should perish without warm clothes. So I put on my uniform and my thick military overcoat, seized my life-belt, and rushed out. In the corridor I ran against a bolted steel door. Fortunately the bolts were on my side. I hastily drew them, closed the door behind me, and ran up the companion-way.

Near the boat-deck I came upon the passengers. As a physiologist, I had read of people gray with fear, but I had never seen them. Here they were,—an admirable observation,—a hundred women and some men, their faces the color of wet ashes. Seen in the mass, the effect was remarkable. The passengers behaved well. There was no screaming. But I was almost the only one dressed *comme il faut*. Most of the women had simply thrown a wrapper over their night-clothes. One man had on nothing but a suit of red pajamas — solid color. I went out on

the boat-deck. The boats were swung out; two were already filled; the deck was littered with coils of rope, over which passengers were stumbling in the dark. A cold wind whipped a rough sea. I drew alongside the engine-room hatch. It was warm there, and one could look over the combing of the hatch and down into the bowels of the ship. A glance showed me that the ship was not taking water in that vital spot.

Before long, word was passed that we had been in collision: another steamer had struck us amidships, tearing a considerable hole just above the water-line. In half an hour we were told that we could go back to bed. I did so and almost instantly fell fast asleep again. At four o'clock I suddenly waked. Something was wrong: the ship had taken a big list; the engines were stopped. I jumped up and looked out. The water was only a foot or two from my port. I dressed again and went on deck. The ship had been canted to keep the waves out of the hole, while the carpenters patched it.

Three days later we had a tombola — a sale for the Red Cross. The red pajamas were put up at auction; they fetched six hundred francs.

At length the voyage was over. I hurried to my farm — sweet haven of rest. I visited my Guernseys. Incredible! I rubbed my eyes. The cows were quite unchanged. Ten million men were fighting for life and an ideal, but the herbivorous poise was not shaken.

For me, the old world had gone.

I could not rest. I was still pursued by the imperious fact that shock was most frequent after fractures and after multiple wounds through the subcutaneous fat. I took refuge in my laboratory, in experiment after experiment. The cause of shock was found, and a new remedy.

Fortune passed on, her ivory wheel half tarnished by the fumes of No Man's Land. I followed her again to France, to test this remedy, and to measure the blood-pressure in a fierce battle, during a barrage more violent than the worst in the great drive on Verdun.

THE TRAGEDY OF ROUMANIA

BY STANLEY WASHBURN

I

MORE than a year has now elapsed since Roumania entered the war. What it meant for this little country to abandon neutrality is not generally realized. Here in America we knew that so long as the British fleet dominated the seas we were safe, and that we should have ample opportunity to prepare

ourselves for the vicissitudes of war and to make the preparations that are now being undertaken and carried out by the administration of President Wilson. Canada and Australia likewise knew that they were in no danger of attack.

But the case of Roumania was far different. She knew with a terrible certainty that the moment she entered

the war she would be the target for attack on a frontier over twelve hundred kilometres long. The world criticized her for remaining neutral, and yet one wonders how many countries would have staked their national future as Roumania did when she entered the war. In a short fourteen months she has seen more than one half of her army destroyed, her fertile plains pass into the hands of her enemies, and her great oil industry almost wiped out. To-day her army, supported by Russians, is holding with difficulty hardly twenty per cent of what, before the war, was one of the most fertile and prosperous small kingdoms of Europe.

When America entered the war she assumed, in a large measure, the obligations to which the Allies were already committed. It seems of paramount importance under these circumstances that the case and the cause of Roumania be more thoroughly understood in this country. Other countries entered the war through necessities of various sorts. America committed herself to the conflict for a cause which even the cynical German propaganda, hard as it has tried, has been unable to distort into a selfish or commercial one. We are preparing to share in every way the sacrifices, both in blood and wealth, which our allies have been making these past three years. And as our reward we ask for no selfish or commercial rights, nor do we seek to acquire extension of territory or acquisition of privilege in any part of the world. We have entered the war solely because of wrongs committed in the past, and with the just determination that similar wrongs shall never again be perpetrated. No country and no people on this globe are more responsive to an obligation, and more determined to fulfill such an obligation when recognized, than are the American people.

For nearly two years prior to the en-

trance of Roumania into the war I had been attached to the Russian Imperial Staff in the field, as special correspondent of the *London Times*. I went to Roumania in September, 1916, directly from the staff of the then Tsar, with a request from the highest authority in Russia to the highest command in Roumania that every opportunity for studying the situation be given me. These letters gave me instant access to the King and Queen of Roumania, to the Roumanian General Staff, and to other persons of importance in the Roumanian administration. I remained in that country until late in the autumn, motoring more than five thousand kilometres, and touching the Roumanian front at many places. My opinion, then, of the Roumanian cause is based on first-hand evidence obtained at the time.

When I arrived in Roumania, in September, the army was still at the high tide of its advance in Transylvania and the world was lauding without stint the bravery and efficiency of Roumanian troops. Two days after my arrival I lunched with the King, and had the first of a series of interviews with him on the status of the case of Roumania. Inasmuch as without the consent of its sovereign the entrance of Roumania into the war would have been impossible, I should first present the King's view of her case as His Majesty, after several conversations, authorized me to present it.

The King himself, as all the world knows, is a Hohenzollern. His personal feelings must, therefore, in a measure, be affected by the fact that most of his relatives and friends are fighting on the German side. There is, however, not the slightest evidence to indicate that he has ever allowed the fact of his German blood to weigh against the true interests of Roumania. A conversation which illustrates the

attitude of the King at this time is one which the Princess —, one of the most clever and best-informed women in Roumania, related to me in Bucharest. The day before the declaration of war the most pro-German of the Roumanian ministers, who had the name of being the leader of the pro-German party in the capital, spent several hours putting forth every effort to prevent the declaration of war by the King. The minister, making no headway, finally said, 'The Germans are sure to win. Your Majesty must realize that it is impossible to beat a Hohenzollern.' The King replied, 'I think it can be done, nevertheless.' To this the defender of the German cause answered, 'Can you show me a single case where a Hohenzollern has been beaten?' The King replied, 'I can. I am a Hohenzollern, and I have beaten my own blood instincts for the sake of Roumania.'

One beautiful autumn afternoon, at the royal shooting-box outside of Bucharest, the King talked freely about his motives and the cause of his people. We had finished luncheon and he had dismissed his suite. He and the Crown Prince and myself were left in the unpretentious study. Here, over a map-strewn table, it was the custom of the King to study the problems of the campaign. A tired, harassed-looking man of about sixty, clad in the blue uniform of the Hussars of his Guard, he paced the floor, and with deep emotion emphasized the case of his country and the motives which had induced Roumania to enter the war.

This earnest presentation of his opinion I placed in writing at that time, and the sentences quoted here were a part of the statement published in the *London Times*. So far as I know, this is the only occasion on which the King outlined in a definite way his personal view of the Roumanian case.

His Majesty began by laying stress

on the necessity for interpreting Roumania truthfully to the world, now that her enemies were doing their utmost to misrepresent her; the necessity for understanding the genius of the people and the sacrifices and dangers which the country faced. He urged that Roumania had not been moved by mere policy or expediency, but that her action was based on the highest principles of nationality and national ideals.

'In Roumania as in Russia,' said the King, 'the tie of race and blood underlies all other considerations, and the appeal of our purest Roumanian blood which lies beyond the Transylvanian Alps has ever been the strongest influence in the public opinion of all Roumania, from the throne to the lowest peasant. Inasmuch as Hungary was the master that held millions of our blood in perpetual political bondage, Hungary has been our traditional enemy. The Bulgar, with his efficient and unquestionably courageous army, on a frontier difficult to defend, has logically become our southern menace, and as a latent threat has been accepted secondarily as a potential enemy.'

After stating that, although at the beginning of the war Roumanian sympathy had leaped instantly to France and England, the Roumanians had realized that, economically, the friendship of Germany was an asset in the development of Roumanian industries, the King added that, nevertheless, as the Great War progressed, there had developed in Roumania a moral issue in regard to the war. The frightfulness and lawlessness practiced by the Central Powers had a profound effect upon the Roumanian people, and the country began to feel the subtle force of enemy intrigue endeavoring to force her into war against her own real interests. Let us remember, when we would criticize Roumania for her early inactivity, that she was, in the words

of her King, 'a small power with a small army surrounded by giants'; that she had a western frontier 1000 kilometres long, — greater than the English and French fronts combined, — and a Bulgarian frontier, almost undefended and near her capital, stretching for other hundreds of kilometres on the south. With Russia in retreat, Roumania would have been instantly annihilated if she had acted. She had to wait till she could be reasonably sure of protecting herself and of being supported by her allies. She waited not a moment longer.

After pointing out the great risks which Roumania had run, as a small country, and the deterring effect of the fate of Serbia and Belgium, the King continued, 'Notwithstanding the savagery with which the enemy is attacking us and the cruelty with which our defenseless women and children are being massacred, this government will endeavor to prevent bitterness from dominating its actions in the way of reprisals on prisoners or defenseless non-combatants; and to this end orders have been issued to our troops that, regardless of previous provocation, those who fall into our hands shall be treated with kindness; for it is not the common soldiers or the innocent people who must be held responsible for the policy adopted by the enemy governments.'

The interview ended with the King's assurance that Roumanians would not falter in their allegiance to England the just, to France, their brother in Latin blood, and to Russia, their immediate neighbor.

'With confidence in the justice of our cause, with faith in our allies, and with the knowledge that our people are capable of every fortitude, heroism, sacrifice, which may be demanded of them, we look forward soberly and seriously to the problems that confront us, but with the certainty that our sac-

rifices will not be in vain, and that ultimate victory must and will be the inevitable outcome. In the achievement of this result the people of Roumania, from the throne to the lowliest peasant, are willing to pay the price.'

When it is realized that these conversations took place in September and the first days of October, it must be clear, I think, that neither the King nor the Queen had ever felt that Roumania entered the war in absolute security, but that they always realized the danger of their situation and moved only because their faith in the Allies was such as to lead them to believe that they had at least a fair chance to coöperate with them without the certainty of destruction.

To emphasize further the fact that both realized this danger even before the war started, I would mention one occasion some weeks later, when the fear of the German invasion of Roumania was becoming a tangible one. During a conversation with the King and the Queen together, in regard to this menace, the Queen turned impulsively to the King and said, 'This is exactly what we have feared. We, at least, never imagined that Roumania was going to have an easy victory, and we have always felt the danger of our coming into the war.'

The King looked very tired and nervous, having spent all that day with the General Staff weighing news from the front which was increasingly adverse. 'Yes,' he said, as he pulled his beard, 'we were never misled as to what might happen.'

So much then for the psychology of the sovereigns of Roumania as I received it from their own lips.

II

Ever since the loss of Bucharest the world has been asking why Roumania

entered the war. It seems to be the general opinion that her action at that time was unwarranted and that she had been betrayed. There has even been a widely circulated report that Germany, through the King, had intrigued to bring about this disaster. Again I have heard that the Russian High Command had purposely sacrificed Roumania. At this time, when much of the evidence is still unattainable, it is impossible for me to make absolutely authoritative statements, but immediately after leaving Roumania I spent three hours with General Brusiloff discussing the situation. A few days later I had the privilege of meeting the former Tsar at Kieff (to whom the Queen had given me a letter), and I know from his own lips his feeling in regard to Roumania. Subsequently, I was at the headquarters of the Russian High Command and there learned at first hand the extraordinary efforts that Alexieff was making to support Roumania. The British efforts to co-operate with Roumania and prevent disaster I knew thoroughly at that time.

I never saw the slightest evidence that either Russia or her allies had any intention whatsoever of disregarding their duties or their responsibilities to this little country. That there was lack of vision and foresight on all sides is quite apparent. But that there was bad faith on the part of any of the contracting parties I do not believe. It is probably true that the reactionary government in Petrograd was glad to see the Roumanian disaster, but it must be realized that this was a military situation primarily, and that ninety per cent of it in the first three months was in the hands, not of the Petrograd politicians but of the military authorities at the front. Brussiloff and Alexieff are men incapable of intrigue or bad faith. The Emperor, with

whom I talked at Kieff, and the Grand Duchess Maria Pavlowna nearly wept at the misfortune of Roumania, and I am certain that the former Tsar was in no way a party to any breach of faith with this little ally.

I have said that there was not bad faith toward Roumania on the part of the Allies when they induced her to enter the war, and that there was not lack of intelligence on the part of Roumania when she followed their advice. In order to understand the point of view of the Allies it is necessary to have clearly in mind the military conditions existing in the whole theatre of operations during the six months prior to Roumania's fatal venture. In February the Germans had assembled a large portion of their mobile reserves for their effort against Verdun. The constant wastage of German human material continued almost without intermission into May, with spasmodic recurrences up to the present time. Hundreds of thousands of Germans were drawn from the visible supply of enemy manhood by these offensives. By early May the failure of the Verdun venture had probably become manifest to the German High Command, and there is evidence that they were commencing to conserve their troops for other purposes.

On the 5th of June there began in Galicia and Volhynia the great offensive of General Brussiloff which lasted, almost without intermission, on one or another part of his front, until October. By the middle of June this drive of the Russians began to divert German troops for the defense of Kovel. In July started the British-French offensive in the West.

With their reservoirs of men already greatly reduced by the Verdun attacks, the Germans, by the middle of July, were compelled to find supports to meet the continuous offensives on both the

Eastern and Western fronts. I cannot estimate the number of troops required by them against the French and British, but I do know that between the 5th of June and the 30th of August a total of thirty divisions of enemy troops were diverted from other fronts against Brussiloff alone. This heavy diversion was the only thing that prevented the Russians from taking Kovel in July and forcing the entire German line in the East. So continuous and pressing were the Russian attacks that more than two months elapsed before the enemy could bring this offensive to a final stop on the Kovel sector. Enemy formations arriving were ground up in detail as fast as they came, and by the middle of July it was clear to us, who were on the fighting line in Volhynia, that the Germans were having extraordinary difficulties in filling their losses from day to day. In June their first supports came by army corps; in July they were coming by divisions; and early in August we checked the arrival of single regiments, while the Austrians were often so hard pressed that they sent isolated battalions to fill the holes in their lines.

In the mean time the Russians had cleared the Bukovina of the enemy. It was believed that Roumania could put in the field twenty-two divisions of excellent troops. The enemy losses in prisoners alone, up to the first of September, from Brussiloff's offensive, were above four hundred thousand and over four hundred guns. It seemed then that these extra twenty-two divisions thrown in by Roumania could meet but little resistance.

In order that the Roumanian attempt to coöperate might be safeguarded in the highest degree, a co-ordinated plan of operations on the part of the Allies was agreed upon with Roumania. The allied force in Saloniki under General Sarrail was to com-

mence a heavy offensive intended to pin down the Bulgarian and Turkish forces to the southern line, thus protecting the Roumanian line of the Danube. Brussiloff's left flank in Galicia was to start a drive through the Bukovina toward the Hungarian plain, thus relieving the Roumanians from any pressure on the north. A Russian force of fifty thousand men in the Dubrudja was to protect the Roumanian left. This, in view of the apparent shortage of enemy reserves, seemed to protect the army of Roumania on both flanks in its advance into Transylvania. In addition Roumania was to receive certain shipments of munitions of war daily from Russia. It was the opinion of the military advisers in Roumania that under no circumstances could the Germans divert against her within three months more than sixteen divisions, while some of the experts advising her placed the number as low as ten.

Now let us see what happened. For some reason, which I do not know, the offensive on the south was delayed, and when it did start it attained no important results nor did it detain sufficient enemy troops in that vicinity to relieve Roumania. On the contrary, heavy forces of Bulgars and Austrians immediately attacked the line of the Danube, taking the Roumanian stronghold of Turtekaia, with the bulk of the Roumanian heavy guns. In order to safeguard Bucharest, then threatened, the Roumanians were obliged to withdraw troops from their Transylvania advance, which up to this time had been highly successful. These withdrawals represented the difference between an offensive and a defensive, and the Transylvania campaign potentially failed when Bucharest was threatened from the south.

The Russian expedition in the Dubrudja, which was supported by a

Roumanian division and a mixed division of Serbs and Slavs, partially recruited from prisoners captured by the Russians, failed to work in harmony, and the protection of the Roumanian left became, after the capture of Turtekaia, a negligible factor which ultimately collapsed entirely. Thus we see in the beginning that through no bad faith the southern assets on which Roumania depended proved to be of little or no value to her.

There still remained the Russian agreement to coöperate in Galicia and the Bukovina. I can speak of this situation with authority because I had been on the southwestern front almost without intermission since June, and know that there was every intent on the part of Brussiloff to carry out to the limit of his capacity his end of the programme. The success of this, however, was impaired by a situation, over which he had no control, which developed in Galicia in September. It must not be forgotten that all the Russian troops on the southwestern front had been fighting constantly for nearly three months. When I came through Galicia on my way to Roumania I found Brussiloff's four southern armies engaged in a tremendous action. Early in September they had made substantial advances in the direction of Lemberg, and were in sight of Halicz on the Dniester when they began to encounter terrific and sustained counter-attacks.

That the force of this may be understood I would mention the case of the army attacking Halicz. When I first went to the southwestern front in June, there were facing this army three Austrian divisions, three Austrian cavalry divisions and one German division. In September, at the very moment when Brussiloff was supposed to be heavily supporting Roumania, there were sent against this same army — on a slightly

extended front — three Austrian divisions, two Austrian cavalry divisions, two Turkish divisions, and nine German divisions. The army on the extreme Russian left, whose duty it was to participate in the offensive in the Bukovina, had made important advances toward Lemberg from the south, and just at the time that Roumania entered the war it also was subjected to tremendous enemy counter-attacks. For several weeks it held its position only with the greatest difficulty and by diverting to itself most of the available reserves. Something more than one army corps did endeavor to coöperate with Roumania, but the situation I have described in Galicia made it impossible for sufficient supports to reach the Bukovina offensive to enable it to fulfill its mission.

Thus we see that after the first month of the campaign the coöoperative factors which alone had justified Roumania's entering into the war had proved to be failures. The arrival of material from Russia was delayed because, after Turtekaia was taken, a new Russian corps was sent to the Dobrudja to stiffen up that front. The railroad communications were bad and immediately became congested by the movements of troops, thus interfering with the shipping of badly needed material. I have since heard the Russian reactionary government charged with purposely holding up these shipments; but I am inclined to believe that my explanation of the cause of the delays in the arrival of material is the correct one.

The greatest mistake on the part of the Allies was their estimate of the number of troops that the Germans could send to Roumania during the fall of 1916. As I have said, experts placed this number at from ten to sixteen divisions, but, to the best of my judgment, they sent, between the 1st of September

and the 1st of January, not less than thirty. The German commitments to the Roumanian front came by express, and the Russian supports, because of the paucity of lines of communication, came by freight. The moment that it became evident what the Germans could do in the way of sending troops, Roumania was doomed.

The move of Alexieff and the Russian High Command in the middle of October, which is one of tangible record and not of opinion, should absolutely eliminate the charges of bad faith on the part of Russia, for he immediately appropriated for the support of Roumania between eight and ten army corps, which were instantly placed in motion, regardless of the adverse condition their absence caused on his own front. It is quite true that these troops arrived too late to save Bucharest; but that they came as quickly as possible, I can assert without reservation, for I was on the various lines of communication for nearly a month and found them blocked with these corps, which represented the cream of the Russian army, to make good the moral obligations of Russia to Roumania. In November I had a talk with Brusiloff, who authorized me to quote him as follows on the Roumanian situation:—

H.Q. — S.W.F. — Nov. 7.

Roumania is now feeling for the first time the pressure of war and the bitterness of defeat; but Roumania must realize that her defeats are but incidents in the greater campaign; for behind her stands great Russia, who will see to it that her brave little ally, who has come into the war for a just cause, does not ultimately suffer for daring to espouse this cause for which we are all fighting. I can speak with authority when I state that, from the Emperor down to the common soldier, there is a united sentiment in Russia that Rou-

mania shall be protected, helped, and supported in every way possible. Roumanians must feel faith in Russia and the Russian people, and must also know that in the efforts we are making to save them sentiment is the dominant factor, and we are not doing it merely as a question of protecting our own selfish interest and our left flank.

It seems to me that the evidence I have submitted above clears the Allies, including Russia, of any wanton breach of faith toward Roumania, though the failure of their intention to relieve her certainly does not diminish their responsibility toward her in the future.

In the final analysis the determining factor in the ruin of Roumania was the failure of the Allies to foresee the number of troops the Germans could send against them. Their reasoning up to a certain point was accurate. In July, August, and for part of September it was, I believe, almost impossible for the Germans to send troops to Transylvania, which accounts for the rapidity of the Roumanian advance at the beginning of their operations. The fallacy in the Allied reasoning seems to me to have been that every one overlooked certain vital factors in the German situation. First, that she would ultimately support any threat against Hungary to the limit of her capacity, even if she had to evacuate Belgium to get troops for this purpose. For with Hungary out of the war it is a mate in five moves for the Central Empires. Second: the Allies failed to analyze correctly the troop situation on the eastern front, apparently failing to grasp one vital point. An army can defend itself in winter, with the heavy cold and snows of Russia sweeping the barren spaces, with perhaps sixty per cent of the number of troops required to hold those identical lines in summer. It should have been obvious that, when

the cold weather set in in the north, the Germans would take advantage of this situation, and by going on the defensive in the north release the margin representing the difference in men required to hold their lines in summer and in winter. Possibly the same condition applies to the west, though I cannot speak with any authority on that subject. Apparently this obvious action of the Germans is exactly what happened. When their northern front had been combed, we find forces subtracted piecemeal from the north, reaching an aggregate of thirty divisions, or at least nearly fifteen divisions more than had been anticipated. The doom of Roumania was sealed.

What happened in the Russian effort to support Roumania is exactly what has occurred in nearly all the drives that I have been in during this war. An army once started in retreat in the face of superior forces can hold only when supported *en bloc* or when it reaches a fortified line. The Germans with all their cleverness and efficiency were not able to stop the Russian offensive of 1916 until they had fallen back on the fortified lines of the Stokhod in front of Kovel. In the Galician drive against the Russians in 1915, the armies of the Tsar were not able to hold until they reached the San River, on which they fought a series of rear-guard actions.

So it was in Roumania. The Russian corps arriving on the installment plan were swept away by the momentum of the advancing enemy, who could not be halted until the fortified line of the Sereth was reached.

Whether one blames the Allies for lack of vision or not, I think one must at least acquit Roumania of any responsibility for her own undoing. Her case as represented by the King seems a just and sufficient reason for her having entered the war. Her action during

the war has been straightforward and direct, and I have never heard of any reason to believe that the King or the Roumanian High Command has ever looked back in the furrow since they made the decision to fight on the side of the Allies. They followed the advice given them as to their participation in the war. They have played the game to the limit of their resources and to-day stand in a position almost unparalleled in its pathos and acuteness. In front of them, as they struggle with courage and desperation for the small fragment of their kingdom that remains, are the formations of the Turks, Bulgars, Austrians, Hungarians, and Germans, with Mackensen striving to give them a death-blow. Behind them is Russia in chaos. German agitators and irresponsible revolutionists have striven in vain to destroy the morale of their army and shake their faith in their government and their sovereign. It is estimated that three million Roumanian refugees have taken shelter behind their lines. Their civil population, or that portion of it which remains, will this winter be destitute of almost every necessity of life.

This, then, is the case of Roumania, and if we and the other Allies have not a moral obligation to the King and Queen and the government of that little country, to support them in every way possible, then surely we have no obligation to any one.

Sentiment, however, is not the only factor in the Roumanian case. There is also the problem of sound policy. In spite of all her distress and her discouragements Roumania has been able to save from the wreckage, and to reconstruct, an army which it is said can muster between three and four hundred thousand men. These soldiers are well drilled by French officers, filled with enthusiasm and fighting daily, and are even now diverting enemy

troops toward Roumania which would otherwise be available for fighting British, French, and American troops in the west. The Roumanians are the matrix of the Russian left flank, and if, through lack of support and the necessities of life, they go out of the war, the solidity of the Russian left is destroyed and the capture of Odessa probably foreordained. A few hundred million dollars would probably keep Roumania fighting for another year. It is a conservative estimate to state that it will

take ten times that amount, and at least six months' delay, to place the equivalent number of trained American troops on any fighting front. It is, I think, obvious that from the point of view of sound military policy, as well as moral and ethical obligation, every American whose heart is in this war should be behind the President of the United States without reserve, in any effort he may make or recommend, in extending assistance to Roumania in this the hour of her greatest peril.

TORPEDOED

BY ALBERT KINROSS

I

THE first torpedo struck us at a few minutes past ten o'clock in the morning. I was down below in the saloon with E——. We had both kept a boat-watch during the night and were the last officers to come to breakfast.

The saloon was a fine large place, with lots of glass and tables and white-jacketed stewards. Above, on the decks, the men and most of the officers had fallen in at dawn and were to remain alert during our passage through the danger zone. A couple of Japanese destroyers, one to port and one to starboard, formed our escort. Our course was a series of zigzags at fourteen knots per hour by day and rather more at night.

E—— and I ate our bacon and eggs and drank our coffee. The steward waiting on us was a clean-shaven little fellow who looked much like a low

comedian. When the torpedo struck, there was no mistaking it for anything else. E—— and I laughed, as much as to say, 'Here she is!' Then I put on my cork belt, asked myself whether any part of me had suffered in the explosion, and received a confident answer, and next I leaped up the three flights of stairs that led to the liner's deck and my own boat-station.

E—— raced with me. I have never seen him since. He had a lovable habit of mothering people. I dare say it cost him his life. There is something specially tragical about this officer's disappearance. He was the last of three brothers. Two had died gallantly in France, and so that one of her boys might be spared to the bereaved mother, E—— had been taken out of the trenches and given a 'safe' job at the base. Yet even so the Fates had followed him!

The stewards and cooks raced with

us too. There was something theatrical and cinema-ish about that picture — so many white jackets and blue uniform trousers and white overalls.

All this time—it might have been a couple of minutes — the greater part of me was so active that I have no recollection of any instant devoted to fear. Crude and horrible as it may sound, there was a large portion of my consciousness which was most vividly and delightedly enjoying itself. I will try to explain why.

Firstly, the torpedo had come, and with it an end to our suspense. A weight seemed lifted. I have crossed the Channel five times, the Mediterranean twice and a fraction — I call the last effort a fraction — during this war; and much of these twenty-three nights and seventeen days one was waiting. The Channel crossing is nothing. You turn in, go to sleep, and wake in safe waters. But from Saloniki to port, or from Europe to Saloniki, you are at the mercy of your digestion, your nerves, and, especially in my own case, an incorrigible imagination. I am a writer, and therefore have not spared that faculty. Well, the torpedo had come at last, and now farewell to fond imaginings.

Secondly and chiefly, *the whole thing was so terrible as to be quite unreal*. In that way it defeated itself. I, for one, simply could not believe in it. 'Such things are done at the "pictures" or at Drury Lane; they are not done in real life.' I was arguing something like that, very swiftly no doubt, very sub-consciously. I am not aware that I argued, but I do know that at the outset the whole thing seemed like an exciting, wonderful adventure, and withal quite unreal.

Just picture us, on a great liner, cosy as a grand hotel. Everything was remote from war and death, as I have seen them so constantly on land these

last three years. No mud, no dirt, no continuity. And we were all at ease and leading civilian lives, with bathrooms, linen sheets, and even an American bar! I don't know why, but I had imagined it all quite differently.

As one rushed upstairs one thought of things one had valued yesterday, — two brand-new pairs of boots, one's field-glasses, some money, — they seemed now so utterly of no account. Providence must have been with me, for, arrived on deck, I stood flush before my boat, Number 13. I stood there and took charge. To left of me the right people were busy with our sixty-six sisters. These ladies were part of the staff of a new hospital unit. Safely they were put into their boats, safely lowered, and safely rowed away from us. We cheered them as they left, and they cheered back. Then Tommy, lined on deck, struck up a song. He always does in moments of emotion.

I had filled my boat as full as it would go. All was ready. I stepped on board and gave the signal. Then slowly we descended. Above our heads one of the ship's officers was seeing to it that we went down all right. Immediately below us was another boat. It pushed off at last, and now we were free to hit the water. Before we pushed off I took on five of the crew who had helped to lower us. They swarmed down the ropes and reached us safely. Then I refused to take anybody else and we got the oars out and rowed away. Only then did I notice that the ship had stopped dead. She looked perfectly steady, like a ship anchored.

On leaving her I had thought of the two other officers who should have been with me, and of the long rows of men I had seen drawn up on the decks. A moment I had hesitated, feeling very like a rat, but it was my duty to leave them and I had no choice. Three more boats were waiting to follow mine. I

pointed this out to the men I had to leave behind. And still I felt rather like a rat. Now, with a fuller knowledge, I am glad I went.

I was the only officer in our boat. All my fifty companions were 'other ranks' or else members of the crew. Straightway I took command. It seemed a relief to the men, and it was certainly a relief to me. I heard shouts of 'Listen to the officer,' and all those fifty pair of eyes I knew would judge me, and, if I were worthy, trust me. I had no cap, but I had my tunic and its rank badges for all to see.

Within me I knew that I was an absolute novice, as green as the green waters on which we now moved and had our being. 'Row away from the ship,' was my first order. Six or eight boats and numerous rafts were already floating on the water. They had put a safe distance between themselves and the ship, and I thought it right to do the same. One had heard stories about 'suction': how a sinking vessel draws down other craft with it. So away we rowed, very crowded and jammed together. When we had gone a couple of hundred yards, I turned to our professional sailors. Two were young negroes; the other three were white; but all five seemed to know little more than I. They were probably stokers or kitchen hands. In any case, I speedily realized that they could help me very little and that I must rely on my own judgment.

So we floated, one of many little units, on those waters; and for a long time we were kept passionately interested by what we saw. Speaking for myself, I have never lived through moments so tense, so big, so charged with all extremes and textures of emotion.

The big ship — she was near to 15,000 tons — stood like an island, and as if she could stand forever. While one of our destroyers went away on an un-

known quest, the other drew alongside. We saw the little khaki figures swarm into her, and, to be frank, we envied them. Then the destroyer manoeuvred, and there was a flash and an explosion. A second torpedo had struck and the Japanese commander had just dodged it. We now saw that his mast was broken and his wireless installation was sagging. But still the great ship stood there like an island. 'She's beached!' shouted some one; and for quite a while there were many of us who felt that this was likely.

Our next diversion came from the destroyer. Some one on board was signaling us to get out of the way, and some one else on board was firing the forward gun straight past us. We were in the line of fire and an obstruction. And so we rowed away from there, getting clear. Five or six shells were fired. We heard later that the target was a sailing boat which the submarine had used to screen her periscope. Personally, I saw nothing of sailing-boat, submarine, or periscope.

I imagine that I must have been uncommonly busy. The sea was now nursing a little fleet of boats and rafts, and some of my own men wanted comforting. One flash of the Comic Spirit cheered us all. He was a fat, bald-headed soldier on a raft, probably a quartermaster-sergeant. He sprawled at his ease, lying face to the sun, just like a man on a holiday. A pipe stuck in that calm and florid face would have perfected the picture. I hope his sublime coolness has been rewarded.

A similar raft, quite empty, floated by, and it is with a twinge of shame that I admit that I would gladly have swum to it. We were overcrowded, some of us had to be suppressed, and one or two of us were terrified. As an officer I was doing my duty, but as an individual I was not altogether happy! I envied the leisure, the spacious ease,

the care-free dignity of that fat man with a whole raft to himself.

That moment passed, as did many another. I remember especially seeing another boat with only five men on board, four rowing gayly past us, the fifth baling. It seemed to us a horrible injustice, and several of my men said so aloud. I negatived the proposition, however, that we should get alongside and in part transfer. We seemed all right, and it struck me as best to leave well alone.

There followed next the most dramatic period of that spectacle. So far the great ship had stood firm, as if anchored. We noticed now that she had a definite list to starboard. The angle grew steeper, and then suddenly her bow dropped, her stern lifted, and next she slid to the bottom like a diver. It was as though a living thing had disappeared beneath the waves. We watched her, open-mouthed, a tightness at our hearts. We missed the comfort of her presence, we felt the tragedy of her surrender. In her death and engulfment there was a something more than human. So might a city built by countless hands and quick with life pass suddenly away. From somewhere in the middle of her bled a great puff of smoke, and I noticed that her deck as she stood on end, one half of her submerged, was bare and naked. It might have been a ball-room floor. We said nothing, but it was evident that most of us felt and thought alike. We turned now a more searching eye upon the strange shores that lay some five miles distant, and upon the strange city whose central monuments fixed our attention. What kind of people lived there, and would they send us help? we seemed to ask. But already the latter question was answered. A small steamer, apparently a tug, was evidently the forerunner of rescue.

You must picture us now on an empty sea; for with the going of our ship, although some thousands of us were floating, struggling, and, alas, drowning, we made no great impression on that immensity. We felt very small and we felt very much alone and neglected.

II

So far, absorbed by the larger drama of those hours, I have hardly done justice to our own personal worries and hesitations. To begin with, either our boat leaked, or we had omitted to replace the plug which is part of a boat's equipment and the absence or presence of which regulates the escape of rain-water from a boat as it hangs on its davits. We leaked, and a rising sea added to this danger; for, besides taking in water from below, the big waves, when we met them broadside on, drenched us and filled us still more. To remedy this latter evil, and after discovering also that we were rudderless, I constituted myself coxswain of the boat. I stood up and shouted, 'Right,' or 'left,' as the case might be, and the men pulled bravely. Thus, by using our oars, — and though we lost one or two there were always sufficient, — we were able to keep our boat head on to the waves and rise or sink with them instead of meeting them sideways.

The leakage from below, however, was a far more serious matter. At first we tried to hold our own with an iron bucket which we had found aboard. This helped matters, but still the water was gaining on us. We sat in it and watched it climbing. Then one of the men baling dropped the bucket over the side. It was gone. I called him a particular kind of fool, in which opinion he certainly concurred; and then a happy inspiration caused me to remember a couple of fresh-water casks and

a couple of hatchets that I had noticed in the boat during my second watch at daybreak. We fished for the casks and found one, and we fished some more and found a hatchet. We stove in the cask, emptied it, and began to bale. Then I had the luck to discover the second cask, and soon we had both going as hard as willing arms could fill them and throw the water back into the sea.

I shall never forget the sigh of relief that went up from most of us as gradually we obtained the mastery over that relentless foe. From our waistline, the water sank little by little to below our knee; and I thanked God for it. We felt safe again. Now there were only two things to bear in mind: firstly, we must keep her head on to the waves, and, secondly, we must keep on baling.

During this critical period I made a closer acquaintance with my comrades. I had never seen any of them before, so I did not know their names or anything about them. Mentally, I described the more marked characters to myself, and even went the length of inventing nicknames. There was the Pop-Eye Man, for instance. He was a sailor or, rather, a member of the crew. He was so terrified that he shouted wild things at us and his eyes seemed to pop out of his head. What he yelled I neither knew nor cared. He made me realize that there are such things as cowards, and once or twice I caught myself wondering what it was that made him so afraid of death, so tenacious of life. Was it wife, children, or beer that so unmanned him? He had a beery look and rather a brutal, bullying manner. He is saved and is now probably lying hard about his confounded heroism. That type usually does.

Then there was the Cocoanut-Shy Man. At village and other English festivals there are men who keep up a continual shouting in a hoarse and bla-

tant voice. They must have lungs of brass, and as often as not, they are attached to a cocoanut-shy outfit. I had one such man on board. He was probably shouting to keep his own courage up as much as ours.

'Three more strokes to the shore, boys!' he yelled. 'Three more strokes! Now all together!' And so on; and so on. He had a voice like a bull and made the welkin ring with encouragement and exhortation. Of course, not three nor three thousand strokes would have taken us to the shore. The sea, the wind, and our own dead weight were all against us. But, still, the Cocoanut-Shy Man, whether it was rowing or baling, worked like a man and encouraged others to work, and was a good fellow.

There was the Man-who-Nodded. He was a sailor in the stern. I faced him, and whenever I ordered the boat's head to be kept on to the waves, he nodded approval and seemed satisfied.

Other figures come back to me, other faces. One poor Tommy broke a tragic silence by crossing over to me, and, all tremulous, confessing, 'I have n't got my belt, sir.' Nor had he. I put him to baling — and bale he did! He was easily our champion.

Beside me all the time was a boy of about eighteen, fresh from home, a private in the Royal Army Medical Corps. He nestled beside me, with large trustful eyes, like a little dog, and whatever I asked him to do he did quickly and implicitly. If I have any touch of vanity it must have been tickled by that dear lad's faith in me.

There were two negroes — stokers, I believe — in the boat. They sat quite still, moving neither hand nor foot, a picture of resignation. Their passive silence was monumental. A fair young fellow, probably a shop assistant before the war, and, I believe, a corporal or sergeant in the Army Ser-

vice Corps, worked well and always with intelligence and coolness. And there was a plucky middle-aged man in the stern, who simply oozed calmness and confidence, though he once had me puzzled by telling me that the rudder was there and working as it should do. He admitted later that he had said this to cheer up the waverers.

Now, as to the wavers, they were mostly boys, and I think all of them were seasick. It is very difficult to be a hero when you are seasick. One or two whom I urged to row or bale replied, 'I'm done, sir.' And done they were, I suppose, poor beggars.

I, too, though smiling in the face of events, had a lengthy period of doubt, and even went so far as to loosen my soaked boots as a precaution. It was when the water threatened to sink or overturn us. I remember a few of the thoughts that criss-crossed with more practical reflections. Chief and foremost was the recognition that I had had forty-seven years of life and a d—d good time, all things considered. Friendships, love, books, pictures, music, I had had; and I had seen a good deal of the world and its adventures. And as I thought of these, it occurred to me that I had done pretty well everything except die, and that, after all, Barrie was right. In *Peter Pan*, you will remember, he makes his hero say that death is the greatest adventure of the lot. I probably misquote him, but that is the gist of it. Now, I had always thought that sentiment unreal and a piece of clap-trap. And so it was in a way. When I heard it, I was fresh from the Russian Revolution of 1905-1906. The audience who applauded struck me as about the last people in the world who wanted to die; in fact, London, after Russia, seemed a place where people wanted to go to offices, make money, and live forever, and Barrie's audience more so than any of

them. But as I stood in the boat and contemplated the possibility and even probability of this last great adventure, it occurred to me that Peter Pan was right — exactly right.

It also annoyed me to think that the two books I have lived for all my life and have not yet written might get drowned. This annoyed me very seriously. They seemed such wonderful, splendid books, now that there was a chance of their going under! Parallel with these diversions was the discovery of the two fresh-water casks and their prompt utilization. I baled away myself and made others bale.

The sea now, or at about this period, held five good hopes for us. There were the two original Japanese destroyers, one Italian destroyer that was picking people up, and two Italian tug-boats. The submarine seemed to have finished for the day. My men, even earlier, had in part seemed to think that we were the only people who mattered. They had waved and yelled, and they had let off flares. These flares were to me a mystery and rather a source of laughter. Probably they formed part of our boat's furniture, but in broad daylight they could be of no real use and it was like setting fireworks off at midday. I had advocated patience and suggested that lots of people were far worse off than we were, which was indeed the case.

Now, although there were five authentic steamboats going and coming on the waters, the whole area in sight seemed so enormous and everything human on it so small, that I felt that help would take some time in getting to us. As a matter of fact, we survivors must have flecked a good many square miles of that vast carpet. We were a thin sprinkling, and we covered a considerable area. Hence it was largely a matter of luck who came first and last. And so I was content to wait our turn.

It came at length in the shape of a Japanese destroyer. She was taking in a boatload of survivors not fifty yards from us. And so, with hearts considerably lighter, we pulled toward her. We were on the wrong side at first, and wind and sea would have made our rescue from that quarter dangerous. But speedily we turned and came round her; she threw us a line which we caught and clung to; then came a rope, and our main adventure was over.

The first man to get aboard was the poor devil without a life-belt. He did not wait to be asked. Then all my men scrambled up the shallow side of the destroyer, helped by the strong brown arms of square-built little sailors. Those Japs were all helpfulness and smiles of welcome. One or two of my own men paused to say, 'Thank you, sir,' before they left. It was nice of them, but I did not feel that they owed many thanks to me. I was the last to quit our boat, and we left it drifting. God only knows where it is to-day. It was Number 13; and in Italy, where we landed, 13 is a lucky number.

On the destroyer, now crowded with the rescued, I was welcomed by several of my brother officers. We even shook hands and made pretty speeches — a thing we rarely do. My gray hair and middle age seemed to make some of them think that I was more 'done in' than was actually the case. As a matter of fact, I was pretty fit and anxious only to get a smoke. It must have been shortly after three o'clock in the afternoon, and I had had nothing to eat since ten o'clock that morning. We were about four and a half hours in the boat. It did not seem as long as that; in fact, the time had gone rather quickly. To my companions, perhaps, free from responsibility or shaken by seasickness, it may have seemed longer.

Before I return to the destroyer, I would like to record a psychological

experience which must be common to many men who 'live dangerously,' but which I have never seen stated in print or heard by word of mouth. I have lived much for sport, and have occasionally done things which the newspapers describe as 'brilliant.' Every athlete has done the same. These are almost 'impossible' things; but a perfect physical fitness makes them possible. You are praised for doing them, and you receive such praise almost with a certain disdain; for you did not really risk your neck or a split head; or even if you did, what of it? Most men, on their day, have physical courage. I personally do not value it at a tenth of the price I put on moral courage — the courage of the great artist, for instance, or the courage of the junior officer who stands up to a rascally or cowardly senior. These men are the heroes for my money. And I remember still how, when all that strain was over and I was free to leave our little boat, a touch of that old disdain humbled me. Most men who are praised for doing their job must feel as I felt, even — to compare small things with great — our most decorated and be-paragraphed.

III

Naval warfare is, I take it, a thing of contrasts. We retained two impressions of that particular Japanese destroyer: the first, fierce and catlike; the second, all smiles and willing helpfulness. I had seen it spit its shells, its battle-flag gleaming like a bloodshot eye. The red and white streaks of Japan's naval ensign had floated out on the breeze with an almost human intensity — a single splash of color, and that the absolutely right one. Now the same ship was moving hither and yon, intent on its work of rescue, picking up men in batches of two, or three, or four.

Ours had been the last boatload of

fifty souls or so to be taken aboard. The destroyer next dealt with the flotsam and jetsam that had held out on rafts, real or improvised. We huddled together on the narrow deck, and it was now our turn to watch — we, who a few moments before had ourselves provided the spectacle. In little groups we dragged them in. A line would be thrown, and, if it went true the first time, caught and held by eager hands, and the sturdy Japs would have our men on deck in a twinkling. Sometimes it missed, and then there followed a second shot that did the trick. Once a too-anxious Tommy made us shake with laughter.

'Hold tight!' he cried from the deck to a man on a raft who had caught a rope-end. As if that man would not hold tight!

Every now and again we passed the floating bodies of the drowned, their faces hid in the life-belts that made them bob so pathetically — as if they too were made of cork. Cold, seasickness, exhaustion, had made them give way; a man under these circumstances is as strong as his vitality.

We cruised for perhaps an hour, drenched with spray. A dry cigarette was treasure-trove to us. We shared those we had, taking our turns at them. I had at least four sucks at a fat Abdullah, Number 14: it was very good. Débris from the ship floated past us, noticeably a beautiful writing-desk, complete. It was there for anybody to take; I wonder what became of it. Two hydroplanes, part of our deck cargo, in enormous packing-cases, rode the waves, looking for all the world like huge Noah's Arks. As we watched we swapped stories, and those of us who were too cold drifted aft to the shelter of the ward-room. Our hosts passed round biscuit, and every now and then an officer on the bridge would chalk up some piece of information on a slate

which he held aloft. It was thus we learned that we were bound for S——, a port in Italy. We could already see its churches, towers, and factory chimneys. But the warm heart of it we could not see; in fact, we were dubious, wondering what kind of a reception we should meet from these strangers, among whom, so nakedly and so unexpectedly, we were presently to descend.

They did not leave us long in doubt. Some of us had been in Italy before, as tourists; to-day we were her guests. Red Cross sisters had erected stalls on the quay and were active with hospitality. I drank coffee, wine, and beer indiscriminately, ate bread and biscuit, and smoked cigarettes.

Every available motor-car from far and near was there to fetch our wounded and our dead. There were men who had been hurt in the two explosions, and men who had jumped from ship to destroyer and broken a leg. On our destroyer's deck I now saw the body of Major B——. I had learned that he was lost; but I was yet to hear that he had reached a safe place on a raft, which, trusting to his powers as a swimmer, he had yielded to two men less able than himself. They were saved, but the cold of a long immersion had proved too much for Major B——. He was a partner in the famous bank which bears his name, a brave man who had died as unselfishly as he had lived.

I was hungry now, — in fact ravenous, — so I stepped into one of the motor-cars that were going inland. Half a dozen of us were packed in it, and we drove through long lines of excited people who cheered us, wept over us, pelted us with flowers, and made much of us generally. We cheered back, and when we were hoarse and had left the crowd behind, our car drew up at a large building on a hill. We discovered that it was a hospital. Half of us re-

mained there, the other half explained that what we wanted was a square meal and a place where we could dry our clothes. So downhill we went again, and on to the portals of the best hotel. There I ate the first real meal that I had had that day (it was between four and five o'clock in the afternoon). And afterwards I got into a bed and warmed myself and asked the chambermaid to dry my clothes.

We spent the best part of a week in Italy, among a population that no single one of us can ever thank sufficiently. High and low, rich and poor, there was nothing they would not give us or do for us. Many of us were taken to homes, and I have heard of poor working-people who went without food so that some British Tommy who was their guest might eat his fill.

The military authorities looked after our clothing, and we were really a sight one cannot readily forget. In *bersaglieri* fez and tassel we roamed about, in capacious gray cloaks, in gray peaked caps, in every shape and make of Italian uniform. We hardly recognized one another, and when we did, it was to stop and laugh and laugh again.

On the Sunday S—— gave the first twenty of our ship's company who had died or whose bodies had been washed ashore a public funeral. It was the most impressive funeral I have ever seen. In a procession fully a mile long we streamed away to the Campo Santo. The whole town and countryside were there to watch us, on sidewalks, crowded balconies, even on the house-tops. Many of the women were weeping as they stood there, thinking of their own men-folk away on the two fronts.

To the Italians the most interesting members of this stream of mourners were 'Le donne,' as they termed our own brave sisters. In scarlet and gray, those who had saved their uniforms marched gallantly down the long road

that led to the cemetery. The whole sixty-six were present, many dressed in hats, skirts, and blouses provided by the ladies of S——. We were proud of our women — but that is an old story.

With the Italian and British troops marched the sailors of Japan, smart and workmanlike. I had never seen them in a body before, and I observed them closely. I may be mistaken, but to me they seemed as formidable as any seamen in the world. Physically and morally they impressed me deeply. One little thing won my particular regard: instead of machine-turned decorations, they wore real jewels, the work of a craftsman. It is a small matter, but a people that will do this will do much else. The Japanese officers were obviously men of breeding, and on more than one face I seemed to read a supreme disdain (which many of us share) for a civilization which expresses itself in mechanics and explosives.

'You Westerners have forced us to take a hand in this,' they seemed to say; 'very well then, we will take a hand, till, sooner or later, you reach our level of civilization, and then we can scrap all these toys and devilments and so go on with the realities that lead to God.'

Perhaps I imagined this; yet without those quiet figures whose pride it was to stand there as though carven, and from another world, I could not have imagined anything of the kind.

I had seven days in Italy. They are indeed unforgettable, but, before I am done with them, their light can support the shadow cast by the little spy. He is among the meanest of creatures, and he came to me snake-like, in the guise of a friend and comforter. But he spoiled his game by being far too eager, and so he is now in a place where his German friends cannot even pay him the thin rewards of his disgusting trade.

We had met on the quayside. There

he was very conspicuously free with Red Cross cigarettes and comestibles — a generous lad and a charitable. Later on he invited me to his 'house.' He was a great though wholly transparent liar and braggart. His 'house' turned out to be a mean room in a back street. When we arrived there, he put the usual questions, and I rewarded his confidence by giving him full particulars as to how many men we had lost, our destination, and the names of the various units that had embarked. In exchange I received two pocket handkerchiefs and a much darned pair of socks — both of which I needed badly. I am afraid that this young man now regards me as less of a fool than I appeared.

IV

Before closing this paper I would like to repeat a few of the stories told me by my brother officers.

There was Second Lieutenant F——, a boy of twenty. This young gunner had gone down with the ship. After a long descent, he had started to come up. In a few moments this upward movement ceased. F—— now found himself in a place where he could breathe, but so utterly dark that he concluded he was trapped in some watertight section of the ship many fathoms below sea-level. In this horrible solitude he waited. Death had but delayed a stroke which was worse than drowning. So he argued during minutes that seemed hours. After a while he began to feel around him. He could see nothing, but his groping hands at last reached a place where the walls of his prison gave way to water. He made up his mind to dive and chance it. He came up immediately into broad daylight. Two friends were perched astride the upturned boat whose dark interior he had so terribly misunderstood. They pulled him up beside them.

Second Lieutenant P—— I found in hospital with a badly bruised head. He too had gone down with the ship, and, ascending like a cork, had got his head jammed between two boats. He was taken on board one of these, insensible. Lieutenant S—— had gone down with the ship. His best friend Captain C—— and he had gone down together. S——, caught and held by some cruel piece of wreckage, had never been seen again; C—— was safe. Captain B—— of the R.A.M.C. went down with the injured men whose broken limbs he was bandaging. He escaped without difficulty. The swimmers I swapped stories with had suffered from cold and exhaustion; they had been rescued in the nick of time.

Summing up the whole matter, one may conclude: first, that it is inadvisable to leave the ship till she has stopped dead. The few men who jumped overboard at the first explosion, moved by a nervous impulse beyond their control, were left behind, and, it is believed, drowned. Secondly, when you jump and swim for it, get clear of the ship; for one may get caught in cordage or other tackle, and, bobbing up, one may bang one's head against something hard. A cork life-belt shoots a man up to the surface which, of course, is strewn with wreckage, rafts, and other hard materials. Thirdly, more than anything else it is advisable to keep a cool head on one's shoulders. Excitement is contagious and only leads to confusion.

Before we reembarked I 'censored,' as in duty bound, the letters of many of our rank and file.

'We've met with a bit of an accident,' wrote one, 'but it's no use grumbling; what I'm thinking about is Charlie Luck's new potatoes.'

If any German comes across this paragraph he may begin to understand that he is wasting both U-boats and torpedoes.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE JUNIOR MEMBER IN THE ANCIENT HOUSE

DID you ever see the second generation enter into a business house? I am speaking of the second generation of the best sort, in whom the will and energy, and, under the downy exterior of youth, the ruthlessness, of the first, has been marvelously preserved,—the thrust-back-shouldered, grim-chinned, instant-speaking second generation, in which our fabricated-steel fiction of the popular magazines, all put together of standard parts like one of the Ford's Lizzies, delights,—have you ever seen such an one enter the commercial purlieus where age and decay have brought comfortable inefficiency? You know him, modest and self-conscious, expressing doubt of his powers, jostling no tradition, 'waiting to be shown,' grateful for the patience of his elders.

A little while passes and he begins to do things, always with an eye to the approval of his mentors. He begins to walk alone commercially, not straying off the premises, to be sure, while an admiring circle of other generations applauds—applauds and pats on the back. The youth is happy in this approbation. He begins to have a sense that the future is his, but in his kindness of heart he is willing to wait upon time. The earlier generation eyes him like an impending doom, but a considerate and patient doom that is in no hurry, which is all that may be asked of a doom.

Something happens. Unconscious growth takes place more rapidly than was expected. The taste for the balance-sheet which is in his blood asserts itself. The egotism of mastery hardens him. A sense comes that the fight before

him is a real fight. And the new generation has arrived!

Well, this is a long way to it, but something like that has happened, is happening, and will happen, in the big firm of Allies & Son, ' & Son' having only recently been added to the title. I should say that the Junior Member had passed through the first stage above described, was now in the second, and must, if the war lasts long enough, and is to be won, enter the third.

Let me give a few details of each phase of the Junior Member's consciousness. When the war broke out, I, in Washington and seeing the thing closely, was always on the point of writing a light article on 'The Most Modest of Nations.' It was amazing. It seemed the finest paradox that the chief word in the vocabulary of the boastful Yankee should be the word 'Can't.' We were so aware of our own weakness, our lack of preparation, our unmilitary character, and we had been scolded about them so often, that we even utterly underestimated our actual capacity. We could n't do this and we could n't do that, short of many months. We could n't get soldiers to France inside of a year. The French showed us that we could get them there inside of a month, but only by dint of Marshal Joffre's going directly to the President about it. The biggest steel-producing country in the world, we could n't build steel ships. We couldn't build many torpedo-boat destroyers, or build them fast. We could n't build war aircraft, or their engines,—at least, not short of endless preparation. Ultimately we should do wonders, but for the present we were full of doubt and self-abasement.

This phase has passed. Some of its doubts, or, rather, much of its lack of confidence, still inheres; but none the less we have found that we can do many things that at first we thought we could not. In a year, instead of just beginning, we shall have a big army in France. We have an enormous steel-ship-building programme. We plan a navy of destroyers unequaled by any other power. All this leaves a good deal to be desired, but it measures an immense stride forward in self-assertion. We begin to hear calmly, and as a matter of course, our Allies say, 'America, the unbeaten, — she will win the war.' We do not take in the full significance of that declaration. But our rôle somehow appears bigger to us. Our voice is heard first when terms of peace are proposed, and we are not covered with confusion at thus being thrust forward. We decide that Russia, now that her striking power is clearly gone, is worth being kept upon her feet, at the cost of diverting aid to the East which is sorely needed on the more hopeful Western front. Arrogance is lacking but there is a sense of maturing power.

And — here I enter the difficult area of the future — does any one suppose the Junior Member will stop where he is, content to play the good youth learning at his elders' knees, loving the older generation so much, that he will never grow impatient with its failures, never reach out for the power that is his by right of the adage, 'Youth will be served'? It would be better not so. The present phase of the Junior Member's consciousness leaves much to be desired. He is still content to think that he cannot begin to get a big fleet of merchant ships short of a year and a half. He is undisturbed by the knowledge that he will, so far as present shipping prospects go, as the General Staff sees them, be able to send an army to France at the rate of only 30,000 men a month.

He is too well pleased with himself and with the applause of the generation that lingers on the scene. His present modesty may be more lovable than the strident self-assertion that is to come; but if a man is to be a man, he has to grow up, grow hard, give his egotism play, forget that others have ceased to love him in the ruthless effort to get results. And not only is the change a part of the history of individuality, but it is in this instance eminently desirable. The business of Allies & Son is not going well. The house lacks aggressiveness. It needs young blood. It requires an offensive policy on sea and land. Admiral Sims is abroad representing the Junior Member navalily; Sims the arrogant smasher of traditions in our own navy. He is participating with men whose policy has failed, who are merely conservers of the existing situation instead of builders of victory. And yet he is only playing 'little brother' to them, playing his assigned part with small questioning.

This is typical of the existing state of the National consciousness. We are helping as best we can, not inspiring, leading, mastering. If 'America is to win the war' it must be upon a different conception than that. But let us watch the Junior Member when the final stage of consciousness comes and he begins to jostle the traditions of the ancient house!

THE THIRTY-SEVENTH ONE

'Once upon a time a certain city was compelled to pay tribute to a terrible monster. Every year a beautiful maiden was chained to a rock outside the city, so that the dragon might come and eat her. At last, when fifty lovely maidens had been sacrificed the lot fell to —'

But it was unnecessary to read more from the old book. Of course, I was interested in the tragic fate of the prin-

cess and thrilled at her gallant rescue by the brave prince who came just in time. Still, I could not help wondering a little about those who had no rescuer, but were killed by the dragon.

I have wandered through many witches' collections of the original manuscripts from which all fairy-tales were written; but I found no mention of any of these maidens for a long time. At last one night, in the oldest, dustiest, most disorderly museum of all, I found a handful of dried leaves and grasses.

'What are these?' I asked the old witch who was the caretaker.

'They are sensitive leaves, that took part in a fairy story; very little leaves, that did not know yet that this was not a part of the real story. I can make out some of the words, but I cannot read the writing of the wind and the sea, nor the pictures of the shadows on the grass.'

We worked over them together, and at last understood as much of the record as had not been destroyed.

She was the thirty-seventh maiden to be led out from the city and chained to the rock. Not a very large concourse came with her. The whole city had poured forth for the first maiden and had suffered even more, perhaps, for the second and third. But there had been so many, and life had to go on in some way. They chained her to the rock with pitying words and left her alone.

Here the one leaf is mutilated. The next says that she stood quietly watching the sunshine on the ocean and thinking as she waited:—

'I am not very beautiful, so that no one would fight the dragon for me. Still I should have loved to live. There were more beautiful ones who were chained here, and I suppose there will be many more. There were braver ones and some not so brave. Some cried and

some shrieked and some were just quiet all the time. I cried a little and then I was quiet. I wonder if they all loved to live as much as I? I wonder if there have been many days in the world as beautiful as this is? I wonder — But it had to be this way or the fairy-tale would not have come out right.'

There was nothing more except one tiny leaf which told how a bird kept whistling as she waited.

'Entirely unimportant,' said the old caretaker; 'we know from the rest of the story that the monster came. The leaves might as well be thrown away. What does it matter what happens to a minor character?'

'Still, I suppose it rather hurt,' I urged. 'Perhaps she felt it as much as if it had been important. Perhaps the minor characters do feel, sometimes, most foolishly — feel as bitterly as if their tragedy did count somewhere: the private soldiers whose deaths are counted by hundreds; patient women into whose lives nothing of importance has ever come or will ever come, who are mere background for more vivid lives, bits of babies who are born and die again in agony, so soon; all those in the monotonous danger of mines and factories, ground to unheeded dust beneath other lives — is there never, in all that indistinguishable mass, a despairing wish to be something more than an atom in a numbered nothingness? Somehow, somewhere, do the minor characters never count?'

'No,' said the old witch indifferently, contemptuously, 'the minor characters have never counted at all.'

And then an odd change came slowly into her face. A light I never saw in fairy-land broke over her, a light as from the dawning of a sun I had not seen.

'Never,' she said, 'never — as yet.'

NOTE.—*The title-page and index for the half-yearly volume will be supplied to readers of the magazine, if the request is made within thirty days.*



